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THERE WAS ONCE  
A MAN  
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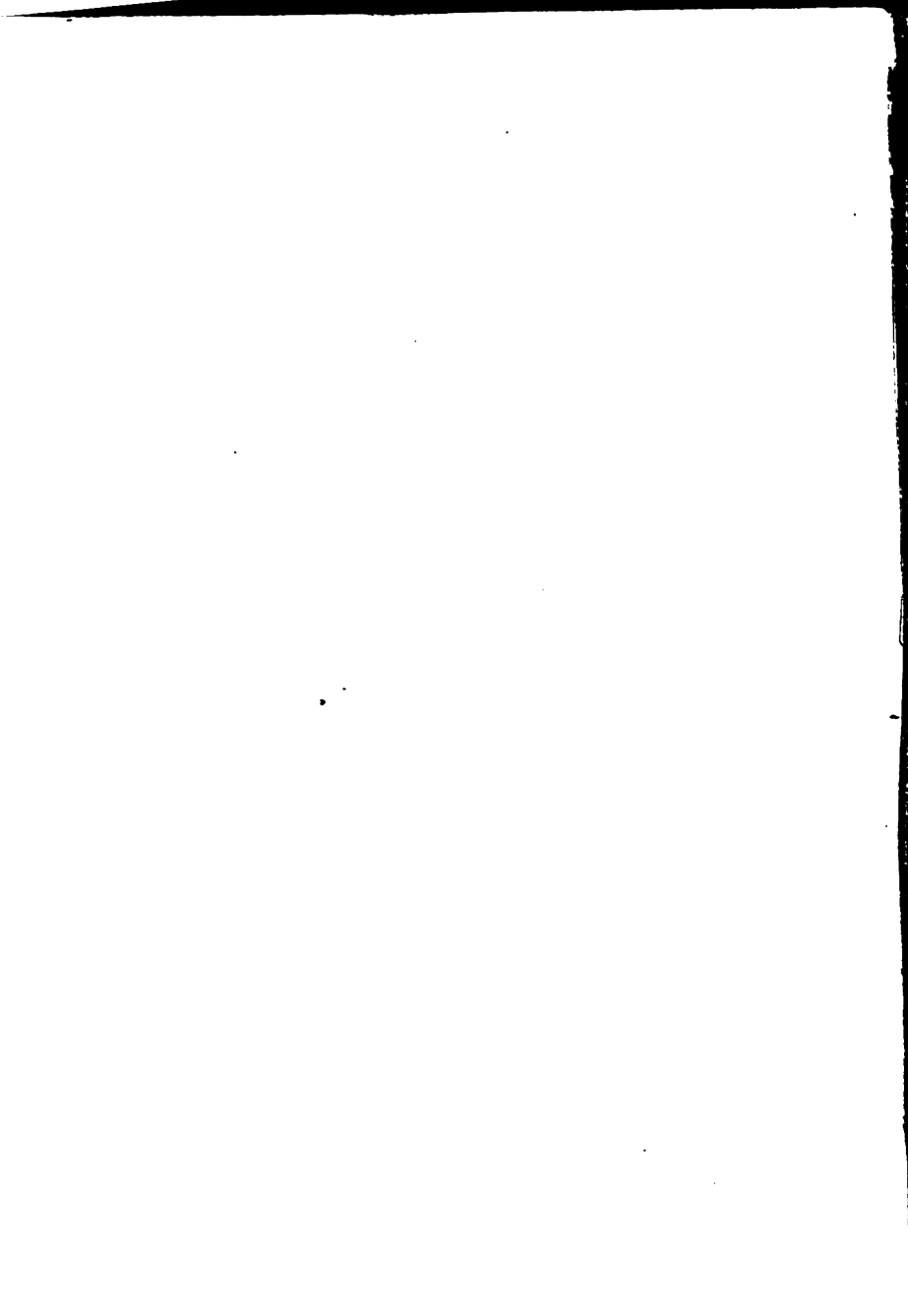
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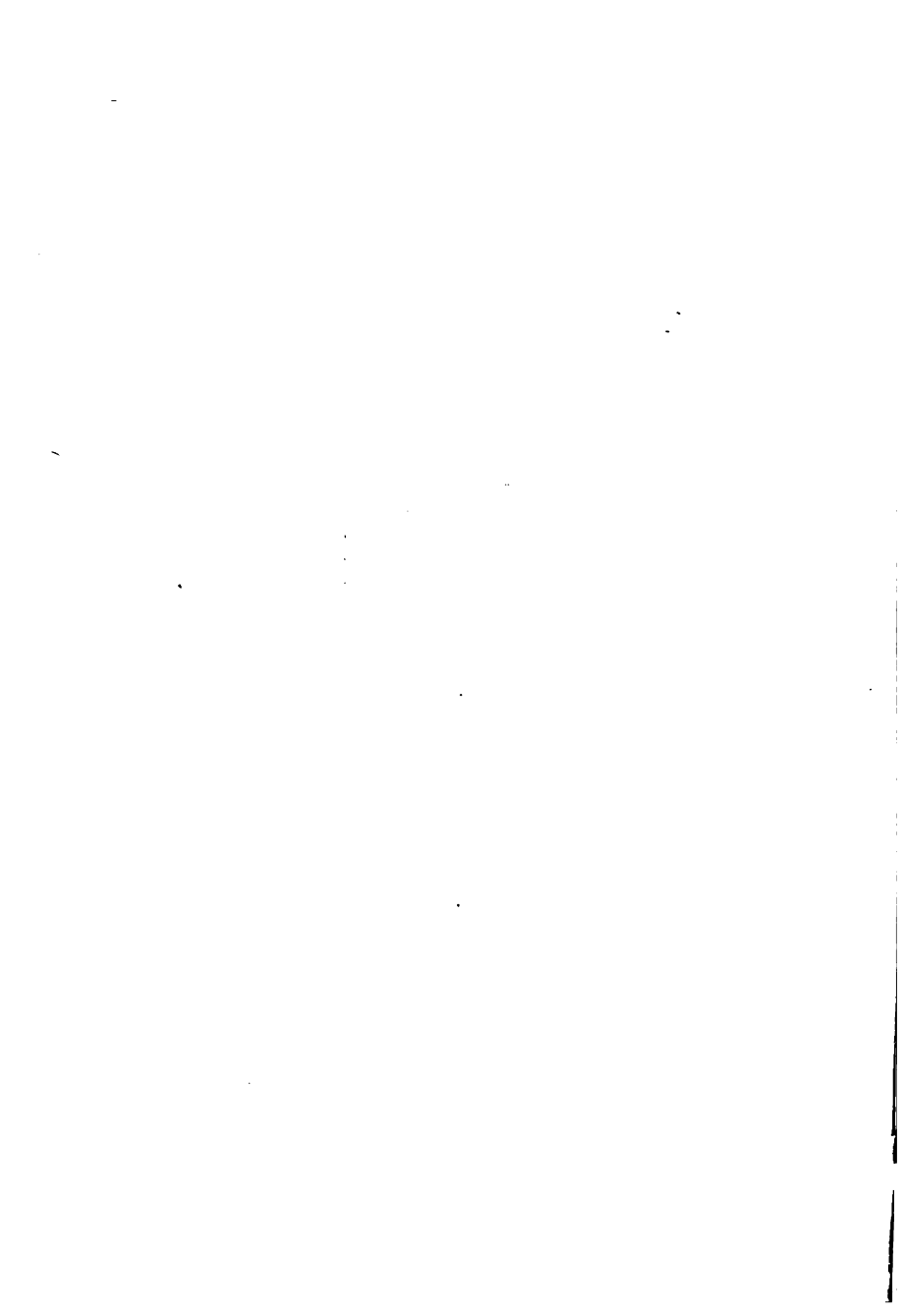
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HE WAS RAISED UP BY THE DOCTOR AND THE LAWYER, AND HE SIGNED.—*p. 60.*





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# There Was Once A MAN.

A STORY.

By R. H. NEWELL.

(ORPHEUS C. KERR.)

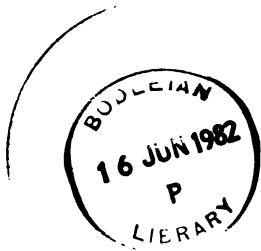
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. . . *The Sacrilege*  
*Raised up his head astounded, and accurst*  
*The stars, the destinies, the gods.*  
Landor's *CHEYSAOR*.

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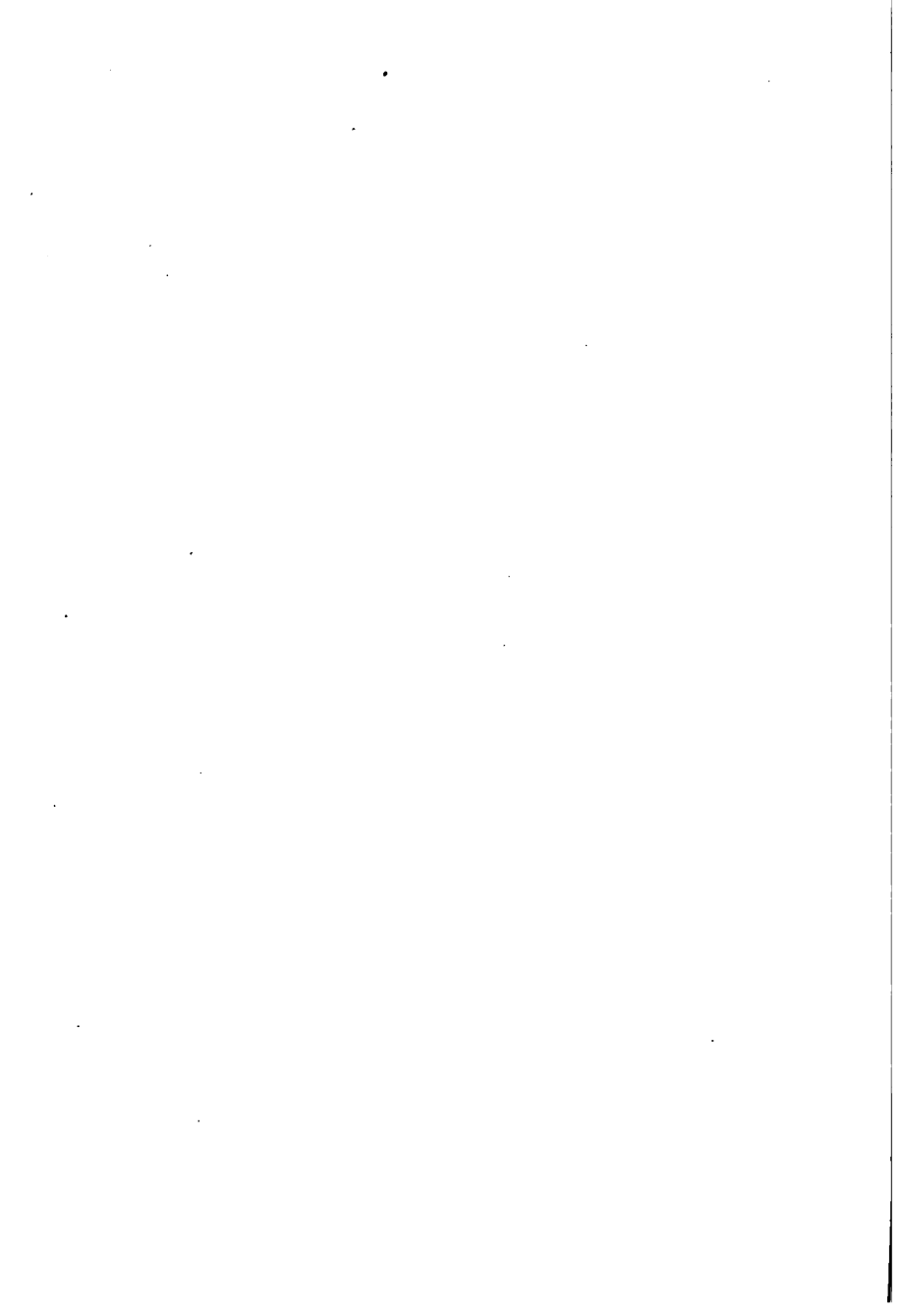
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TO  
THE ONE, TRIED AND PROVED,  
UNSELFISH FRIEND  
OF  
MY MATURER YEARS :  
WHOSE NAME  
WILL BE WRITTEN HEREUNDER IN THE  
COPY OF THIS BOOK RECEIVED  
BY ITS POSSESSOR,

( ..... )

FROM THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

---

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN.



Ἦνος ἐπὶ τῷ Ἐκδιδόντι ἐστίν.

---

Ὁ τοῦ βίβλου ἐκδιδούς κομφῶς μ' ἀγγαρεύ-  
κως ἐπισκοπεῖν πρὸς

Τὸν τοῦ συνετοῦ τυπογραφέως ἔργον ἀνευ  
τοῦ εμαυτοῦ χειρόγραφου,

Ὁ πολυμαθὴς ἀναγιγνώστης μ' ἄρσει προσ-  
νεμῶν τὸν αὐτὸν

Τοὺς ξένους λόγους καὶ τὰς ῥητορικὰς ἀή-  
θειας ἐν τῷ βιβλῷ εὕρισκῃ.

—Ορφεὺς ἐν Ἀδου.

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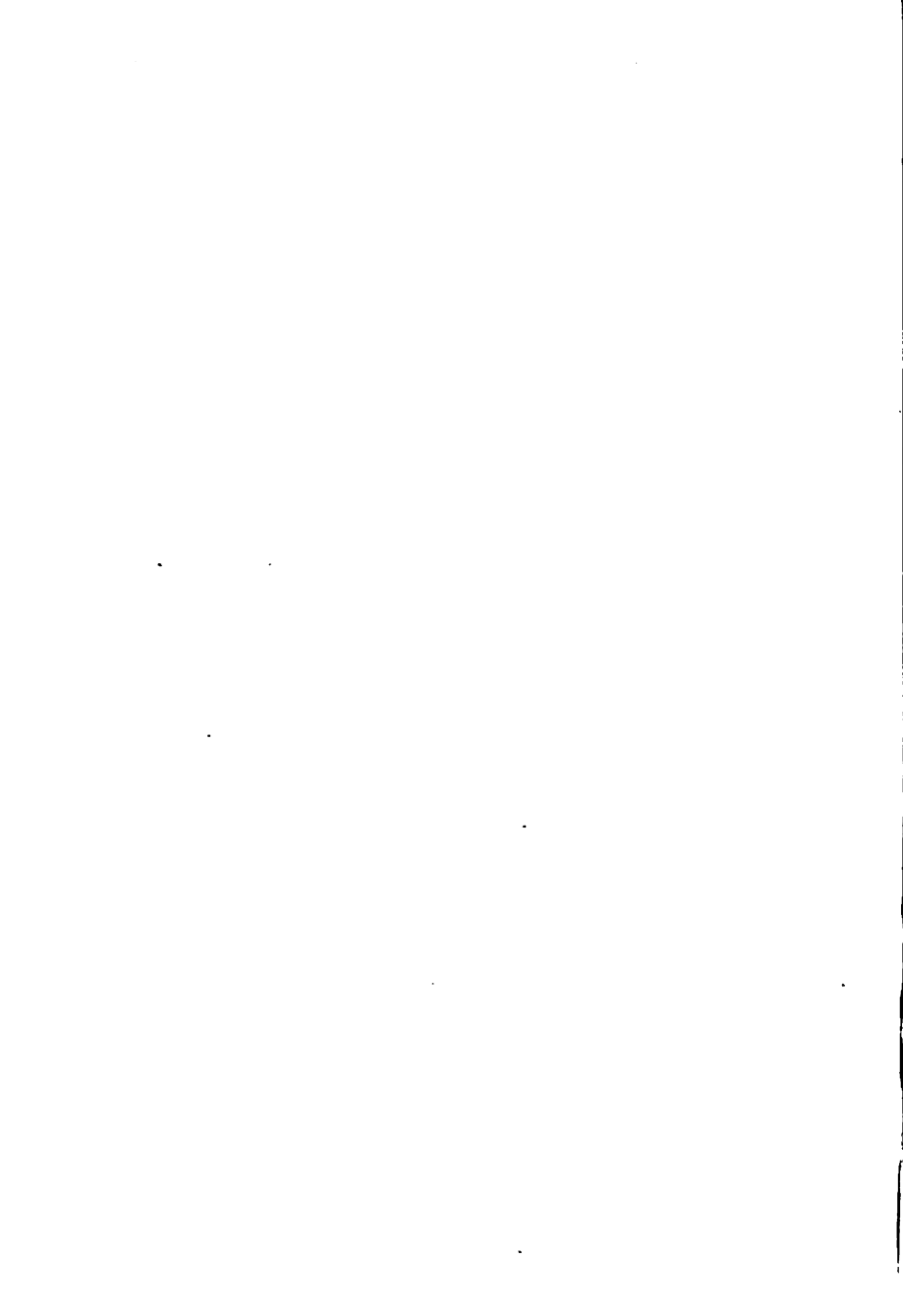
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# THERE WAS ONCE A MAN.

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## PROLOGUE.

### I

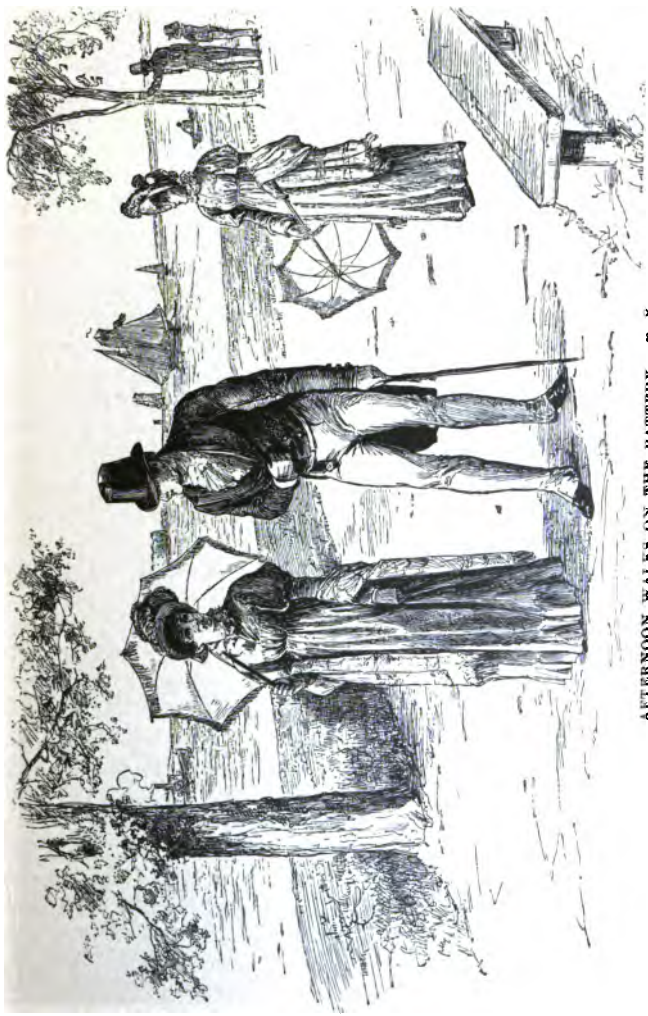
It was nearly sixty years ago. The interval of three-score years between then and now would be but insignificant as a paragraph in the history of any Old World metropolis ; but in the marvelous record of New York—the predestined Millionopolis of Christendom—it has been a period of bamboo-like urban growth to amaze even those yet living witnesses whose memories can recall its every progressive phase. Only of late had the town been surveyed and laid out beyond Houston Street, and scarcely ten years had elapsed since a ghastly procession of sheriff, bishop, hangman's cart, civic soldiery and constabulary piloted a ribald mob from the Bridewell in the City Hall Park, to an open field immediately below that street's intersection of the city's chief highway, to the public execution of three wretches made thus to expiate the crime of firing a church.

The root, the heart, the epitome of that beloved New York of the Knickerbockers was Broadway, from the wave-washed, umbrageous Battery to a few blocks north of Warren Street ; and along its primitively-paved, tree-shaded mile and a half such retailing shops as were highest in fashionable favor made their ambitious displays, at decent intervals, between the dignified brick mansions of the wealthy and exclusive social class. In the limited or select lower district, fronting the historic Bowling Green, were what contemporaneous judgment

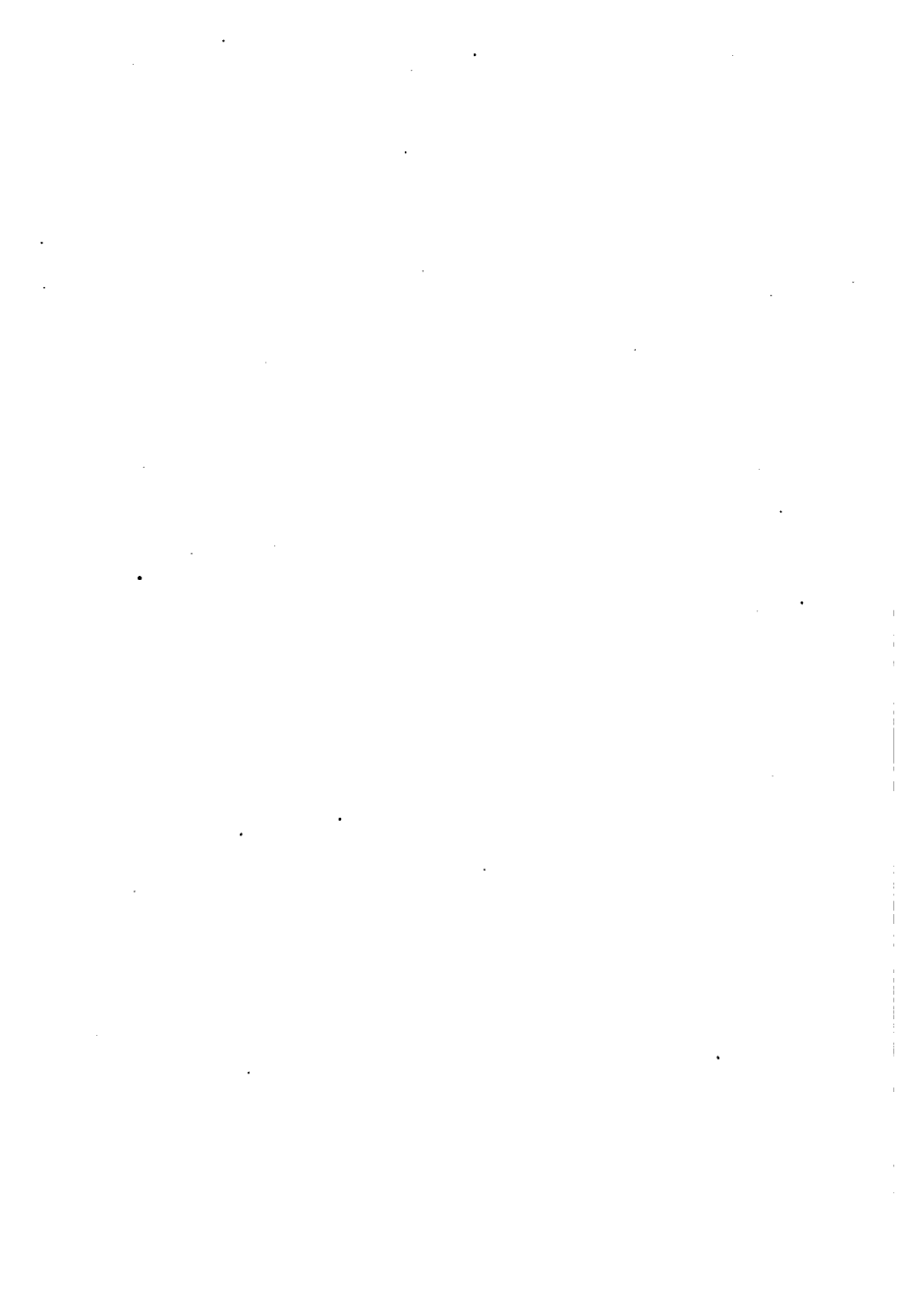


deemed the sumptuous homes of the Gracies, the Ellises, and their like. Farther up the sunny, bustling promenade, the silver plates on doors bore such names as Livingston, Wilkes, Grinnell, Minturn, Clarkson, Leroy, Harmony, Van Horn, Hicks, Costar, Morton, and others as well known to choice local society ; while over toward the East River, across irregular patches of low wooden houses and marshy fields, could be seen the upper stories and chimney-stacks of the stately seats of the Rutgers, Willetts and Stuyvesants. Going "into the country" above Lispenard Street, the stroller, or equestrian of the period, saw, on his left hand, westerly, the patrimonial meadows of that name, extending to the present Spring and Sullivan Streets ; farther yet to the left, on verdant heights near the Hudson, stood the imposing mansions of the Glovers and the Varicks ; and on storied Richmond Hill, in the vicinity of now shabby Charlton Street, appeared the "grand" house successively famous as the abode of Washington, of the pompous British consul Buchanan, and ultimately of the brilliant and misguided Aaron Burr.

The Broadway of sixty years ago was scarcely more than a brisk and sanguine promise of the future supreme metropolitan highway of the Continent—the triumphal path of presidents, princes, heroic guests of the state, and the nation's mightiest commercial potentates ; yet, in its swiftly multiplying mercantile edifices, pretentious private buildings, tree-arched vistas of moving throngs and streaming vehicles, gay groups of loitering promenaders and thunderous symphony of traffic, there stirred incipient potentialities of the combined Regent Street, Chaussée d'Antin and straightened Lastenstrasse it was destined to become in another half century. As a characteristic concentration of what was brightest and freshest and most imposing in the New York of the



AFTERNOON WALKS ON THE BATTERY.—p. 8.







MRS. DORTON'S ARRIVAL.—p. 9.

Knickerbockers, it was loved and gloried in by its residents and frequenters as no later generation of the far vaster city is ever likely to show fondness and pride over newer and more sumptuous avenues. To live upon it, in the full tide of its rush and gayety, was to be recognized, without challenge, as of the most affluent respectability; while a residence upon any one of the several quieter streets intersecting it to the westward, yet near enough to share its costliness, was, perhaps (like owning "seats" in view on either river-side), an even subtler implication of social distinction.

And it was in those comparatively primitive days, early in the long twilight of an evening in June, that one of the quieter connecting streets in question, known as Park Place and extending from Broadway, at the City Hall Park, toward the Hudson, was invaded from the adjacent great thoroughfare by a carriage, driven so rapidly as to attract the immediate curious attention of everybody within sight and hearing of it. The warmth of the idling hour had tempted a number of family groups to the iron-railed stoops and balconies of houses on either side of the way, while bands of playing children gave parting life to the slowly shading sidewalks; and these all became interested spectators of the hurried incursion of the vehicle, its sharp halt before a mansion about midway down the block, and the almost as summary alighting of a lady who, by her figure and dress, seemed to be past middle age. Before the various neighboring beholders had much chance to speculate, so far as their breeding would allow, upon the identity of the visitor arriving thus hastily, or her purpose in so doing, the door of the Von Gilder residence had admitted her, and a servant had reopened it in the next instant to wave and signal some apparently pre-understood order to the coachman. As the latter drove

slowly away close to the curb, obviously sent to the family stable around the next corner, it could be seen that horses, carriage and liveried driver alike were gray with the dust of suburban roads. Hence, neighborly curiosity had this only to discern for the time being—that both lady and carriage, although by no means rustic in general aspects, must have come from somewhere outside of the city.

Within the house thus problematically emphasized to exterior observation the guest had been promptly ushered up a sumptuously carpeted stairway to a boudoir on the second floor, at the entrance of which stood another lady of about the same age, who, without a word, seized her outstretched hand and led her into the room. In fact, the whole reception, so far, gave every indication of a previously exact appointment; as, indeed, had been the case. The two ladies kissed in silence, holding yet each other's hand, and then she of the mansion spoke :

“I'm so glad you have come, Louisa !”

“I should have been a queer mother if I had not !” responded the other, with some asperity of tone—and quickly added : “Where is Caroline ?”

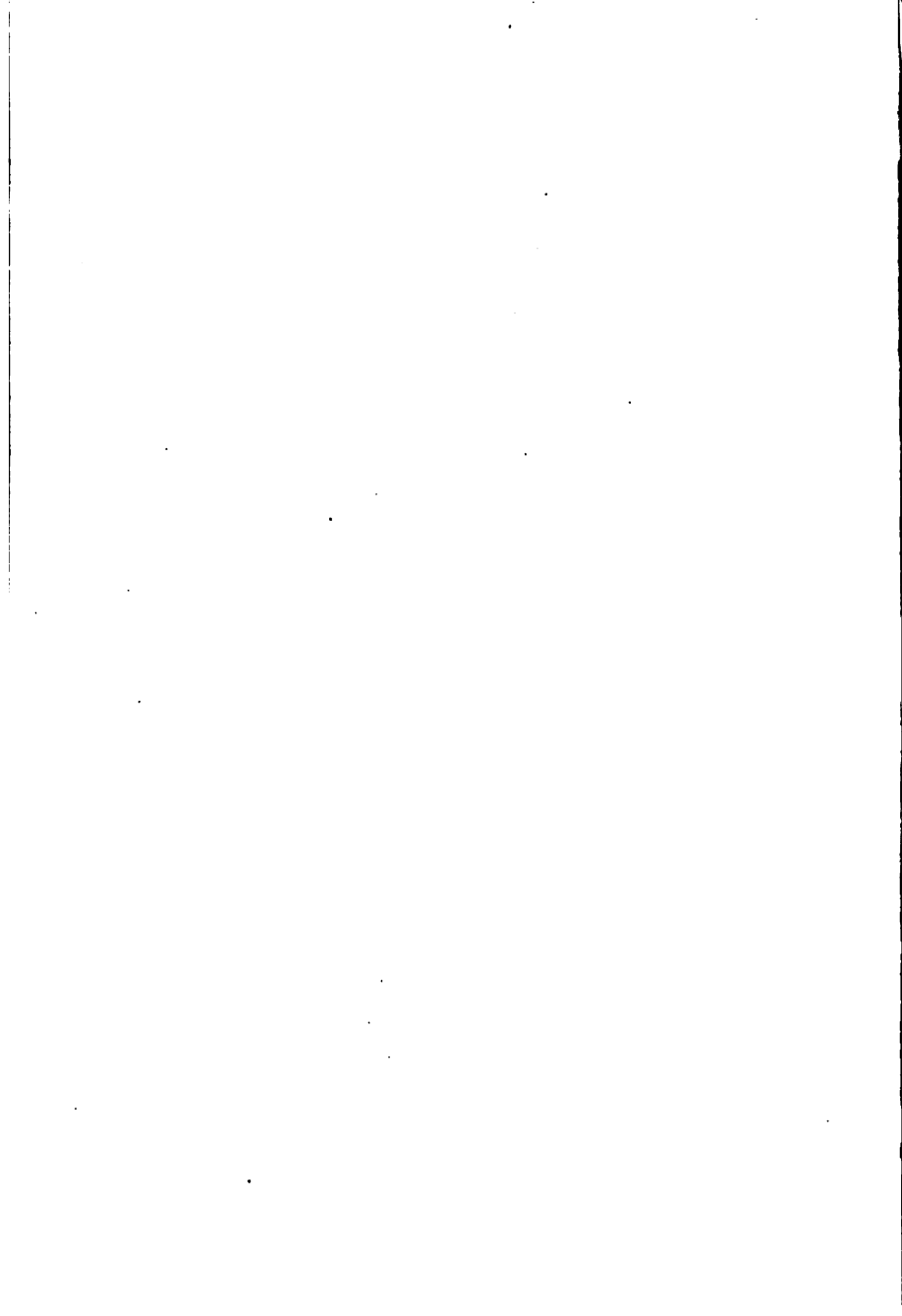
Mrs. Von Gilder—for such she was—induced the visitor to sit beside her on a sofa near a cheerfully-curtained window before answering this pointed question, and spoke again with a soothing hand on her kinswoman's nearer shoulder and a look of affectionate entreaty :

“Louisa Dornton, you must not be too severe with the poor girl in this affair. Being sure that you would come immediately upon my message, I told James to bring you up here on the instant of your arrival, that I might see you at once. Perhaps there was no real need of sending for you at all. But I felt a responsibility. Now, do not be severe.”



WITH A SOOTHING HAND ON HER KINSWOMAN'S NEARER SHOULDER —p. 10.





Mrs. Dornton—who was, perhaps, a matron of five-and-forty years, with silver-streaked dark hair in mantronly curls of graduated precision on either side of her decided forehead, with grayish-blue eyes, nose and chin indicative of some pride, and a mouth too reserved of outline to promise much emotional flexibility—looked back with a cold smile into the gentle eyes fixed upon her. The two women were a harmonious contrast. In the large black bonnet and sombre traveling-wrap, not yet removed, the abrupt guest had a purposeful and, as it were, retributive aspect; while in the whole air of her companion, pale of face, delicate of feature, wearing a triangular dressing of lace upon her plainly gathered hair, and a thin, neutral-tinted robe upon her tall and slender figure, there was a suggestion of that intelligent tenderness of mercy which mates most gracefully with justice.

“Severe?” echoed Mrs. Dornton. “Edith, have I ever been anything but too indulgent to Caroline? Since her sister’s marriage, the child has been simply spoiled by our indulgence. Mr. Dornton and I have been foolish. And now she is repaying us. But where is the ungrateful girl?”

“I did not mean to reproach you, Louisa. I know that you are a good mother. Only, you should not judge her too harshly. Remember her youth and inexperience. She is in bed now, half sick.”

“Sick!” exclaimed the mother, with a change of countenance, and starting to leave her seat.

“You need not be alarmed. Only a bad headache,” continued Mrs. Von Gilder, restraining her by a gesture. “This morning I told her, privately, and as reassuringly as I could, that you were coming here to-day by my invitation; but she became excited, and now she is as I tell you.”

"Then she is afraid to see me, Edith, depend on that. Afraid to see her mother! I must go to her at once." And again the speaker was in the act of leaving the sofa.

"No! Hear me!" rejoined her companion quickly. "You must not see her until I have told you all I know. Now do reflect, Louisa, that the whole matter may not really amount to anything at all. She is such an unworldly, innocent young creature that when I saw them so often together, and seeming to like each other so well, I thought her parents ought at least to know about it. I hated to speak to her on the subject; for the very childlike innocence of her look would make one feel contemptible in approaching her on such a subject. I did speak to Mr. Von Gilder, and he only laughed, and asked if I would find fault with a blossom for attracting a butterfly? He says he is sure that you and I flirted a great deal worse when we were girls."

Mrs. Dornton drew herself up rather grandly at this. "I am under obligations to your husband, Edith, for his estimation of my youthful dignity of character. Do you mean to say that a daughter of mine, a guest in the house of her mother's cousin, has been so forgetful of herself as to carry on a vulgar flirtation?"

"How harsh your words are!" retorted her cousin deprecatingly. "Do you want to make me wish that I had not sent for you, Louisa? I would answer for it with my life that Caroline would do nothing unladylike or wrong."

"She shall assure me of that with her own lips, and at once," was the mother's grim interjection. "Home she shall go with me to-morrow morning."

"Yes; but hear me first. I'll tell you the whole story. After she had been visiting with us over a month, and seemed to be growing really stronger, she went

with our Ada and myself to a party at the Lawrences', over by St. John's Park, and there saw Lieutenant Daryl. She told me that she had met him before at Dornton Manor; and they danced together, and then he called here to see her. As he seemed to be perfectly a gentleman, and she had known him in her own home, I could not very well object. He invited Ada and her to the theatre, with myself as joint-guardian. From that it went to afternoon walks to the Battery, and then drives up as far as the arsenal and back. Ada has been their companion to within the past week, and it was, at last, her indisposition to 'spoil company' any longer, as my girl called it, that occasioned my anxiety. On the day before yesterday the Englishman and Caroline were out walking several hours in the afternoon, and Ada did not know where they were. Upon Caroline's return, and while we were at dinner, I asked her with comparative seriousness, if she thought you would be willing that she should see so much of the young gentleman? Instead of answering somewhat pertly, in the girlish style, as I had half expected, she blushed, her eyes filled with tears, and she hurried sobbing from the room. I felt dreadfully, and Mr. Von Gilder said, 'There, now, you've broken the child's heart!' Ada thought her a baby; you know how thoughtless Ada is. And, upon the whole, Louisa, I thought I might better write to you."

"Not a moment too soon, Edith," said her cousin, rising to her feet. Her eyes had kindled with a clear fire as the story ended, and her look was one of conclusive decision. "I'll go up and see her now. You'll excuse me to Mr. Von Gilder and Ada if I do not see them, nor you, again to-night. I should be poor company at present. Please to see that my carriage is ordered at nine in the morning."

Mrs. Von Gilder's delicate face wore an anxious and pained expression, but she attempted no useless opposition. Her suggestion that the visitor should at least lay aside bonnet and wrapper, and take a cup of tea before the impending interview, was, not ungratefully, rejected; and then the aggrieved mother, requesting that she should not be attended, went up alone to a bedchamber she had often occupied herself, in hospitable days past, there to arraign and assume custody over the daughter who had offended her.

The scene ensuing between parent and child was kept sacred from all other eyes and ears than their own; and on the following morning, when the former appeared at the family breakfast-table, her fully-regained customary equipoise of manner gave no definite clew to conjecture on the subject. "Caroline will take a little breakfast in her room, if you please, Edith, before we go. Her head is not right yet," was her incidental remark after the naturally subdued greetings of Mr. Von Gilder, his wife and daughter. In no circumstances was she a woman to bring private tremors into even the most intimate general company. With the head of the family, who was a florid, gray-haired, rather portly merchant, largely in the East India trade, she discussed the recent introduction of gas in the city and the rapidly approaching completion of the great Erie Canal. With her cousin she exchanged notes regarding the *Edinburg Review*, and its editor, whom they had both known a dozen years before, when he came to New York to marry Miss Wilkes, and whose later promotion to the lord rectorship of the University of Glasgow was yet a matter of congratulatory remark among his American friends. With Miss Von Gilder, a fragile, lively and pretty image of her father's fairest youth, she debated the possibility of a renewal of the yellow fever

scourge after it had skipped one year, and joined in the hope that none of them would ever see in their lives again a fence across Broadway to define the infected region. Only when the carriage was at the door, and a slight, girlish figure, closely veiled and draped, came down the staircase with the sympathetic Ada, and hurried out to the vehicle with barely one convulsive sob of adieu, did Mrs. Von Gilder notice, in the peculiar tension of her cousin's mouth, the first sign that the story of the night might not have ended in exact consonance with that lady's imperious will.

Seating herself opposite to the fair culprit, who had crowded desolately into the loneliest corner of her wheeled prison and sat there without speech or motion, the mother waved a farewell to the group at the door, and preserved as unsocial a demeanor while the horses started on their way. Silent yet both remained, in the drive taking them up Broadway beyond the pavements, and then onward to its northern limit above the old City Arsenal grounds, where, turning to the eastward, the hoofs clicked on the gritty surface of the Harlem turnpike. Then the older rider spoke, as though come to a sharp turn in her thoughts also.

"Caroline, if you don't wish me to think something worse of you than you have confessed, stop this crying and try to go home with a manner more becoming to your father's daughter. I sent for your sister to come up to Dornton Manor, and she will be there to meet us."

With a quick, impulsive gesture the veiled recusant suddenly leaned toward her mother, so as to grasp an unguarded hand, and exclaimed, in a choked, tremulous voice:

"Oh, ma! why can't you trust me as you do Julia? Why have you come to carry me home in this way, as

though I had done something so awful? What will Cousin Edith think? and Ada? and Mr. Daryl—”

“Don’t dare to name that man to me again, willful child!” interrupted Mrs. Dornton, peremptorily, though not withdrawing her hand. “(Let me close this curtain if we are not to be a spectacle for the roadside.) Your sister Julia honored and obeyed her parents in all things. She was a dutiful daughter and is a decorous wife. She never had half of the indulgence your father and myself have shown to you; but if she *had* been allowed, like you, to visit three months away from home, it would not have been her mother’s humiliation to force her back, like this, a recreant to filial duty, maidenly modesty—”

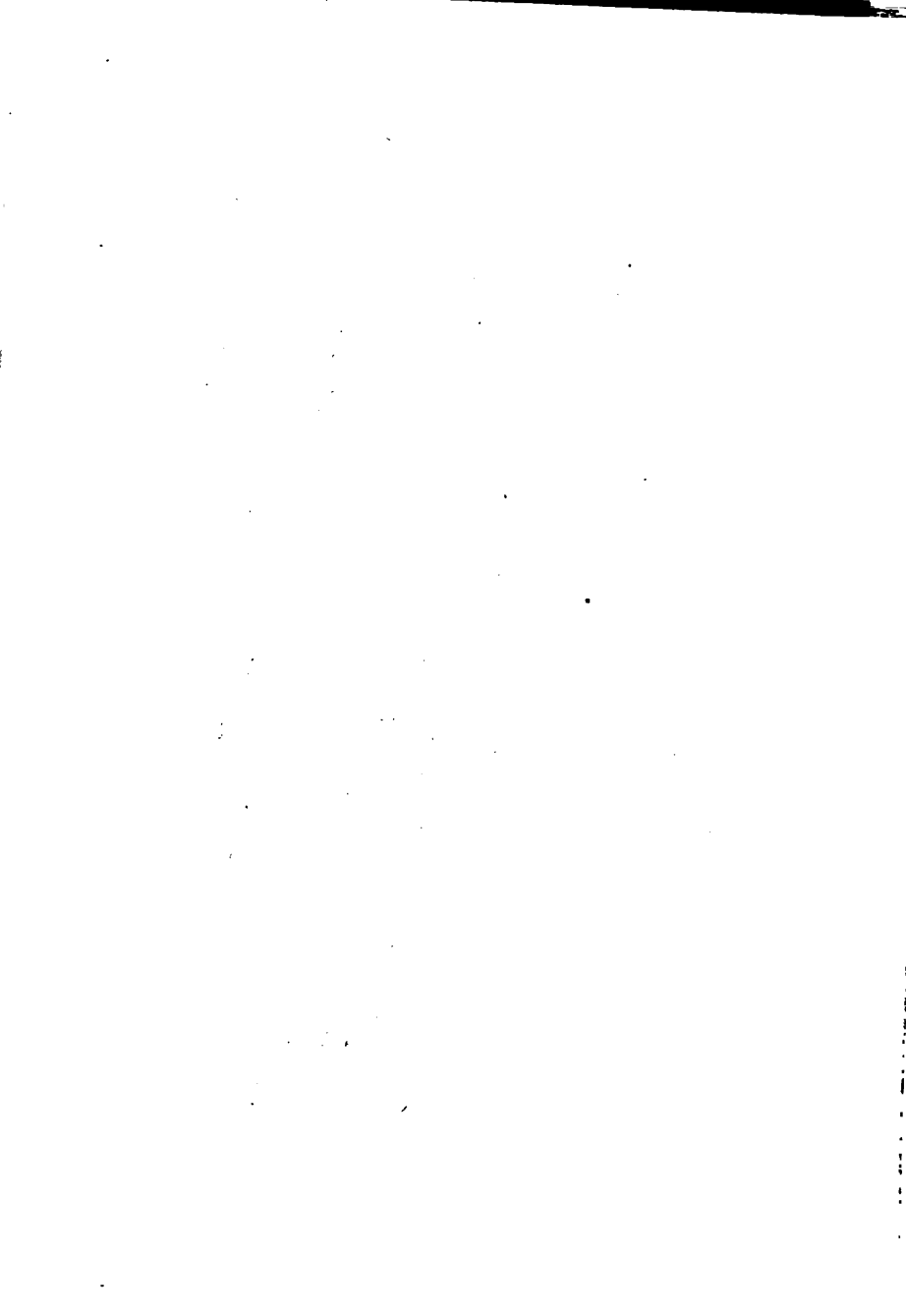
“You must not speak in that way to me, ma!” interrupted Caroline in her turn, her girlish tones growing shriller with quickened breathing. “I have done nothing to deserve it. Mr. Daryl—I *will* mention his name—is a gentleman. What will he think? You and pa never said a word against him at Dornton. You told me yourself that his grandmother was born there and his family respectable.”

Mrs. Dornton now withdrew her hand from the trembling clasp of the excited girl, and shook a finger at her, as she shrank before it, with a deliberation of manner the more passionately effective for seeming to be dispassionate.

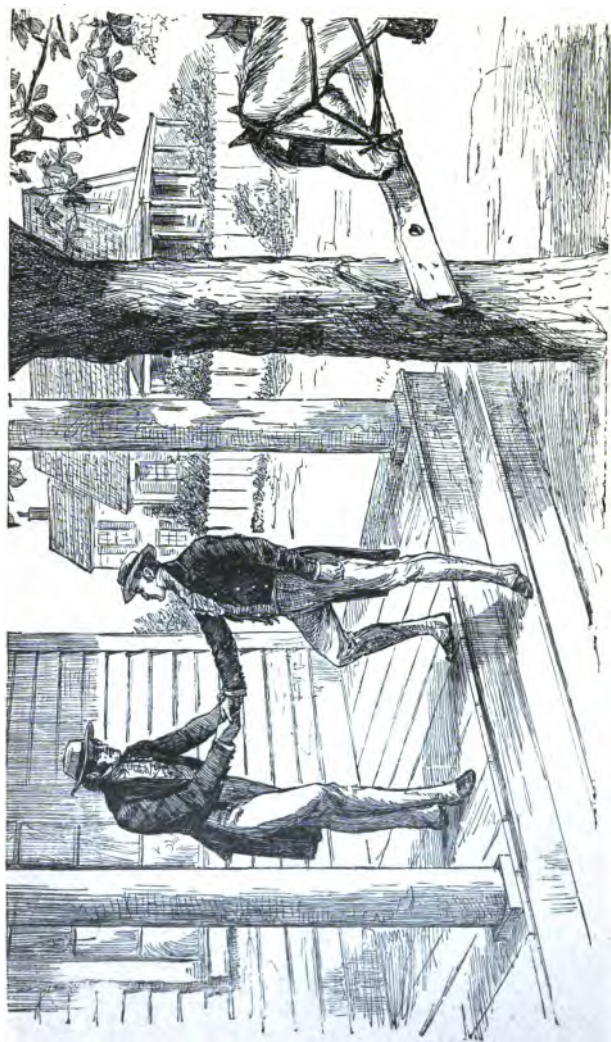
“I cannot talk farther with you, my dear,” she said, “until you have recalled some sense of the respect due to me. But this you may depend upon implicitly: if this adventurous foreigner—”

“Mother!”

“I say, if this unprincipled fortune-hunter, who has basely allowed a silly, wayward girl like you to compromise—”







ON THE PORTICO.—p. 19.

Before the sentence could be completed the daughter had flung herself upon her knees in the carriage, crying hysterically, as she buried her face in her parent's lap :

"Mother!—we are married!"

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## II

ON the portico of the little white "hotel" of the miniature village of Dornton stood two men, the one, with an advancing foot already down the first step of the short flight to the roadway, seeming to be taking leave of the other. The younger and taller had a peculiarly upright carriage, brown hair with a rather military cut, frank blue eyes and the complexion of a wholesome school-boy. His companion was rather stouter, wore glasses, and his crisp black locks and long, flushed face were more pronouncedly foreign in effect. Both wore straw hats, waistcoats and trousers of light fabric and loose coats of thin black cloth. In the shade of two luxuriant horse-chestnuts, linked by a whitewashed tethering-bar, before the doorway of the modest inn, stood the time-worn barouche long serving as the whole livery of the house, and toward it was descending the leave-taking younger gentleman.

"No, Larry," he was saying, with some signs of impatience, "you must stay here, my dear fellow, and allow me to go alone. They must not think that I come like a green-bag-lawyer fellow, with a witness."

"But I tell you, Will, my boy, this may be a case of law for you sooner than you think," persisted his friend energetically, keeping yet a detaining hand on his nearer arm. "A witness may be precisely what you want."

"We've already talked that all over, and you know

my feelings about it," was the hurried answer. "I must go alone. If I am not back here in an hour, take this old rattle-trap—which I shall send back—and be driven to the landing. If I am not there, go down by the boat and I'll rejoin you in the city later on."

"Ah, my poor boy, you've misgivings, then," returned Larry, shaking his head, but no longer striving to detain the obstinate young man. "However, as I came here only to serve you, I'll do as you say."

His friend shook him cordially by both hands.

"That's like the good, grumpy, kind old boy you always are, God bless you!" he said feelingly. "Now I am off."

As he sprang into the shabby barouche and rode away, the gentleman left upon the portico shook his head again, and looked out after him in the fervent summer sunlight with a troubled glance.

The noise that coast-beating surges alone can make was already in the rider's ears before he had been five minutes upon his short drive, and it became rapidly more distinct as the rustic hackman guided his sorry team from the main highway into a road ascending a gradual eminence under a noble archway of trees.

Faced by grounds enclosed within a coped and shapely brick wall, entrance through which was by an iron gate in globe-capped stone pillars, stood the substantial, old-fashioned homestead of Dornton Manor. Cresting a verdant mound, or knoll, within a short distance of Long Island Sound, its generous, well-kept garden in front and at the sides, and lawn, dotted with fine old trees, sloping to the water at the back, the sturdy stone mansion at once asserted to the beholder its rank among the oldest and most distinguished homes of the country. Our young traveler knew it by some past social experience; but, alas! none of them had been of a

character affording any gauge for the welcome he might now be approaching. He was aware that something of a previous evening's extraordinary perturbation at the manor house had become vaguely known to village gossip. At the inn he had heard significant hints about a recent hurried bringing home of Miss Dornton, by her mother, from the city, and could perceive that his arrival with his friend attracted a style of attention indicating, at least, a suspicion of his special interestedness in that unusual event. To his overwrought senses the very atmosphere of the place teemed with something mixed of dismay and reproach for him, and to his increasing discomposure, as he walked up the broad stone steps of the house to the pillared porch, a sudden shamefaced impression of audacity in his mission greatly disordered the courage hitherto emboldening him. Had he really done a wrong to any one? Should his bearing be, properly, that of a consciously offending suppliant, rather than the confident dignity of a man who had come to assert a legitimate, manful right?

"Well, Mr. Daryl, of course we have expected this visit from you," was Mrs. Dornton's greeting, as she acknowledged his constrained bow, and then quietly took a chair near the open doorway by which she had slowly entered the reception-room. Venetian blinds, drawn down to intercept the glowing sunbeams, made a cool twilight for the two figures, but in the broadest day the lady's countenance would have revealed no agitation. A slightly worn expression, perhaps, and some twitching at the corners of the lips, were the scarcely perceptible changes from her ordinary gracious aspect for any acceptable morning caller.

"May I be allowed to hope, then, madame, that I am not unwelcome?" asked William Daryl, taking momentary refuge in a commonplace formality.

"I wish that I could answer you truthfully, sir, in the affirmative."

This opened the battle.

"Mrs. Dornton, how is my Caroline?" broke forth the boyish young soldier, leaning eagerly toward her, his hands clasped upon his knees, and all his fears and constraint forgotten. "Deal considerately with us, dear madame, even if we seem to you to have acted like children. For I do love her so!" he added in an ingenuous abandonment to youthful passion.

"Before you go any farther, Mr. Daryl," said the matron, showing no emotion whatever, "you should be warned that I have consented to receive you this morning, solely and purposely for your information that Miss Dornton wishes never to lay eyes on you in this world again."

"I'll never believe that!" he ejaculated, springing half-way from his chair, as though under an electric shock—"At least—forgive me, please—I'm sure you must mistake her feelings. You are a good woman—a mother—and will surely pardon me for my own dear mother's sake."

"The circumstances make you pardonable, sir, as far as mere words go."

"And for my acts, too, I hope, Mrs. Dornton. You can't imagine how dearly I love Caroline—nobody can! When I found that the time was near at hand when she must leave that kind Mrs. Von Gilder's, and realized how fond we were of each other, and thought how, possibly, a thousand things might come between us, I just lost my head. Yes, dear madame, I'll confess it frankly, I did lose my head. And then I begged and raved and persuaded; and at last the dear girl went with me to the rectory that afternoon, and—and—we were married!"

But for the words these two were uttering, and the

inarticulate sobbing of the waters heard through open casements, no sound seemed to be in all the great house. It was as though a desolate, inhospitable emptiness faintly echoed back the young Englishman's voice, even in its softest tones, and struck a chill to his every real hope. The mother of Caroline received what he had last said without immediate remark, but pulled a bell-rope near at hand. To the trim young woman coming noiselessly down the polished staircase of the adjoining hall to answer the summons, she said :

"Tell your mistress that we are ready for her."

Daryl flushed fiery red and then turned white at these signs. As the maid disappeared, Mrs. Dornton turned her keen eyes upon him again. .

"Young man, I knew your grandmother in Dornton, in her girlhood, and until your grandfather married her and carried her back with him to England. I am sorry for you. Probably my daughter's giddiness and simplicity have been as much to blame in this mad affair as your own dreadful rashness was. But if you must suffer, she, also, must pay a bitter penalty, and we—her father and myself—have to share it. I would sooner have seen her dead, William Daryl, than see her as she is—scarcely more than a child and, in effect, a widow."

"A widow!" repeated the young man, unnerved by the ambiguity of such a term at such a time.

"Yes, practically that. This marriage shall be annulled, if there is any moral justice in law. Be good enough not to interrupt me quite yet—I say it must be broken and forgotten. My husband is consulting his attorney about it to-day. I have sent for my daughter, herself, to tell you with her own lips that it must be so, and that she wishes it so."

"*She* wishes it so?" he cried, panting like a hard-pressed runner. This was the second time his bride—

the soft, the gentle, the loving Caroline—had been quoted to him as so soon false to their plighted love.

"Here she is, to speak for herself," continued the lady, in rising tones, as a hurried flutter sounded nearer from the hall.

Then, with snowy kerchief pressed to burning face by both white hands; with jet-black locks disordered on her shoulders, and a well-known dress of many a happy Von Gilder hour attiring her convulsed form, the girl tottered into the room, sank upon her knees beside her mother's chair, and—ah, fickle heart!—without one glance for *him*, hid her tear-stained features against that mother's daring heart.

William Daryl sprang to his feet and took an impulsive step forward. Instinctively he held out both hands toward the sobbing, recumbent figure.

"Caroline! my dear wife!" cried he, all the tenderness of his nature in his trembling voice.

The mother looked intently down upon the bowed head on her bosom, and placed her arms soothingly around the slender waist.

"My child, you must tell Mr. Daryl that I have not misrepresented you in saying that you repent your great folly."

"Oh, yes! *Bitterly!*"

The positive, absolutely shuddering bitterness with which the last word was pronounced, muffled and choked as was the tone, thrilled the rejected husband like sudden contact with the cruel edge of a treacherous sword. He folded his arms, turned pallid to the eyes, and drew a long breath.

"Caroline," he said slowly, "if you do indeed repent so early the love I thought you had given me forever, I have nothing more to say. I have only to go. Do *you* bid me go?"



WILLIAM DARYL SPRANG TO HIS FEET AND TOOK AN IMPULSIVE STEP FORWARD.—p. 22.





Mother and daughter, in their motionless embrace, remained speechless under this appeal at first, she who had been addressed responding only with augmented sobs. In the dim light straining faintly through the drawn blinds they were like widow and orphan at a new grave.

"My poor child, you must answer," murmured the parental lips at last. "Do you, of your own free will, bid him go?"

Another pitiful pause, and then, as in a gasp, came the one fatal word—"Yes!"

The young Englishman's crossed arms relaxed and fell to his sides, from over a heart swelling too imperiously to bear any stress but its own. A moment his large eyes stared fixedly, yearningly, upon her whom he had so loved; then he raised them bravely to Mrs. Dornton's now colorless face.

"Madame," he said, "your husband need not trouble his attorney until after my return to England. I shall never make any appeal from the judgment this lady's lips have pronounced. I have the honor to bid you and her farewell—forever."

A bow, and he was gone.

The staunch, foreboding friend, taking his way from the "hotel" to the steamboat-landing alone, as he had promised, saw him arrive there, too, in feverish haste, even as the boat was starting, and read in his drawn features all that he had not the heart to ask. They scarcely spoke while the voyage continued as far as the East River extends. When the laboring *Morrisania* was turning the Battery toward her pier on the Hudson shore of the city, the poor young fellow looked wearily out toward the ocean.

"I must get out of this country immediately," he said.

As he spoke, a commotion arose on the forward part of the deck upon which they were standing, and a woman's shriek drew both in headlong haste to the spot. A child had sprung from its mother's arms into the water. Daryl's quick look caught sight of its white dress sweeping past, and in an instant he had leaped overboard to the rescue. In his disordered condition of mind he heeded not that he was in front of the yet revolving wheel on that side, nor that he dropped rather than jumped. A sloop following close upon the boat picked up the child unhurt ; but, although the murderous wheels were promptly stopped, and the water anxiously scanned for sight of the human form, but now so grand in its noblest dedication to the God in whose image it had been created, no sign of William Daryl appeared. The river had closed over his head.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE EFFINGHAMS.

ON a beautiful afternoon in the spring of 1845—so early yet in the season that the northwestern or rainy monsoon had, according to almanacs, a fortnight's farther privilege of inclemency,—an unusually motley fleet lay basking, under cloudless sky and brilliant atmosphere, in the picturesque roadstead of the British Malayan port of Singapore. Always a curiously-varied pageant of warlike and commercial shipping, the anchorage in question presented a peculiarly imposing display on this occasion. Added to its customary array of towering East Indiamen, all named after some "Castle" or another; trim smaller merchantmen from Liverpool, Amsterdam or New York; antiquated Cochin-China imitations of modern naval architecture; lumbering Chinese junks, and an endless variety of Archipelago prahus, were Sir Thomas Cochrane's full squadron, the historical United States frigate *Constitution*, and a long, low stranger coming into the Strait that very afternoon with the Stars and Stripes at the peak.

To every observant seaman's eye, at least, this latter craft, lying among and contrasting with the marine models of several different nations, was an object of curious interest. Apparently of from twelve to fifteen hundred tons burden, sitting deep in the water aft, notably broad of beam immediately forward of the centre, and then sharpening keenly to a stem lifted almost clear of the waves, by the bold rising of her keel; with her tall, slender masts and tremendously long yards, she

looked fitted to outstrip many a steamer, much more any man-of-war.

In fact, the *Comanche* was a forerunner of the wonderful American "clippers," destined, in a few years thence, to witch those very seas with noble sailing, and develop the old constructive principle of the fleet and famous Chesapeake coaster into an ideal of full-fledged maritime grace and speed. While certain wiser English naval officers knew what a boat built on such lines could dare and do from experience with divers American privateers some thirty and odd years before, a majority of old-school mariners wagged their heads dubiously at the prahu-like hull and enormous clouds of sail, and maintained that she must either "run under" or "break her back" in any kind of a bad sea. Nevertheless, there she was, safe, sound and neat as a yacht, off Deep Water Point in the North Channel at Singapore, having carried her owner and his family, besides captain and crew, nearly around the world.

And the owner of this so-criticised example of his country's innovating temerity, Mr. Richard Effingham, with wife, daughter and only son near at hand, stood upon the deck, an evident sharer in the pleasant interest naturally responsive to such animated scenes as those around them. He was a tall, spare figure, characterized by bushy iron-gray hair, black eyes, unsensuous mouth and chin, and nose and forehead energetically and reflectively prominent.

Of Mrs. and Miss Effingham, occupying camp-chairs within speaking distance, not much more could be noted immediately than that both possessed peach-like complexions and very small hands, so disguisingly were they draped in brown linen wrappers from shoulders to feet, and so far forward upon their faces, in deference to an equatorial sun, came the scarfs knotted under

their chins. Clambering stealthily on the bulwarks farther toward the taffrail was the youngest of the Effinghams, a lad apparently about ten years old and of elfin slenderness, in a check suit, made somewhat in the juvenile style now called the "Knickerbocker."

Including a third lady and two body-servants, not yet visible, this was the family party of the wealthy New York shipping merchant owning the great vessel; and from the athletic activity of mates and sailors furling sails and squaring yards on the recently-anchored *Comanche*, to the strange and striking views of mingling barbarism and civilization in the whole picture around, the eyes of the idlers on the deck roved in tireless scrutiny.

So clear was the balmy air that the two miles yet intervening between themselves and the city did not seem to be more than a third of that space, and the European warehouses, residences, churches and hotels along the beach, the fine stone Government House on the elevation beyond, the silvery intersecting river and its bridges, the Chinese quarter and mercantile buildings on the west side, an edge of the Malay campong on the east—dome of mosque, tower of Buddhist temple, and the fort commanding town and bay on Pearl Hill—all had a cameo-like distinctness to the vision, and a charm made dramatically complete by the oriental setting of hills dotted with villas and nodding with palms. The opposite island of Battam, looking like one solid mass of luxuriant tropical forest and jungle, was a finely artistic pendant, with emerald islets dappling all the more distant perspective until the last flash of the waves was lost among them. A very trestlework of the primitive triangular masts of Malay prahus extended along the shore; and on the glittering expanse of water between that and the anchored shipping darted swarms of native

sampans or light row-boats with palm-leaf awnings, or crawled the more sluggish Bugis coaster, whose sturdy crew added their sonorous "Véla-ah! véla!" as they handled their matting sails to the various strange but not unmelodious sounds which caught the stranger's ear.

Mr. Effingham sauntered nearer to the ladies, with right hand grasping the corresponding lapel of his coat, as was his wont in moments of casual contemplation.

"This is very fine," he remarked, with a movement of his head toward the town.

"But not quite so striking as Batavia, papa," returned a sweet, strong voice, while a pair of bright black eyes were lifted to meet his.

"I like it much better at first sight," said Mrs. Effingham, whose voice was lower, though as musical and more measured in its tones. "I have a prejudice against any place that, like Batavia, shows its worst part first. The 'old town' there, and the canal between the water and the respectable quarter, disenchant one so, that even all the handsome streets and houses of Weltevreden Heights do not quite compensate for the shock."

"But then those glorious blue mountains behind—how grand they are!" persisted the younger speaker enthusiastically.

"Yes," assented her father, smiling at her rather quizzically; "and then such pleasant friends as some of us found at the Hotel des Indes!"

Before this colloquy could lead to farther revelation, the captain of the ship joined them, to inquire whether his employer would go ashore immediately, or "wait for Mr. Dodge to come off?"

"Wait, by all means," said Mr. Effingham. "I suppose, my dear," turning to his wife, "that Miss Ankeroo is preparing your things for landing? And, by

the way," he added, looking sharply around, "where can Cherubino have—"

The eyes of the others had involuntarily followed his, and all caught sight at the instant of a pair of small check legs vibrating in the air on the bulwarks, what time the shrill voice of the remainder of an inverted boy, standing on his hands, was heard saluting a third female figure coming up from a cabin with the remark:

"See here, Cousin Sadie, I 'll bet you can't do this!" simultaneously with which incredible challenge the inverted small boy went overboard.

Father, mother, sister and the captain rushed to the side under a common terror, there to behold a glossy round head and two young spindles of arms swimming vigorously after a lop-sided floating cap, while a frigate's boat, with an officer in the stern, rowed hotly in chase. The whole event—the fall and the appearance of the boat—had been breathlessly sudden, and almost as quick was the rescue.

"All right! The Cherub's quite unhurt!" came up a cheery, familiar voice, and a dripping system of blinking countenance and tender check limbs, all moving to express rapture over the saving of the tightly-clutched cap, was held aloft over the thwarts in the strong arms of the young naval officer.

"Oh, you everlasting little plague!" ejaculated she who had been called Cousin Sadie, as the moistened child was expeditiously handed up the rope ladder swiftly let down from the deck. "And what a mess!" for he was enriched by a coating of the pea-soup-like scum, having an odor as of painter's oil, and called by the Malays "sara," that sometimes comes into those waters at ebb from the China Sea.

"Papa, it's Lieutenant Belmore!" was the exclamation of Miss Effingham, who, now that her first pallor



had disappeared, displayed an animated face of recognition toward the comely and blonde young man in English uniform, bowing a return laughingly from amid the upraised oars of his boat.

"My dear young sir," called her father, "we did not expect to see you so soon again. Can't you come up long enough to receive our thanks? Is your ship here?"

"No thanks deserved, sir," shouted back the Lieutenant. "Have the pleasure of paying my respects on shore. Official business just now; but knew the *Comanche* a mile off. Left Batavia on the *Cressy*, and transferred to the *Agincourt*, for Singapore, on sick-leave!" And he smiled archly and waved a temporary adieu as his crew dropped oars again into the waves.

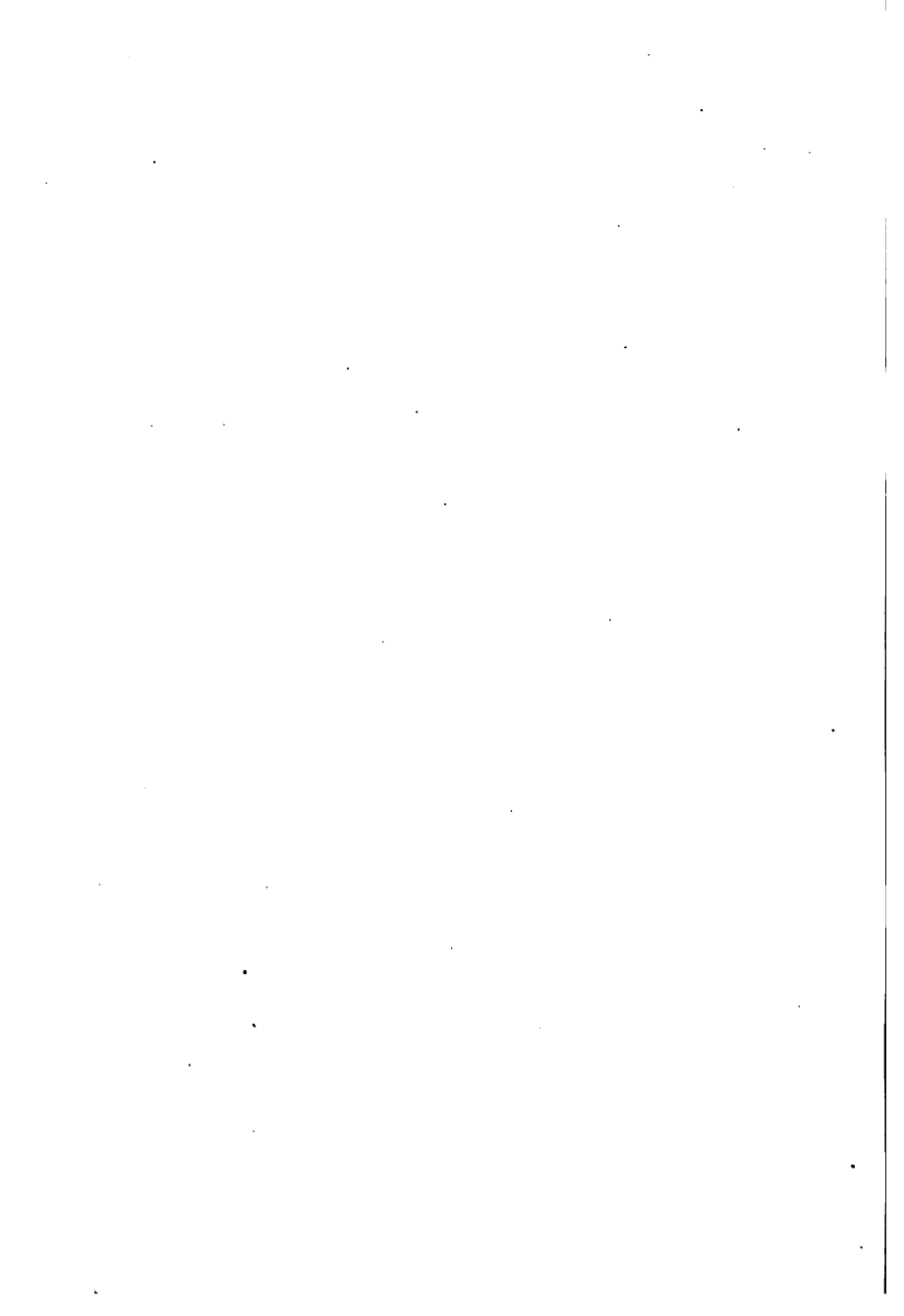
The ladies now withdrew to their cabins, whither Cousin Sadie, otherwise Miss Ankeroo, had hurried the sloppy young torment of her life, and were there informed, after they had somewhat recovered from their flutter, that the cap which the Cherub first thought of in the water had been found to contain, feloniously hidden in its lining, the long-missing potato-knife of the cook.

It remained for the head of the family to be thoughtfully congratulated by the Captain upon his son's obviously charmed life—inasmuch as he had fallen down a very steep companion-ladder seven times, and been headlong into the water twice, since their sailing from Batavia, with miraculous impunity—and then to turn his attention again to the shore. While thus he looked, one of the many plying sampans in sight, rowed by a half-naked coolie at either end, and bearing, over the centre, a striped canopy under which sat a passenger in European dress, was seen to emerge from its companions and make sharply for the ship.

"This is Mr. Dodge coming, I think, sir," observed



"CAN'T YOU COME UP LONG ENOUGH TO RECEIVE OUR THANKS?"—p. 30.



the Captain leading the way to an opening on the side, where steps had been swung for shore-boats.

The long and narrow little native craft was yet moving, when a tall, elastic specimen of manhood in some kind of pith helmet, alpaca coat and white waistcoat and trousers, unfolded himself nimbly from beneath the canopy, and, seizing a side of the iron gangway, came up hand over hand to the deck.

"That 's like your old style, Mr. Dodge," laughed Captain Brace; the gentleman by his side looking on with amazement.

"Yes—how d' do, Cap?—that 's my style when I'm feeling first-rate," was the hearty answer of the stranger, who was now seen to be about thirty-five years of age, the possessor of a frame like an athlete's in full training, and of a capping of closely-cut reddish hair over dancing hazel eyes, and nose and mouth humorous in their boldness. "I see *you 're* looking first-rate, Brace, after all this while—four years, isn't it?—and you 're sailing a stunner this time, sure enough." He was shaking hands energetically when first seeming to observe that they were not alone: "Where 's Mr.—excuse me, though—is this—?"

"This is Mr. Dodge, Mr. Effingham," interjected the Captain.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Dodge," the merchant said, rather stiffly.

"Thank you," responded the other with a business-like shake of the hand, and without the least embarrassment. "I hope that you 've had a pleasant voyage up, and that the ladies and young master are well. What do you think of us here, so far?"

As the Captain walked off, Mr. Effingham looked somewhat sternly into the lively eyes of his now first-met correspondent at Singapore. In a moment, however,

he realized that there was no good ground for offense, and answered that he found the weather warmer than he had expected.

"That's because we're having what the natives call the 'Java wind,' just now," explained Mr. Dodge. "About as sensible, you know, sir, as though you should call it the 'Florida wind' when you have an occasional hot southern sea-breeze in the summer in New York. You'll find the land breeze cool enough."

"I see that our frigate *Constitution* is here."

"Yes. Some of her officers have been at my hotel. She's been to Bruni—that's Borneo—to offer the Sultan, there help against the Sooloo pirates if he chooses to make a commercial treaty with the United States. At least, so I understand it. The acting commodore is supposed to be waiting now for a final answer; but they say that he's been played false by his interpreter (who came here with Rajah Brooke, of Sarāwak), and will not be able to report a success to the new president, Mr. Polk."

"Then Mr. Brooke is not favorable to Americans," remarked Mr. Effingham with quick interest. "I'm sorry for that, since we are going to Borneo."

"On the contrary, my dear sir," corrected Mr. Dodge—and he barely missed saying, "my dear boy"—"the 'Tuan Besar', as they call him in his Rajahdom, takes to us mighty kindly. The interpreter and he parted company at Singapore here, when they first came out, six years ago. They're not good friends."

"I should regret, on general principles, to find so great an Englishman as Mr. Brooke inimical to my countrymen," said the merchant. And then, after a pause—"I infer that you received my letters from London, Funchal, Rio de Janeiro and Batavia."

"Yes, sir; and have carried out your instructions to

the best of my ability," responded the other. "Much obliged to my old employer in New York, Mr. Von Gilder, for recommending me to you."

The conversation now took a brief turn toward business, not of immediate interest for this narrative. At its conclusion, prefatory to withdrawal, the correspondent at Singapore begged leave to offer one of his cards, an exhibition of which at the landing, he said, would attract the proper porter for his hotel.

"You 'll see, sir," he added, "that I 've come as near giving my house a name worthy of a truly American proprietor as the geography of these parts will allow. Shall have the pleasure of waiting upon you there again, I hope."

Then he darted down the steps, in flying leaps, to his sampan; the latter pushed off through the shore boats of fruit and other local commodities now beginning to beset the sides of the *Comanche*; and Mr. Effingham put on his eye-glasses to peruse the card:

UNITED STRAITS HOTEL,  
SINGAPORE.

FELIX DODGE, PROPRIETOR.

Entertainment for Man and Beast.

*Agent for P. T. Barnum.*

"He seems to be sensible and shrewd," soliloquized the merchant as he walked cabinward to advise his family and servants that their private "gig" was preparing for the shore; "he seems to be intelligent and trustworthy; but Von Gilder never told me that he was the style of man to behave circus-like and tend to puns. Agent for Mr. Barnum, too! Well, we shall see."

## CHAPTER II.

### LIEUTENANT BELMORE PAYS HIS RESPECTS.

A YEAR earlier than the memorable arrival in Singapore of that Englishman who was to be known to future romantic fame as a Rajah of Borneo, an American merchantman from Hong Kong brought to the same port a passenger no less boldly enterprising in his way, although of another nationality. As commercial traveler for the New York firm of Von Gilder & Co., promoted on his merits to that rank from a previous home clerkship, Mr. Felix Dodge had decided to go back from China by way of the Strait of Malacca, in order to have a glimpse at least of the mighty East Indian Archipelago and some of its twelve thousand islands.

It was being wrecked upon the Isle of Wight, on his return from sick-leave to his cadetship in India, that determined James Brooke to the so-illustrious historical change in his career; and incidental, scarcely less dismal experience of contemporary hotel life in the cosmopolitan City of the Straits turned our American mercantile tourist into a phenomenally successful local innkeeper.

The illogical disproportion between the bill tendered by his temporary landlord and the native curiosities of bed and board which he had endured inspired a lively discussion at parting, the termination of which was his vigorous assertion of the practicability of a hotel "fit for white men" in Singapore, and positive pledge to "start" one of that Caucasian appropriateness there himself immediately. It may have been that the idea of really undertaking such a thing had not occurred to

him before uttering the design, yet from the moment of that emphatic utterance he was possessed of the resolution to execute it to the fullest extent. Having accumulated savings in his employment to the amount of ten thousand dollars, the thought of investing them in an appreciative property of his own in this busy and novel part of the speculative world grew upon his liking equally with the pleasant fancy of becoming his own master. Besides, as an American familiarized with the East Indies and trained to general business, might he not supplement his proprietorship as a publican with commercial agencies for houses in the United States?

Acting upon the reflection, Mr. Dodge wrote at once of his scheme to Von Gilder & Co., and then, through the friendly help of acquaintances in counting-houses to which he had brought letters, secured a site for his proposed enterprise on the eastern and "fashionable" side of the river, or creek, dividing the modern town from the Chinese and mercantile quarter. In person he bought his timber from the Chinese lumbermen in the interior of the island; he drew his own simple architectural plans and personally supervised his small army of oriental workmen, and the result was the most rapid example of household construction ever witnessed in Singapore.

This was the genesis of the first American hotel in East India—a large, square building of two stories, painted white, with pillars to the cornice and two long balconies in front, and palm trees judiciously distributed around the back and sides. It stood near enough to the more prominent European residences, counting-rooms, churches, official buildings, parade-ground and drive to be thoroughly eligible in point of position; commanded a breezy, characteristic view of beach, roadstead and the opposite shore of Battam; had a receiving zoologi-



cal garden of its own for any rare beasts, birds or snakes of the Archipelago which might be attainable at any time for a certain American showman of rising celebrity, and rejoiced in a Portuguese chief cook and staff of Javanese servants most exactly selected.

When the cards of this new caravansary were out from the job-office of the *Straits Times*, and by some hitherto incredible ingenuities of circulation had penetrated to the tables, desks and cabin of every civilized home and counting-room in the town and ship in the harbor, it was known that "while," as an inclosing printed circular said, "the name chosen for the house should be congenial to the local attachments of 'the most Straitest sect,' it yet phonetically suggested the proprietor's native country—with only a little 'r'-tistic difference."

Upon the whole, this manner of putting the thing was happily received by the English-speaking Singaporeans, even if they were at first somewhat slow about patronizing the place. There was, however, one long-remembered exception to the rule. A very fat and choleric old Scotch gentleman, Mr. Mac Terrifer by name, heavily in the pepper exportation, found the terms of the circular quite unintelligible and took them in grievous dudgeon.

"The mon's daft, ye ken," he insisted, growing fiercely red in the face. "What hae the Screeptural tairms o' 'most straitest sect' to do wi' yon Yankee tavern? And it's 'States' and not 'Straits' he cooms from. Away wi' yer noonsinse, I tal ye!"

In vain his calmer and more idiomatic English friends wrestled with him on the subject from day to day, explaining over and over, with laborious distinctness of syllables, that the word "Straits" spelt without "a little r" has the sound of "Staits—States." "United

Straits,' without the 'little r,' 'United Staits—States.' Don't you see now?—'a little r'-tistic difference!'

But no! he would not have it. "What had 'art' to do wi' it all?" And so he went on, irascibly disdainful, until fully six months later, when, dining voraciously upon haggis, there abruptly dawned upon him, between two mouthfuls, a perception of the joke.

"A wee airteestic deef'rence?" he suddenly sputtered and choked, to the startled dismay of those around him. "Hech, sirs, it's as plain as the nose on a mon's feece!"—then fell into alarming convulsions of guttural tumult, having barely the strength to murmur huskily, "Let me be bled!" as they assisted him to a couch, whereon he was to have a very narrow escape from apoplexy.

To a suite of rooms in the hotel with this history came the American family of our story, leaving the *Comanche* to go back in her own wake a distance, dipping her colors to the gallant old *Constitution*, and sailing up the China Sea to Hong Kong. The Effinghams, father and son, have already been described sufficiently for the present; it is the turn of the ladies, now that their heads are uncovered and their forms free from the ever ungraceful outer trappings of ocean life, to be introduced more definitely.

The reception-room occupied by them had a bareness of upholstery suitable to the tropical climate. Scattered mats of brightly-colored rattan, or palm, or cocoanut fibre, took the usual place of carpet; settees of bamboo and cane faced each other on either side of the apartment; chairs of equally cool anatomy stood around at social intervals, and at the two tall French windows leading out to the balcony—between which were table and mirror—curtains of figured Chinese matting and

corded blinds made it practicable to modify the light without excluding the breeze.

Engaged in some fragile form of needlework, Mrs. Effingham, sitting near one of the casements, and glancing abstractedly through the blinds in the intervals of her employment, was a figure gracefully focusing, as it were, the tranquil domesticity of the family group. Not yet forty years old, she looked not over thirty, despite the matronly cut of a dark dress, Quaker-like in its freedom from all ornament, and surmounted by a broad white collar, and a prim fall of cap-lace over the generous braid into which her plenteous black hair was drawn back as uncompromisingly as its natural wave would allow. A complexion showing no trace of voyaging exposure, and unusually fair to accompany such rich black locks, added delicacy of effect to features indicative only of soft womanly traits; and when the dark eyes were raised occasionally to glance through the blinds, they exhibited a certain unchanging sadness of expression informing the whole refined face with serious thoughtfulness.

On a settee opposite, in the shaded light of the other window, Miss Effingham had assumed a half-reclining posture as a reader, her book being a volume of Dickens' "*Martin Chuzzlewit*," a work then newly published in London, and but freshly received in the Indies. If her hair and complexion were like her mother's the daughter seemed to have inherited none of that parent's settled pensiveness of aspect, the lustrous black curls, reaching nearly to her pink-ribbon girdle, showing not more exuberance of girlish naturalness than the varying flashes of the now particularly rounded black eyes peering what appeared to be a page not wholly soothing. Appareled in white, with a narrower pink ribbon bowed at the neck to match the one around an equally supple

little waist, Miss Effingham might have been a mere bud of a school-girl vexing over a lesson, instead of a greatly traveled young lady passing time with a novel.

The third figure of the trio present gave her attention to a book also, but it was one of graver proportions, opened upon the table between the windows, and the reader in the chair drawn up thereto had a marked personality of her own. She was Miss Sarah Ankeroo, otherwise second-cousin Sadie to Mrs. Effingham, since the death of her parents in Vermont an adopted member of the New York family, and, by inclination and fitting acquirements, nursery-governess, "companion," and chief domestic counsel of the household. She was now with her late mother's cousinly kinfolk in the curiously-mixed capacity of dragon to Master Cherubino, dressing-maid to his sister, interpreter to the party and prospective missionary to the ingenuous Dyaks of Borneo. Her possession of an education elaborated even to some scientific knowledge of medicine, and inheritance of the revenue of a goodly patrimonial farm, made this energetic Green Mountain spinster of thirty years no less confident to assume varied intellectual responsibilities than capable of paying her own way.

Nevertheless, Miss Ankeroo displayed none of the gaunt, acrid outer-belongings of ordinary unfeminine strong-mindedness. She was slightly below the medium stature, wholesomely plump, and had rosy cheeks and flossy yellow hair. Gold spectacles, necessitated by near-sightedness, gave whimsical severity of effect to pale-blue eyes, else mating harmoniously with a child-like roundness and mobility of countenance. But even perpetual sobriety of attire could not much intensify the sage maturity of individual presentment it was her whim ordinarily to affect.

Afternoon had advanced far enough toward the cooler

hours for the sounds of wheels and of the animation temporarily renewed in the city when the hottest period of the day had passed, to arise from the baked street below the hotel balcony. With an impatient little bang of her book and its pettish casting aside, Miss Effingham straightened to an upright posture on the settee, loosened her massive curls by a pretty movement of the head, and returned to colloquial life.

"I declare, Cousin Sadie," she began, "the way you keep on with that hateful old Marsden's Dictionary is enough to turn you into a Malay yourself."

The gleam of the scholarly spectacles was turned upon her with patient toleration.

"Every hour is precious now, Abretta, when we shall so soon be in Borneo. I am not half so far in the language yet as I ought to be, even after those lessons I took in Batavia."

"Well, but of course papa will secure a regular interpreter here before we go."

"That will be nothing to me in my Dyak school, Abretta."

"At any rate," pleaded the impracticable young beauty, "you can spare time, Cousin Sadie, to hear just what I think about Mr. Charles Dickens and the way he abuses America. I do declare, I'm almost ready never to read an English novel again! The English are always so ut-ter-ly aggravating when they have anything to say about us! Here is Dickens, who was treated so well on his visit, making Americans talk with hyphens between all their syllables; and, oh, he does represent our editors and ladies as such ridiculous creatures! I declare, I could detest everything English after reading such a book!"

"My dear! my dear! do not be so extravagant," remonstrated her mother gently.





THE CALLER STOOD BOWING IN THE DOORWAY.—p. 41

"But, mamma, I do mean it all!" persisted the glowing young patriot. "Without exception, Englishmen are the most unjust, selfish, hateful—"

A knock at the door, and a yellow-faced servant in spotless white nankeen, with a card for the ladies.

"'Mr. Edwin Belmore,'" read Mrs. Effingham as the waiter departed.

Cousin Sadie turned from her book, and flashed her glasses upon the interrupted previous speaker in pitilessly-abashing reprehension. "Without exception," echoed she, "Englishmen are the most unjust, selfish, hateful—" and was dwelling awfully yet upon the last word when the caller stood bowing in the doorway.

"Ladies, a thousand pardons for following my paste-board in such a hurry," he apologized, shaking hands very heartily all around. "I hope I haven't broken up any little scolding of yours, Miss Ankeroo. I know how harmless they always were at Batavia, you know! But really I've been in a hurry to get here ever since I heard that you had come ashore. You all seem so like real old friends. That is, I don't mean that *you* seem old, at all, Miss Ankeroo. Quite the contrary. You know what I mean, Mrs. Effingham."

His frank sailor face showed the flush of ardent good feeling even through its manly tint of tan.

"We know you always mean everything that is polite and kind," said Mrs. Effingham. "Pray be seated, Mr. Belmore."

"With your permission, ladies," he replied briskly, availing himself of the invitation.

"Doesn't this seem like being in Batavia again, Miss Effingham? Was I really introduced to you there at that party at Mrs. Van Zant's, or have I known your family ever so many years?"

The two older ladies smiled acknowledgment of his



so freely-shown partiality for their party, as they might have smiled at an amiable boy's greeting of welcome. The Effinghams had indeed first met the young Lieutenant at a party in Batavia while his ship was there, and took his immediate obvious attraction to their circle in a spirit worthy of his singularly ingenuous character.

"We've known you long enough it seems, Mr. Belmore," said Abretta demurely, "for you to pass through a fashionable season, and be dangerously sick and get well again. It ought to take at least a year for all that to happen."

"Now you're laughing at my sick-leave from the *Cressy*," he cried, flushing guiltily. "I didn't think it of you, Miss Effingham! You see, ma'am and Miss Ankeroo," turning for a moment to them, "as my uncle is at Singapore just now with his regiment, it was an excuse for me to come here for recovery from a slight sunstroke—very slight, I'll confess. But, upon my word, Miss Effingham, it's hardly kind in you to be so quick in catching me up."

Miss Ankeroo, who already confessed a strong partisan feeling for the young man, had her spirit of championship sympathetically stirred by what sounded like his ungenerous arraignment by the one of their party who should have been the very last to question the occasion of his presence with them again.

"You can hardly hope to find a fair judge in our Abretta, Mr. Belmore," was her sharp interjection here. "At the moment of your arrival she was saying to us that, 'without exception, Englishmen—'"

"If you repeat that, Cousin Sadie, I'll never forgive you!" broke in the culprit, blushing furiously.

"It was something against my unfortunate countrymen, then," retorted the Lieutenant, more than revenged by her discomfiture, and smiling instant pardon.

"But, you know, ladies, I have some very good Yankee blood in my own veins. That must be one reason," he added innocently, "why I've always taken to you so tremendously. One of my great-grandmothers was born in the United States."

"There, mamma!"

Abretta was the speaker, and by an impulse she would have found it hard to explain to herself. Assuredly it originated from no past counsel with her mother on the genealogy of their visitor; for they had all accepted him without the least conjectural reserve as to that point. It was, therefore, without apparent notice of her daughter's irrelevant exclamation that Mrs. Effingham now regarded the youth with a freshened interest showing vividly in her inquiring look at him.

"Indeed, Mr. Belmore?" said she. "May we ask if that was your father's grandmother?"

Admiring the lady's dignified beauty and exquisite feminine refinement of manners, as he had enthusiastically from the first hour of his acquaintance with the family in Java, Belmore was delighted with this special earnestness of concern about himself.

"No, dear madame," was his ready reply; "my mother's. She died long before I was born; but I know that my great-grandfather first saw her in New York, and married her there. From her portrait she must have been very handsome. I'm only afraid my ancestor wasn't half good enough for her—he was such an eccentric. I give you my word it was his queer cutting-up with his will that has kept us all poor ever since, with the family estate and fortune in Chancery."

"What a shame!" ejaculated Abretta, who, with elbow on an arm of the settee, and curly head leaning upon uplifted hand, had paid animated attention to this rehearsal.

"That everlasting English Chancery!" commented Miss Ankeroo, always more forcible than exact in her terms when she forgot her scholarly obligations of speech.

As Mrs. Effingham merely inclined her head slightly and dropped her eyes again to her needlework, the Lieutenant went no farther with his confidence than to observe that, under the circumstances, his uncle, the Colonel, ought to be more favorable to Americans than he was.

"He's the dearest of old fellows—like a father to me, Miss Effingham; but I sometimes think I can see some of my queer grandfather's blood in him. Besides, he's been in your country, too; and, although my mother would never tell the secret, I've always thought he must have met some great trouble there."

Neither Cousin Sadie nor the younger lady having the inquisitorial assurance to pursue so delicately personal a subject, the brief ensuing silence was followed by general conversation; and when, upon the appearance of Mr. Effingham in the room, the caller finally laughed his adieux, it was with the understanding that the family would gratefully avail themselves, during their stay, of his avowed ample leisure and superior knowledge of the city.

## CHAPTER III.

### A CASE IN CHANCERY.

THE arrival of the historical United States frigate at the capital of Borneo proper, to test the practicability of a commercial treaty with Hamet Ali, the putative Malay Sultan of that principal district of the island, was a political result of the great interest that had recently been excited in America by the dramatic story of Sarāwak. The *Vincennes* had brought home from the Archipelago some fuller details of events already celebrated in English accounts; and, although Commander Keppel's history of his expedition thither on H. M. S. *Dido* had not yet been published, the world knew the essential facts of Mr. Brooke's heroic battles with Borneon rebels and pirates, and his beneficent advent to a virtual sovereignty of the province he had redeemed from chronic barbarian anarchy.

No episode of modern political history appeals more strikingly to the imagination, or more congenially to man's higher moral nature than the English Rajah's crusade at Sarāwak. Born to no higher estate than a patrimony acquired in the civil service of the East India Company in Bengal; diverted by a mere casualty of incidental travel from farther destination to an Indian cadetship, wherein his highest immediate dream of glory had been nearly fatally realized in a gallant charge over a stockade at Rungpore, in the Brahmapootra valley, during the first Burmese war—this eminent man made no more selfish use of his inheritance of wealth, taste of war and ten years of maturing trips around the world, than to apply them finally to the rescue and Christian

civilization of a remote barbaric territory and people, previously known to general mankind chiefly through the imperfect annals of peaceful ships and men assailed, from inaccessible pirate-dens, for two centuries, by the most pitiless freebooters of the Eastern seas.

It was a noble illustration of the imperially confident supremacy of mental and moral culture over the utmost physical force that ignorance and superstition can oppose to it, when the former youthful cadet of the soulless East India corporation entered the Java Sea, in the spring of 1839, with only his private yacht, *Royalist*, and a staff and crew of less than forty Europeans, to essay, unassisted by any stronger backing than his own indomitable will, the redemption of millions of heathen bondmen from a despotism and darkness practically unbroken for hundreds of years.

How he succeeded and quickly became the literally idolized governor of Sarāwak, a southwestern dependency of Borneo proper, was soon known to outer civilization in news of his decisive victory for honest old Muda Hassim, the Borneo sultanate's viceroy or bandhara, there, over a horde of murderous rebel bandits who had mercilessly ravaged the land for several years.

Later came word of his formal investment with the Rajahship at Bruni, the Borneon capital, by Hamet Ali, and the restoration through his influence of his friend, the bandhara, to the royal favor he had temporarily lost by his misadventures with the rebel Dyaks: his beneficent rule at his own capital city of Kuchin; lifting the merciless Malayan slavery of ages from the patient shoulders of the simple-hearted aborigines, and making of them loyal co-workers in opening all the varied riches of their mighty island to the commercial world; his fearless missions of humanity to savage Sumatra, as well as in Borneo, for the deliverance of captive passen-

gers and crews of merchantmen from their piratical despoilers ; and, latest, his accompaniment of Captain Keppel's expedition as volunteer guide, counsel and sturdy fighter, when Her Christian Majesty's government had finally been persuaded to avenge immemorial outrages against British commerce, by inflicting signal punishment upon the piratical Shereefs of the swarming Sarebas and Sakarran rivers.

The merchant had an interest in such exploits as these no less than the moralist ; for supplementary to the story of the Christian Rajah's deeds were sanguine prophecies of the new sources of commercial wealth to be available in the Indies, since there was now established a civilized power at a commanding point, to open and protect hitherto virgin regions of the most valuable products of the tropics. Wild tales of endless diamonds, gold and coal were in circulation ; not to speak of unlimited fresh fields for coffee, opium and nutmeg culture. The United States shared in the credulity of the hour ; and its shippers, especially those already in, or having important relations with, the India trade, were prompt to enlist their government and themselves in efforts to make the most of an apparently golden opportunity.

Mr. Effingham was an early participant in the feeling. Born and educated to lead an affluent life of leisure, at his majority he could not resist the national magnetism of business purpose. Some time in the twentieth century may possibly find in the American metropolis an unemployed aristocratic class of sufficient firmness of root and naturalness of growth to require no constrained seclusive cultivation for the sure retention of accessions appropriately its own. In Mr. Effingham's youth the primitive provincial beginning of such a social factor could barely generate enough of a special fostering and protecting atmosphere to sustain its own first

meagre proportions ; and the consequent tendency of its every fresh shoot possessing any native vigor at all, was to assimilate with the commercial utilitarianism of the hardy young field of national life growing swiftly all around it. Our scion of moneyed leisure was mentally, if not physically, robust and elastic. Immediately upon becoming his own master he passed unreservedly into the full whirl of business life, and to such effect that, while yet on the right side of his fiftieth year, the richness of his harvest justified him in thinking of retirement for the repair of a never perfect health. Then, however, occurred the East Indian fever and the sudden celebration of Borneo. The *Comanche* was building for Mr. Effingham's house, and it suggested itself to the shipping merchant, after many consultations with his older friend, Von Gilder, that he could not more happily conjoin sanitary policy with an esthetic climax of a commercial career, than by going with his family, on his own new vessel, upon a luxurious trip to the East, by way of England and Madeira, for a deliberate personal inspection of Rajah Brooke's regenerated Golconda.

This much antedated narrative is necessary as explanatory natural perspective for our characters now in the foreground.

By request of the host of "The Straits" the American merchant, while the ladies were awaiting their caller, had followed a servant to the private managerial office of the hotel, where, lingering longer than he realized in the ante-room, to read over the names of some volumes of old New York newspapers, gazetteers, and commercial reports, there ranged in a glass case, he was surprised by the unusual manner of Mr. Dodge's quickly attending advent.

Coming rapidly along the hall, with his arms briskly swinging back and forth over his chest, in the sweeping

movement so popular with hardy cabmen and stevedores when they would "get up a little circulation," the Correspondent in Singapore had leaped high in the open doorway to a powerful finger-hold upon the outer ledge of the casement, drawn himself up, with rigidly-bent knees, to a pendent sitting position, and come down sharply again upon the sill, before discovering that he had a spectator.

"Beg your pardon, really, Mr. Effingham," he puffed, a little abashed. "I didn't expect to find you here—thought you'd be in the office. I always feel so first-rate after my regular afternoon nap. Walk in, sir, walk in."

By this time the merchant was sufficiently accustomed to Mr. Dodge's peculiarly gymnastic manner of expressing his exuberant constitutional superiority to a tropical climate for a fairly philosophical assumption of resignation to it.

"You certainly do appear to be fortunately organized for the neighborhood of the Equator," he remarked, as they proceeded to their conference in the farther room. "That boy of mine has rather a tendency in the same way, I think. By-the-by, I hope he's in no mischief?"

"Well," said the younger man, reflectively, "I think I *did* hear from somebody that he'd been bitten by one of the monkeys in our temporary zoological collection out back of the house, and was next seen hanging bodily on to the cue of one of my Chinese chambermen. I don't think the Equator'll hurt *him* much."

A troubled smile was the fatherly recognition of this assurance. Cherubino was a much-jointed filial combination of pipe-stem legs and arms, pinned together with a head, particular responsibility for whom was tacitly shifted by either misgiving parent upon the other, until Miss Ankeroo and the human family at



large were anguished under the unrelieved vivacity of his fullest American small-boyhood.

With a glance around the cool office, whereof a standing desk, founded on a system of pigeon-holes, a table, two rattan chairs, several maps pasted on the thin walls an iron "safe," and a large Dyak mat, were the furniture, Mr. Effingham settled into his usual practical aspect.

"To go on, now," he resumed, "with the subject of a previous conversation, I've understood you to say that a Dutch brig here in ballast, and suitable to my purpose, can be chartered."

"Exactly so; I've opened negotiations for her. But you might have gone up either river, sir, to Bruni, or to Kuchin, with the *Comanche* herself for that matter. Sir Thomas Cochrane's men-of-war out in the offing here now—the *Agincourt*, *Vixen*, *Pluto*, *Nemesis*, and so on—are all going up to Bruni, they say, before long, with Rajah Brooke, to get back a couple of shipwrecked English sailors imprisoned there since the treaty. The old Sultan's a slippery customer, and there may be some fighting for you to see, if you stay in Borneo long enough. As for the Sarāwak River, Sir Edward Belcher's frigate *Samarang*, and Keppel's *Dido*, both found six fathoms of water at ebb spring-tide within biscuit-toss of the Rajah's house."

Mr. Dodge's glibness of information surprised his hearer.

"You appear to be very familiar with Borneo," said Mr. Effingham.

"Why," rejoined the other, "it's only a little over four hundred miles from here to Kuchin, and I've been there several times, on Mr. Brooke's own antimony schooner, the *Swift*, to go up the country, for a way, after animals. There is an odd sort of old Englishman





"WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY TO NUTMEGS, NOW?"—p. 51.

living up there—a doctor and naturalist, and queer genius generally—who's got a living orang-outang that I'm bound to have yet for Mr. Barnum, if it costs a fortune."

- "And you think," pursued the merchant, gravely ignoring this branch of discovery, "that the feasibility of immediate coffee culture in that region has been exaggerated?"

"I don't believe in it myself," answered Mr. Dodge, confidently. "Look at Rajah Brooke himself, how he sticks to his antimony ore, even though some Chinamen are trenching a diamond mine for him at a place called Suntah, up the Sarāwak, and he owns an opium farm two hours' walk from Kuchin. Gold and tin and diamonds may be all there, as they say; but my idea is that there's more money in rice, antimony and sago. There's coal there, too, undoubtedly. But what should you say to nutmegs, now?" suggested the versatile Felix, leaning toward his attentive auditor, a hand on either knee, with abrupt access of animation.

"I shall be pleased to hear your own opinion of them," remarked Mr. Effingham, with a smile.

"There's money in nutmegs!" continued this off-hand commercial cyclopedia, energetically. "On Penang, up the Strait here, one gentleman has cleared fourteen thousand pounds in a year by them. Seventy years ago, when the East India Company had a port at Balambangan, in the northernmost notch of Borneo, they sent a ship to hunt for nutmegs in New Guinea; yet right along the coast, not far north of Sarāwak, is the island of Sumpudin, with wild nutmegs growing on it as thick as hops. You see, sir, they need salt air. If I was in the planting way myself, I'd rent that island from Hamet Ali and go into the cultivation at once. It could be had for a song. There are your canary trees

all ready to shade your shoots while you are turning your wild nutmegs into the eatable kind ; and," added the host of "The Straits," with a concluding triumphant wave of his hands, "you can hire all your labor done by Chinamen ready to work for their mere bread—and Buddha !"

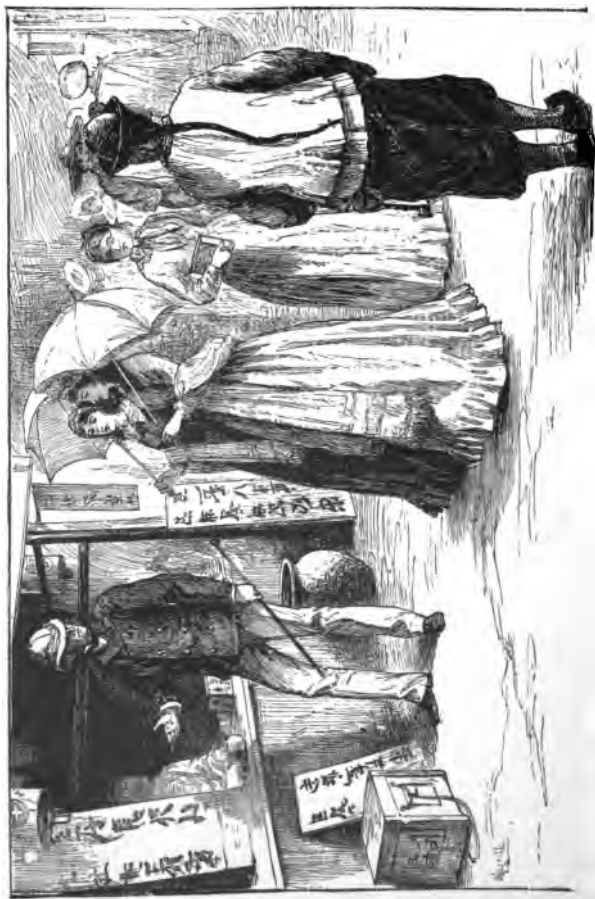
By way of dignified rebuke to his correspondent's too frequent paronomastic infirmity of speech, Mr. Effingham had, several times since his arrival, pointedly discontinued conversation at its appearance. With some impatience of manner he now ended the conference by rising from his chair for the purpose of rejoining the ladies.

And to them, after the lapse of a day, the story now also returns.

Considerate intercession by his uncle's warm friend, the Governor, and indulgent blindness on the part of the captain of the *Cressy*, enabled the chivalrous English lieutenant to devote himself, as he had proposed, to the duty of chaperon of the party. The head of the family went with them in their initiatory round of the "City of the Lions," to the stately Government House, the Fortress on the Hill, the richly-stocked Botanical Gardens, the famous Institution of Oriental Philology, and even shared their unsatisfactory exterior viewing of such jealously exclusive attractions as the Mosque and the Buddhist and Hindoo Temples. At that point, however, he relinquished the squiredom of dames almost wholly to their assiduous young cavalier ; the while he and Mr. Dodge were occupied in supervising the outfit of the brig *Wettevreden* for Borneo, and acquiring requisite information from friendly acquaintances in local commercial circles.

At all the dinner-parties to which they were hospitably invited during their sojourn, whether given by polite





THE CURIOUS OMNIBUS GATHERUM OF THE CHINESE BAZAAR.—p. 53.

official households or those of neighborly merchants, the Effinghams were sure to meet Belmore. With boy-like thoughtlessness of anything savoring of tact, the handsome sailor made it obvious to the least observant eye that it was the delight of his life to be with them on any and every occasion; and if Miss Effingham, in the usually cool manner of the sex in its insensate 'teens, took it all as a matter of course, Miss Ankeroo pronounced him a paragon of good, obliging boys, and Mrs. Effingham's habitual gentleness of demeanor seemed yet more softened for him into an approving motherliness of regard no less marked because it was so pensive and quiet.

Accustomed to a yet more ardent summer sun in their own land, the American ladies were not averse to excursions by carriage at any hour of the balmy equatorial day. Abretta's piquant gypsy straw hat, with its graceful white feather and veil, and Cousin Sadie's unsparing spectacles, soon became associated in the popular mind with the most detailed views possible to be taken of every object of interest in Singapore by foreign eyes. For Miss Ankeroo's particular benefit there were visits to the mission and Chinese schools, and a trip into the interior of the island as far as the Jesuit missionary village of Bukit-tima.

While Mr. Effingham was across some bridge, among the counting-houses on the more mercantile side of the river of the town, intent on matters of business, his tireless deputy was taking mother, daughter, cousin—and sometimes unavoidable son—on picturesque sails, between shores of mangroves, up the Peloi way; escorting them through the curious *omnium gatherum* of Chinese or Kling bazar, guarding them along the original Malayan town, or Campong Glam, built on water-washed piles, and most comfortable to inspect



from a flat-bottomed sampan ; there to see a trading prahu from the Moluccas, whose every plank, mast, sail, rope, oar and awning was made from the cocoanut tree, and whose whole cargo—oil to burn at night, and food and “grog” to consume by day—were all of the same generous and stately palm. His was the familiarized intelligence to aid their discrimination and appreciation of even a greater variety of nationalities and costumes, in the streets and on the drives, than they had wondered at in Batavia—plump and thrifty bare-headed Chinese merchants, in ample white smocks and trousers of blue, with long cues tipped gayly with red silk ; gaunt Klings from Western India, in turbans and zouave-like dresses ; Arabs, in flowing white robes ; yellow-faced Malays, in many-colored open jackets, wearing the inevitable deadly kris in the gatherings of their sarong, or native kilt ; Portuguese clerks and shopmen, in their favorite white ; Bugis traders from Celebes—the Yankees of the Archipelago—in half-European, half-Malayan attire ; Parsees, Javanese, Bengalese, Coolies ; Englishmen, in the invariable tight coats, waistcoats and trousers of their kind for any climate, and an occasional uniform from the garrison on Pearl Hill or the frigates in the harbor.

An association of this daily practical character between the young man and his fair charges, prefaced, as it had been, by an instinctive common liking, could not fail to engender an intimacy of feeling more likely to endure than if it had sprung from any other experience of social travel. The habit, on the one hand, of finding a delightful new pleasure in accustomed things, from being able to show them for the first time to immediately appreciative minds ; and, on the other, of depending exclusively upon an individual intelligence for the guidance of every untried step and novel perception—

is always more or less subtly implicative of a mutual relation much closer than that of any ordinary acquaintance. Thence Belmore and the Effinghams unconsciously blended into one family, as it were, during these pleasant days at Singapore; and as unconscious were they all that something especially in the involuntary magnetism of the tactiturn Mrs. Effingham's permanent manner toward the youthful naval officer, went farther than any other factor to open his inmost heart to them.

One evening in their room at the hotel, after a somewhat fatiguing trip to the gambir plantations and tiger-pits of the northern part of the narrow island, returning from which they had caught sight of the *Constitution*, with studding sails set aloft and below, standing out of the Roads for Borneo and an answer to her diplomatic mission; while the music of the garrison band sounded in final cadence through the window-casements from the Parade, and Mr. Effingham withdrew to the lower balcony for a post-prandial cigar—a pause in the conversation started by Miss Ankeroo on the merits of the agar-agar jelly of sea-weed, shellfish, soup, rice and hot vegetables sold by the criers in the street, was succeeded by an irrelative exclamation from our domesticated Lieutenant:

“What a nuisance it is to be poor!”

“Well, now,” rejoined Miss Ankeroo, “of all places in the world to say that in, this is the last! Think of that Jesuit missionary at Bukit-tima being ‘passing rich on’ thirty ‘pounds a year.’ I’m told that one sago palm, only needing to be chopped down, is ample twelve-months’ food for a hearty man; and here in Singapore you can buy a good meal at any corner for three pence!”

“I mean that I wish my family had what rightfully belongs to it,” resumed Belmore, with an audible sigh.

"When I noticed this afternoon that you ladies were made homesick by seeing that frigate move off, I thought of my own home in England, and my uncle—and then about our estate in Chancery."

"Your uncle, I think you have told us, is stationed here," said Mrs. Effingham casually.

"For the time, ma'am. You know these 'Straits Settlements,' as they are called, are subordinate to the presidency of Bengal. Uncle William is only temporarily transferred here; he has been for years in India. I'm staying at his quarters up on the Hill, but he's on a visit to his old friend, Mr. Brooke, in Borneo. You see, Mr. Brooke's financial agent, Mr. Henry Wise, came here from England, and Uncle and he went to Sarāwak together."

"How I do long to see the Rajah of Sarāwak!" cried Abretta. Then added, with quick revulsion to a subject even more immediately congenial to her imagination, "I should think, Mr. Belmore, that you would prefer some profession allowing you to stay at home and look after your fortune."

"That's just where it is, Miss Effingham!" continued he excitedly, moving his chair nearer to hers. "This happens to be the very part of the world where Uncle Will and I must look for a solution of our troubles—that is, if there is any hope anywhere."

Here the startling diversion of a juvenile snore from beneath the settee was a jarring revelation that Master Cherubino had been overtaken by heavy slumber there, while undoubtedly seeking surreptitious auditory under the common infantile conviction that to be an unknown and undesired presence to one's elders is to be happy; and he was promptly grated forth by Miss Ankeroo and summarily escorted by her toward his own supplementary chamber, in that dazed condition of mind and speech

which is peculiar to the rudely interrupted repose of dreamless childhood.

"Why, Mr. Belmore," pursued Abretta, too much interested for even a pardonable sisterly interjection, "it seems strange that an estate in the English Court of Chancery should have anything to do with the East Indies."

Mrs. Effingham now interposed :

"My daughter !"

"Don't object, Mrs. Effingham, please," pleaded the young man, earnestly. "It's very good in her—and you all—to show an interest in a poor fellow's affairs. Quite a romance it is, too, if you'll allow me to tell what I know about it."

"Oh, do !" was the impulsive response of his younger auditor—and that was enough.

"This is the way of it, ladies," continued he, speaking rapidly : "I have already told you that my great-grandfather—the grandfather of my mother and Uncle Will—was a very eccentric kind of man. My great-grandmother, whom he married in America, was his second wife. His first was English, from Devonshire, and died while their only son was a baby. That was my grand-uncle Roderick, and we hardly ever mention him now, except when telling the story. He and his father must have been very much alike, for they both loved each other dearly, and never agreed, and at last hated each other."

"That is apt to be the case, indeed," remarked Mrs. Effingham quietly.

"Yes : the ultimate antagonism of likes, I suppose philosophers would call it. The family estate, and very valuable, too, is not far from Reigate, in Surrey ; and a much more secluded, wild place than you'd think from the nearness to London. After the death of Roderick's

mother, my great-grandfather went roving all over the face of the globe, leaving his son to be brought up by servants and schoolmasters. When, finally, he brought my great-grandmother home with him from America, and the lad showed jealousy, he caressed him like a dotard, and said, over and over again, that it was only to secure him a renewal of a mother's care that he himself had married again at all. As I was saying the other day, I'm afraid my great-grandfather was not half good enough for his American wife."

"Then why did she marry an Englishman?" broke in Miss Effingham hotly.

Again the motherly remonstrance: "My daughter!"

"Oh, never mind, ma'am, if she *will* be so hard on us," momentarily disconcerted. "But, to proceed with the story: As time went on, and my great-uncle Sidney and grandfather were born, Roderick grew up to have a taste in his turn for roving about the world. In spite of his father's wishes, he never gave any sign of settling at home again until Sidney had a commission in the army; and then he brought home with him from a reckless sort of hunting bout somewhere in Ireland, the wildest kind of a wild Irishman, whom he had rescued from death at the hands of his own people for 'informing' or 'warning' an unpopular landlord, or something in that line. We've never, any of us, known exactly what it was. The man's name was Ruadh Something-or-other. Uncle Will says that his father, Sidney, you know, could remember him as a regular curiosity of uncivilization—red-haired from head to foot, they said, like a shaggy dog, and scarcely more than an unreasoning, devoted kind of animal, as the family thought. He was to be the cause of no end of mischief. He took to my great-grandfather at once, with as extravagant a devotion as to his younger master, and they let him be

a sort of gardener, man-of-all-work, body-servant, and pretty much everything else he chose, in that carelessly-ordered house ; but, from the very first, he seemed to entertain a brute-like, jealous aversion to my grandfather and his brother Sidney. My great-grandmother died ; my grandfather married a daughter of a captain in the navy, with only his pay, against the prejudices of the old gentleman, and grand-uncle Sidney took his part. Then he cast them both off, my great-grandfather did, you know, and he and Roderick and Ruadh formed a mutual admiration society by themselves."

"How unnatural !" murmured Abretta.

"Not for their kind, you know," went on Belmore. "They were three odd mortals together. But it didn't last. Some money question brought all the love between parent and favorite son to grief with a grand blow-up, and Roderick went tearing away from home in an awful rage, while his father fell down in a bad fit. As the other servants of the house subsequently testified, from that time forth Ruadh dogged his aged master's every step, slept at his room-door at night, and seemed to be wholly under control of some unspoken instinct of fear for him.

"Word presently came that Roderick was in Amsterdam, and that his half-brother Sidney, Uncle Will's father, you know, was about to marry. Characteristically enough, the old gentleman took the latter piece of news with comparative unconcern, but broke forth into renewed fearful rage against his first-born, whom he cursed for deserting him. You see what his consistency was. Finally, he had another terrible fit, and, upon recovering from it, only to be warned by his physician that he had but a few days more to live, sent in hot haste for a lawyer, with the avowed intention of cutting off Roderick with a shilling.

"He was perfectly clear-headed when the lawyer came, and, in a strong voice, ordered him to draw up, on the spot, a will leaving everything in equal parts to my grandfather and Uncle Will's father, calling the physician also to witness his intention. The instrument was drawn, read to him, and the housekeeper summoned to be a second witness. Meanwhile Ruadh knelt at the foot of the bed, silent and crossing himself. The paper was placed before the dying man on a book. he was raised up by the doctor and the lawyer, and he signed. The lawyer had hardly carried the will to a table, and the housekeeper was signing, when an ominous sound from the bed drew them all back thither in breathless alarm. My great-grandfather was dead in five minutes, and no one has ever seen that will again to this day!"

Lieutenant Belmore discontinued his rapidly-spoken recital for a moment to take breath and change position.

"A strange piece of carelessness on the part of the lawyer, I should think," said Mrs. Effingham, mechanically; "but it must have left all three of the sons equal heirs then."

"I'm sure that creature Ruadh had something to do with it," was the more characteristic remark of the daughter.

"Oh, don't you spoil my little romance by anticipating me, Miss Effingham! Yes, Ruadh and the will had gone off together; and not only that, but a lot of title-deeds, some money, and the first sheet of grand-uncle Roderick's offending letter from Amsterdam were also missing from a partly-ripped secretary in the bed-chamber. These, though, must have been abstracted before the day of the death, and—as equally important papers were left behind—without any intelligent knowledge of their relative values. That is, all except the

part of the letter. The fellow must have taken that for the address."

"Could he read?" asked Abretta.

"Not a syllable," continued Belmore; "he must have done it by instinct. And, more, he could have known only in the dimmest sort of way that the dying will meant harm to the absent master possessing his brute-love. But you are wrong, Mrs. Effingham, about the equal inheritance left. In the same secretary I'm talking about was found an earlier will, disinheriting my grandfather and Uncle Will's father in favor of Mr. Roderick."

"I'm telling this story awfully," went on the young man, his voice sinking disconsolately. "I know I'm making a mull of it, with all its 'greats' and 'grands' and that sort of thing. Uncle Will does it a great deal better; but I'm near the end now."

"You needn't be told that when, almost instantly after the sudden death-scene, the hardly-yet-dry will was missed from the table, and the Irish factotum nowhere to be seen, those interested knew how to put two and two together. Within forty-eight hours, however, a letter came from the diplomatic office in Holland, saying that Roderick had just died in Amsterdam in a fit. This seemed to end all trouble about the estate—not an entailed one, you'll understand. As a precaution, Ruadh was traced by the police to Reigate and London and then on board a vessel leaving Liverpool for the Zuyder-Zee. He had gone to Amsterdam after Roderick, paying his way with the stolen sovereigns."

"There might have been no farther particular care for the poor devoted animal if, all at once, just as newly-married grand-uncle Sidney and my grandfather, summoned home from London, were about entering into their rights, a strange lady from Ireland, with a weakly



infant, had not suddenly come forward as the clandestinely-married wife of Roderick—with proper marriage-lines to show, too—and claimed the estate.

“Now you can see how it all got into Chancery. The widow would have all or none; the lawyer, physician and housekeeper could swear to the contents and signing of the revocating instrument; but *it* could not be produced—and there was the earlier will, all straight and regular. There was nothing for it but Chancery, with a stated allowance for the widow and babe—they’d been living near London—and a renewed chase after Ruadh. They traced him again going from Amsterdam to Batavia, down here in Java, as a Dutch officer’s servant, and then into the lunatic department of the military hospital there; gone mad, it was supposed, in terror of the conjectured coming of our fleet if the wars of Napoleon went on.

“This is why Uncle Will originally took service under the Company in India, after that secret trouble of his in the United States. He has ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Ruadh certainly escaped from the hospital and managed to get to Sambas, just south of Sarāwak, in Borneo, when it was sure England could take Batavia; and that he always had with him, and took with him, an oilskin packet, worn next his shaggy breast, perpetually, and secured by a cord around the neck. The hospital officials supposed it to be some kind of ‘charm,’ and, as he was harmless in his lunacy, never took it from him—but it must have been the will and the other papers.

“From Sambas, where the Dutch have some foothold, we have not been able to get the slightest hint of his fate. He went there in a Malay prahu, in which he had taken refuge when flying from the hospital. So our family romance has stood in all the years since.

The widow died, though her son is living yet, I believe, in spite of his weakliness. My grandfather, my mother and Uncle Will's father are all gone, too. But my uncle will never give up, and I think he's infected me a little with the same infatuation. At any rate, it's enough of a romance, you know, to be kept alive for the credit of the name."

The long-drawn breaths of his auditors in the darkening room, gave evidence that the story thus ending had worked adequately upon their silent fancies. Against the clearer dimness of the air beyond one of the open windows two graceful feminine heads and shadowy forms could be discerned; the gentleman sitting close by, with his face to them and the casement.

"Mr. Belmore," said Mrs. Effingham in a low, measured tone of speaking reverly, "you have not mentioned the name of your great-grandfather."

"Have I not?" he returned surprisedly. "Perhaps that was my modesty, ma'am—I'm named after him. He was Sir Edwin—knighted for carrying up a loyal address sometime—Sir Edwin Daryl."

"Oh!"

There was such a pause before Mrs. Effingham returned this commonplace sign of attention, that both of her companions glanced at her more particularly. They saw only that she was looking away from them toward the not remote water view beginning to sparkle under a rising moon, where lights were coming upon prahu and ship-of-war, near and distant, like remembrances of a far past kindling slowly in the retrospective first watch of the night.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FRIEND, OR FOE ?

THE city of Bruni ("The Bravest"), or Borneo, whence Portuguese navigators early in the sixteenth century extended the name to the whole immense island, called by its own people Pulo Kalamantan, has been described under the simile of a barbarian Cybele rising sullenly from the waters. In the last thirty-five years it must have undergone much change and modernization by neighborly community with the rapid development of European civilization in Sarāwak ; but at the time herein treated of the Borneon Venice, with its two or three thousand houses, and, perhaps, five times that number of inhabitants, was yet one of the rudest and fiercest cities of the lawless Malay. Spreading from a noble amphitheatre of swelling green hills to the shore of the wide, deep river of the same name, the fifteen feet rise and fall of that massive water, combined with the tides of several smaller streams confluent at that point, gave the town the usual Malayan characteristic of seeming to rise from the sea ; its buildings being elevated upon piles, and its many tortuous highways and byways practicable to be traversed only in boats. The long, rambling white Palace, however, with its surroundings of barracks and offices, stood back upon one of the cleared hillsides overlooking the great level stretch of the jagged palm-leaf roofs and boat-dotted streets of savage Bruni, and upon an adjacent elevation, yet higher, appeared a structure that, if as barbaric, was more imposing.

As the latter is the architectural object immediately

interesting us, it may be more particularly mentioned as having from the town below an aspect of at least a hundred feet of one-story whitened front, with a steep-peaked roof of great interlapping *Nypa* palm-leaves; standing upon a terrace serrated with dingy six-pounder cannons, and flanked by two little summer-houses with conical tops. Upon ascending the difficult intervening acclivity, however, the seeming terrace was found to be a substantial stockade of heavy stakes and a tenacious triangular embankment of mixed soil and rattan, inclosing the whole building in a defensive square some six feet high; the summer-houses were watch-towers at the corners, connected by a parapet walk, and occupied by sentries with alarm-gongs, while the long, irregular building itself, decked with a deep veranda on which glittered two brass guns taken from some crippled merchantman, was lifted bodily to the height of the palisade on massive trunks of former trees. All over the open space within the fortifications stood or reclined groups of a Kadien Dyak body-guard and Malayan officers; the latter in muslin turbans figured with gold thread, light-blue blouses, petticoated from the waist by red sarongs, and loose trousers of striped nankeen; the former—handsomer and fairer in complexion—wearing head-dresses of pheasants' feathers set in bands of flexible bark, red jackets padded to resist spears, white and red plaided kilts, or sarongs like the Malays', and broad brass bands on the wrists, ankles and hanging from either distended ear-lobe. The inseparable betel-box hung at every waist. Two krisses were in the sarong of each officer, while the soldiery, excepting one here and there with a ship's musket, carried tall oval shields and long lances of bamboo, and bore the "parang-ihlang," or war-sword, of their race.

Such was the home and virtual citadel of Usop, a pu-

tative uncle of the Sultan of Borneo, and one of the most daring and powerful pangerans, or princes, at Court. Like the bandhara, Muda Hassim, his superior, and the pangerans Budrudeen and Makota, his princely equals, this shrewdly-intelligent follower of the Prophet had contracted many European ways from the unusual British visitors to his country in the preceding three or four years. He could sit easily upon a chair instead of a divan, drink wine, smoke English cigars and adroitly adapt his bearing and conversational key to the level of the respectful equality expected by those who deemed themselves his superiors through civilization. Adhering yet to the chewing of betel, he also knew how to forego it on occasions of social policy. He was a middle-aged, short, active Oriental politician; abler, perhaps, in secret scheming than in warlike action, but capable of great pertinacity in both.

In a long, high room with three large windows, curtained with Turkey red, and leading to the veranda, this man and a very incongruous guest were now looking forth through a casement intently. The apartment itself was a presentment of incongruities. The partitions of colored mats with a divan along them, the matted bamboo floor and half-nude kneeling Dyak slaves around the doorway were Oriental enough; but about the place were scattered cabin chairs and tables unmistakably European, and several handsome compasses and spy-glasses were hung from the ceiling by chains like artistic decorations.

The Pangeran, in costume like that of his nakodahs, or Malay followers, outside, save that he wore a dark jacket trimmed with gold lace and opening upon a shirt of mail beneath, had a gaunt, olive-tinted face that, with its beetling black brows, near-set eyes and retreating chin, had a certain effect of cruelty, notwithstand-

ing the smile more habitual to it than frowns. His companion, near whom he stood, occupied an English chair, tilted back from the centre of the window, and held a cup of smoking tea in his lap and a long native cigar between his thin, straight lips. For this was an Englishman, in the ordinary summer dress of his country ; a black silk skull-cap on his head and cloth slippers on his feet ; probably fifty years old, and stout in figure, with a long, full face, patriarchally bearded and uniformly florid, to which gold-framed spectacles, the cap and the black hair hanging from the latter to the shoulders gave a rather monkish tone.

The prospect surveyed by these two oddly-associated men, gazing over the veranda and the top of the stockade, included the whole town and harbor of Bruni under the searching sunlight of the dry monsoon. Varying brownish tints of the wilderness of roofs, seeming as though they might be melting slowly into the watery plain of their foundation, carried the eye gratefully from the intense green of the semicircling hills to the golden gleam of the broad yellow river, whereon a floating market of hundreds of tiny canoes, made picturesque by the huge palm hats of their chattering market women, and heaps of fruit and other edibles, was centre to an ever-converging, sluggish procession of sampans, trading prahus and Chinese craft coming continually by either way of the stream. On the opposite shore, to throw out every color of this characteristic waterscape into strong relief, was what seemed a lofty wall of ivy-green, being the luxuriant pepper vine, covering the trunks and intervals of tall mango trees. Here and there on pile foundations, near the prahu anchorage, were forts of earthwork mounted with cannon. Up the river a short distance, midway of the tide, the blackened ruins of an ancient stone fortress were the

picturesque monument of a past civilization ; and from down the river seaward was approaching a great barge, with high prow and poop, dingily black and gilt, rowing a score of oars on either side, and carrying on the mast a large yellow flag.

To this gaudy vessel of state the attention of the spectators at the window was principally directed. As it came on the guns of the forts gave greeting, and its turning into the natural canal leading to the Sultan's wharf was accompanied by clang of gongs and a vigorous beating of the wooden Malay drum.

"Mohammed and the Bandhara Tumsee come back from Pulo Combong, with another message from the English Tuan Captain to the sublime Sultan," muttered Usop.

"So I take it, Pangeran," assented the Englishman phlegmatically, speaking also in Malayan.

"Hamet Ali will not yield."

"That's bosh ! as your friends in Istamboul say," retorted the other. "Sir Thomas Cochrane is not the kind of 'Tuan' to stand that style of business. Hamet Ali—or Muda Hassim for him—signed a treaty with my country not six months ago, binding your government to quit at once and forever this barbarism of putting shipwrecked English sailors into your dungeons ; and I tell you, Pangeran Usop—I, Doctor Lawrence Hedland, tell you, as a sensible man—that the sooner you give up those two men whom you have hidden, the safer you'll be from guns able to blow your whole piratical nest out of the water."

"Was it with your Queen or with the Tuan Besar that this treaty was made ?" asked the Pangeran mildly.

"With the Kingdom of Great Britain !" was the testy response. "On that occasion, at any rate, Mr. Brooke—Tuan Besar, great man, as you call him—came here as

the accredited British agent to Borneo, and you must keep faith with him and Captain Bethune, or you'll see something worse out here in the river, before the wet monsoon, than the *Driver* and her gunboat."

The Malay prince sank noiselessly to a chair, and rolled a tobacco leaf, handed him by a kneeling servitor, into a cigar for himself.

"The Tuan Hedland does not always wish the Faithful to make terms with the English-speaking stranger," he went on as gently as before. "Only a little time ago, when those other orang siranis—Christian men—came here with their ship from farther over the great sea, to ask a treaty, I was in the surow—audience room—of the Sultan's palace when Tuan Hedland acted as interpreter."

Doctor Hedland's florid countenance turned a yet warmer red at this, and he tossed away cigar and teacup angrily.

"Those Americans," sputtered he, "had no business here at all! But you know, Pangeran, that I translated exactly between them and Hamet Ali what each had to say to the other."

"A word from Tuan Hedland himself might have helped the orang sirani," intimated the Malay.

"I interpreted literally for both sides, and had no business beyond that, I tell you!" was the pettish rejoinder. "However," continued the speaker more deliberately, "you are at liberty to know what I never disguise from living soul, that I have no good words of my own, on any occasion, for the Yankees—Americans. They didn't know their ground, and I had other occupation than to turn schoolmaster for them. You Eastern characters can never understand the difference between not turning actually treacherous to those you can't admire, and, at the same time, not actively be-



friending them. Here you and Makota are forever taking it for granted that because I parted company with Rajah Brooke I would like to see him and his friends driven back to England. That's bosh again, Pangeran Usop. You and Makota have been very fair friends of mine for five years now. Your Sultan has treated me well, and when he wanted me to come to Bruni as interpreter between himself and the strange orang sirani, I came to oblige him. I don't choose to take up Tuan Brooke's quarrel against you, because I've no interest in politics, and you and your side are useful to me. I'm no politician, nor soldier; only a peaceable man of science. But then you must remember, Pangeran, I'm an Englishman, too; and I tell you, as a friend, that you must give up those two English seamen, or the war-ships will be here again. England stands no nonsense about her treaties."

However much or little of this harangue, dogmatically delivered, the Pangeran could understand, he maintained his unruffled demeanor, and kept to the point chiefly interesting himself.

"They say at Batavia," resumed he, "that there was a treaty twenty years ago binding your country to keep away from the Archipelago."

"Pouf! that's the Dutch opinion of the treaty of 1824, is it?" was the contemptuous answer. "You Malays are not over-fond of the Dutchmen, I think?"

"They are dogs, and sons of dogs!" snarled the Mahometan, a peculiarly bitter national hatred momentarily overcoming his usually politic dispassionateness.

"Then don't quote them to me, Usop!" said Doctor Hedland. "Be advised by me again, and do not depend—you and your party—upon any secret help that old fool, the Sultan of Sambas, can give you, whether the government at Batavia puts him up to it or not."

A fresh outburst of gongs, tom-toms and cymbals in the direction of the palace drew the attention of both men again to that point, and they stared in silence at a procession filing up from the barge between double ranks of the royal body-guard in their huge white turbans and coats of steel—the bearer of the horse-tail ensign, then the Bandhara Tumsee, carrying on his head the brass tray containing the Letter of State, rolled in silk and covered by an embroidered cloth; next, the prime minister, Muda Hassim, and his brother, Mohammed, in flowing ceremonial robes; and, lastly, a train of retainers.

Suddenly the English looker turned to his companion—both were now standing—and pointed to a moving object high in the brilliant air.

“Mark that, Pangeran!” he exclaimed, with a quick, keen scrutiny of the other’s countenance. “There is a frigate-bird hovering over the barge—just to the left of it—and now he darts away from it by the stern. My Dyaks would call that a bad ‘Antu’—evil spirit—for your Sultan—an omen that his answer to the Tuan Captain may bring him to grief.”

If this shrewd appeal to Malayan superstition was intended for a politic admonition to the princely barbarian, it scarcely accomplished that design. With curling lip and a cold smile, the Pangeran replied:

“In his women’s apartments, our Sublime Lord who Rules has a sacred gusi—a ‘talking jar’—covered with gold brocade. It told him when his favorite wife died. What cares he for the ‘antu’ of the Dyak dogs when he has that to consult?”

“The fellow is too sharp for me,” growled the doctor to himself. Then, turning from the window, and speaking aloud: “I must go and see after Oshonsee now.”

“Oshonsee is Tuan Hedland’s ‘antu,’” said Usop,

not without a suggestion of irony in the softly-spoken remark. "How soon will he talk more than his name?"

"About the time when that gusi jar of yours does," answered his blunt guest. He added, walking toward the doorway: "I must depart from your hospitable presence now for a while, most puissant Pangeran, for that worshipful reclaimed pirate, Pa Jenna, has his prahu ready to start with us for Sarāwak to-night, and I should be preparing."

The Malay struck a gong, and immediately the room swarmed with crawling slaves.

"Attend Tuan Hedland whither he would go," he commanded, with a lordly wave of the hand. "I give your lives into his hands. I and my poor house and all within it are his!"

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE THREADS UNITE.

GOING down the China Sea along the western side of Borneo; from the mouth of the Bruni southwesterly; a distance of something less than three hundred miles, past a picturesquely varied coast of alternating densest primeval jungle and weirdly engroved mountain and river, brings the voyager to the point of land known as Cape Sirrik, between which and the opposite Cape Datu the shore line curves inland almost in a semi-circle. About midway of this sheltering indentation empties the Sarāwak, where, until scarcely one year before, when the terror of Rajah Brooke's name and the guns of Commander Keppel awed them into forbearance, the truculent pirate fleets of the Sarebas and Sakarran were wont to gather for their nightly

missions of plunder and murder, on sea or on land. Now, however, no more peaceful river came down from amongst the hills to the ocean in all the three thousand miles of Pulo Kalamantan's seaboard. Flying under the smoke of their burning fastnesses of Rembas, Patusen and Karangan; with the pinnaces, cutters and gigs of the *Dido* and *Phlegethon* decimating them from every tortuous water-way, and the loyal Dyaks of Brooke storming through the jungle, the fierce hordes of shereefs Jaffer and Sahib had taken cowed refuge in their gloomy Madi Mountains, and the gateway of the Tuan Besar's new dominion was open to the Christian world.

Entering there-through from the sea, on the third morning after the departure from Bruni, was Pa Jenna's prahu, with great sailing-mats spread to the fresh breeze on bamboo yards, and a low prow and high poop bearing up the muzzles of old-fashioned brass bow and stern chasers. On either side of the long, narrow deck, too, were three of the small iron four-pounder guns known, from the place of their origin, as Carronades. This was the usual armament of a trader coasting between Bruni, Sarāwak and Singapore; and such a trader the vessel probably was, though on the present occasion making a special passenger-trip by orders from the palace. A rudder at either end, with ropes of cocoanut fibre running from it to a helm strapped to the sternpost with rattan, and a canopy of plaited rattan and *Nypa* leaves to keep off sun and shower, were also among the appointments of a craft of fifty tons, into the primitive native construction of which not one nail had entered. Beginning from a large canoe, shaped from a single great tree, the whole planking superstructure was lashed tightly together with ropes of rattan, or bark.

Crossing the bar of Sarāwak River, the prahu had,

on its left side, a sloping beach bordered by the feathery and peculiarly elegant casuarinas of the Tropics, mounting sharply from which the great emerald mass of stately Santobong went up two thousand feet to a coronet of graceful cliffs plumed with trees; on the right, a deeper spread of shore, carrying a network of pale green mangroves to the base of a verdurous round hill farther inland, and completing—with the fairy-like accessory of little Pulo Karra, or Monkey Island, and the distant peak of towering Mount Poa—one of the noblest imaginable shadowy portals to a domain wherein the glorious light of the Cross was breaking triumphantly through the lifeless twilight of the Crescent.

Unimpeded rays from a rising sun, beating down the shining river, revealed upon the after-part of the advancing boat's deck, of canework on a seat running along the outside of a small poop cabin, the figures of Doctor Hedland and a companion shrouded from head to foot in some sort of extemporized mantle. Knife in hand, the scientist, who now wore a Panama hat, was energetically cutting into the tough rind of an oval green fruit known as the durion; its surface of briery spines, on a circumference equal to that of a large coconut, making the task no easy one. The rank odor as of bruised onions, arising from the track of the blade in the sutures of the carpels, was a strange libel upon the rarely delicate beauty of the satiny white interior presently shown, when the knife had laid open the five generous cells of the durion. Its liberation, however, induced movements by the muffled shape which Doctor Hedland answered with a half of the opened fruit; and another apparent effect was the coming toward the two of a man previously ordering the movements of a knot of Malay sailors near the prow.

This was a tall, very strongly built person ; in fact, no other than the captain of the craft, redoubtable Pa Jenna ; by birth and antecedents an Illanaon, a pirate, prisoner to Muda Hassim in the rebellion extinguished by Rajah Brooke, and then one of the pardoned by Tuan Besar's humane intercession, and a partly converted master of a peaceful trader. In the fullest prime of manhood ; his unbearded face scarcely darker than that of a sunbrowned European, on his head a close cap of monkey-skin bound around with a long-ended muslin band, and the common Malayan blouse, sarong and trousers completing his attire ; he looked like what he was—a barbaric compromise with civilization.

"We're breakfasting, Pa Jenna," observed the Doctor, in acknowledgment of his deferential greeting. "This fellow," with a bend of the thumb toward his companion on the seat, "is too sensitive yet to stand the morning air without some muffling. But you see he can eat his durion with a spoon, like a Christian—isn't it so, Oshonsee?"

"O-shon-see ! O-shon-see ! O-shon-see !" came in a startling, half-coughing, half-pumping sound from the muffled one, accompanied by a movement apparently of all his limbs under the clumsy envelope beneath which he appeared to be eating.

"I should think so !" assented Hedland, with an indescribable aspect of proudly pleased gratification ; the while the Illanaon stared at both with undisguised, intent curiosity.

"We've made a royal voyage of it, Pa Jenna," continued the scientist, turning to his own half of the creamy-pulped fruit. "Every time I get on board one of these crazy prahus, I'm freshly surprised at what they can stand and do."

"Sakarra and his Datus shone upon our sailing,"

said the barbarian, pointing to the heavens. "Their silver spears were over us when we left Bruni, and Bulan—the moon—was Sakarra's shield."

"'Sakarra and his Datus?' You mean Taurus and the Pleiades were above the horizon," retorted his interlocutor testily. "If you're going to become an orang-sirani—Christian—you must drop all that heathen-god nonsense, my converted friend."

"Tuan carries his own 'antu' with him everywhere," Pa Jenna insinuated, pointing this time to the cloaked shape.

The obstinate superstitious conviction of his Dyak friends, that the taciturn Oshonsee was a kind of domestic god (or "antu," as they called it) of his, always so exasperated Doctor Hedland, that some even of his European acquaintances in Sarāwak and Singapore ventured occasionally to refer to it merely for the amusement of witnessing his wrathful outburst thereat. In great irritation, he now pulled away the covering from the head of this alleged familiar spirit, and a face that, but dimly discernible in its hooded obscurity, had seemed as though it might peradventure belong to some elderly scientific person heavily whiskered, was found to be the bristling countenance of a great Orang-outan.

"Speak to him, Oshonsee!" cried his indignant master in English; and, at the sound of his words, the creature thus phonetically named dropped the durion and spoon with which he had been engaged, and, with every sign of mingled rage and nervousness, started from the seat. A chain at his waist, however, held him from farther advance, though Pa Jenna involuntarily recoiled, with a hand on his kris.

"I'll certainly let him slip on some of you fools of savages yet," admonished the Englishman, resuming

the Malayan patois of his previous speech, a grim smile, however, stealing over his features at the effect produced. "Back, Oshonsee! Down, boy! You must not talk that kind of tomfoolery to me, Pa Jenna, because you know better, and I'll not have it from you! Heathen you may be, but you've got the brains to understand, by this time, that I'm studying this creature in the interest of human knowledge. Your daughter has better manners. Go and send Amina here!"

Accustomed to the imperious ways of this mysteriously powerful Tuan Sirani and friend of the Sultan, the unwitting offender bowed low in acquiescence and retired toward the prow, whence presently a young girl appeared in his place.

Amina, the youngest and favorite child of the reclaimed Illanaon, was as mature in form at fourteen years of age as other than Dyak maidens are at twenty; for the females of her short-lived race are old at thirty. She had the delicate mulatto complexion of the Lauts, or Sea Dyaks, her tribe having come originally from the pirate islets of Sooloo, off the bay of Illana, in Mindanao, of the Philippines; nose, mouth and chin were of the most regular Asiatic type, and only by her brilliant black eyes and hair curiously bound up with strings of agate beads did she suggest any possibility of a former sea-rover's daughter. Her dress, like her father's, was a crude compact with civilization; the sleeveless and usually loose jacket of her class being drawn tightly close from the neck by English buttons of gilt, and her dark "bedang," or petticoat, reaching to her ankles. Golden hoops in her ears, and a conical hat of plaited rattan in several bright colors, were the final touches of a picture of girlish grace very prettily in harmony with the general surrounding scene. She walked confidently to the side of the cabin, and boldly began strok-



ing the uncouth, reddish head of the now quieted Oshonsee.

"That's a sensible child!" was the approving ejaculation of the choleric man of science, who forthwith cast away the durion husks and chestnut-like seeds, and proceeded to roll a tobacco-leaf into a segar. "We shall be back in our village in a few hours more, Amina; and then you'll see your mother again, and Oshonsee shall try another turn in my old suit of clothes. I was a coward not to let him wear them to Bruni; but, if I had, they'd have talked me to death, I suppose, with their rubbishing 'antu' stuff."

The girl understood no larger proportion of the Doctor's usual discourse than did the average of his native hearers; so, with only a childlike smile, she sank into a seat beside the dozing occupant of the long mantle, and silence followed.

A fine breeze, aromatic from tropical woodlands and bracing with the keen savor of the western sea, urged the prahu swiftly up the remaining forty miles of her voyage; the calm river reflecting her quaint outlines between banks as varied and lovely as nature's virgin growth, under the skies of perpetual summer, could make them. Few, indeed, were such effects of color as flowers often give to the boundaries of watercourses in South America, the West Indies, Florida, and even in Great Britain. Only at long intervals appeared blossoms of any conspicuous hue. But in every conceivable shade and form of living green; from the almost black of the pepper-vine and the pale verdure of the mangrove, to the alternating olive and transparent emerald of the mangosteen; from the marvelously serpentine rattan, running its feathery crests over the tallest trees, to the elm-like durion and the gigantic *Nypa* palm—the wild luxuriance of the scene was rich

beyond comparison. Of fruits showing on their stems, though in no glaring tints, there were the lofty durions and the orange-like mangosteens already mentioned, and others with the less known names of lansat, rambutan, jambon and blimbing. Large, cream-colored pigeons, with a gong-like note, hovered from above the prahu to the tree-tops; now and then a wild hog ruffled the underbrush, or an adventurous monkey swung from one to another overhanging limb; and occasionally an alligator was seen in the reeds.

Canoes, sampans, and other trading prahus began passing; a trim European brig and an East India schooner hove in sight; the steam-launch of a man-of-war went by; denser jungle and more numerous Nypa palms appeared on the shores in the shadow of encroaching hills; at a bend the river widened rapidly to an expanse of fully three hundred feet; and, it being about noon, the prahu of Pa Jenna, gliding, as by magic, into a whole fleet of prahus, canoes, frigates, boats and canopied sampans—was abreast of Rajah Brooke's capital.

Nestling at the wave-washed feet of hillocks receding by the gentlest undulations, the town of Kuchin looked at first glimpse like a smaller Bruni; its clustering Malay, Chinese, and Dyak habitations, too, on their morass piles, aiding the resemblance; but as the eye of the beholder from the river took a more comprehensive survey, these primitive elements of the view were discerned to be barely more than a picturesque local coloring. Before the near background fairly began its ascent into the rolling uplands, houses of European aspect were visible. Between the shady patches of characteristic wood and jungle yet uncleared upon the grassy knolls, or swells, lapping each other in all directions, were the veritable Swiss cottages of a lately-incoming civilization; other dwellings of the same class appeared in

course of construction at various equally eligible points ; and, on the crown of a conspicuous mound, partly embosomed in noble trees, with the new flag of Sarāwak marking its official dignity, was the spacious court and home of the English Rajah.

Less than four years of Christianized mastery had doubled the population and infused the formerly squalid and savage "Cat Town" with a spirit of wonder-working regeneration. The frigate flying an English ensign and the other European vessels from Singapore, which appeared among the native craft on the river, were even less significant of this redemption than was the actual "shop," selling English merchandise in the town itself.

On the prahu from Bruni, now waiting for certain supplies from the shore, Doctor Hedland had studied the remoter objects of interest through a glass. Pa Jenna was at work with his crew, Amina had long since withdrawn to a lower cabin, and the simian passenger was asleep in a hammock under the poop. What attracted the Doctor's immediate observation was a little procession of the town mob as it were—Dyak, Malayan and Chinese—following, with cries and gesticulations, a knot of persons apparently bearing some injured person to one of the modern houses on a knoll rising not far back from the former rajah's wharf. He could see several figures on the veranda of the house, in European dress, evidently in alarm at the approaching cortège, and that they finally received into their own arms and hurriedly bore through the doorway the limp object of the throng's solicitude. While he was pondering what it all could mean, a small boat came flying out from the town toward his prahu, rowed swiftly by a Malay sailor who had but now gone ashore, and in another moment there came clambering over the side to him a burly old

Englishman, panting for breath and perspiring through every salient curve of his linen jacket and trousers.

"Why, old Peter!" he exclaimed, in surprise, "what is all this about?"

"Ah, Doctor, it's a miracle you are here, to be sure," puffed the man, wiping his steaming forehead. "There's been an accident to a lad up at yon house, and I made so bold, when the poor ladies were fit to die of fright over it, as to say that Pa Jenna's boat was in the stream, with you on it, and that I thought you were just the kind gentleman to come with me and see the poor lad."

"That explains the fuss I saw going on over there," muttered the Doctor, not greatly delighted. "But what are *you* doing in that house, Peter? Who are the people?"

"It's an American family lately come, sir, from Singapore. That's their Dutch brig down the river. The Rajah's old house has been repaired for them, and His Highness gave me orders to help them all I could. I think you're coming, sir; for I'm fearing the lad's fall was a bad one."

"His Highness—h'mph!" Saying this with supreme scorn, Hedland turned and walked a pace or two—then back. "They are Yankees, eh? Where's your own surgeon, Doctor Treacher?"

"At Singapore, sir."

"H'mph! And you came for me without any one's orders?"

"It was a great liberty, I know, sir," apologized poor Peter, dismayed at the question; "but they're real gentlefolks, and strangers in this heathen place; and I'd seen your boat coming in—don't I know her as well as if it was the old *Royalist* herself?—and the sampan putting off for shore."

"Well, my good fellow," said Doctor Hedland, after a pause, "since you come on your own responsibility, I think I'll go with you. Get the boat ready again, there, and I'll bring out my haversack."

He stepped into the cabin, as the servant hastened to obey, and, returning therefrom with a leather bag swung under an arm by a strap over the shoulder, followed down into the sampan.

Very few minutes were spent in the row into the town, and the brisk walk through a tangle of native huts and up the gradual acclivity on which stood the house of their destination. Substantial pillars of Nibong palm held the structure aloft some five or more feet, so that a flight of stairs must be mounted to the veranda. Putting a foot on the first of the steps the Doctor spoke again :

"You have not told me their name."

"Effingham, sir."

From the central doorway, above, a gentleman of dignified aspect advanced to meet them, and, after a flurried introduction by Peter, greeted the strange-looking Englishman with grateful courtesy.

"I must apologize to you at once, sir," said Mr. Effingham, leading the way into the house, "for this, I fear, unwarrantable imposition upon your kindness. My mischievous boy does not seem to be seriously hurt; but the ladies are naturally nervous at any little accident in a scene yet so strange to them, and our good Peter was off before I could be consulted."

"No apology is required: men of my nominal profession are public property everywhere," returned the unsmiling Hedland. "Let me see the lad, if you please."

A hall, penetrating half of the depth of the building, led past two doors on either side to a larger one at the

end, and beyond the latter the gruff guest was conducted, without further propitiation, into a spacious family room. Modern furniture from Singapore subdued somewhat its native crudities of structure ; and, upon an extemporized couch of three chairs and several shawls ; with a cushion under his head and three ladies and as many Chinese servants hovering perturbedly over him ; lay the child of ten American summers and fifty foreign falls. During an inspecting tour of the more perilous windings of the lower town, concerning which, for private reasons, he did not take preliminary counsel with his parents and governess, Cherubino had seen fit to dazzle a group of Dyak boys, at play on a bamboo ladder leading up to their home on piles, by illustrating to them the marvels and graces of an ascent and descent accomplished in the curious obverse quadrupedal arrangement of body known to the more flexible youth of his age and country as "bending the crab." When lifted from the ground by a quickly ensuing swarm of the older populace of the quarter, he was at first believed to be dead. His subsequent fragmentary remarks, while being borne homeward, as to the possible wholesome local effect of "punching" some hypothetical native laughter at his mishap, reassured his bearers on this point, even if they did not understand the dark menace to their class, and their cries on approaching the house were designed to convey the blessed hope of recovery to the little fellow's exquisitely tortured kindred.

"This is the patient, Doctor.—Doctor Hedland : my Wife : my Daughter : Miss Ankeroo," announced and summarized Mr. Effingham, confining himself thenceforth to the briefest requisite amenities with a person who seemed to resent anything less terse.

"Your servant, ladies.—Now, little man, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"I fell down the ladder because some fellow jerked it," moaned the bruised small boy; in an agony lest it should enter into the common mind that the contusions had resulted from a deficiency in his own elastically muscular resources.

"Oh, you bad young thing—I don't believe you *can* be killed!" exclaimed Miss Ankeroo, exasperated to hear an egotistical form of explanation familiarized to her by innumerable past experiences of needless apprehension.

"Is it possible, 'Bino, that you've been climbing again?" asked his mother, reproachfully.

"And we troubling this gentleman, Dr. Hedland, about him!" added Miss Effingham, turning disdainfully to join Miss Ankeroo near a window.

Mr. Effingham, with arms folded and an annoyed expression of countenance, looked on from an adjacent chair, while the sententious and unsociable stranger made unceremonious experiments with the Cherub's maddening limbs.

"No bones broken. I'll leave the ladies a strip of plaster to put on that cut over the eye. Nothing more is required."

The speaker, not the more affable, perhaps, from feeling a certain indignity to his professional pride in the obvious needlessness of his call, had lifted the flap of his haversack to extract the insignificant remedy mentioned, when, with surprising indifference to pain, the injured boy arose suddenly to a sitting posture and gazed at him with sparkling eyes.

"Are you the doctor that Peter says has got the monkey?"

Passionate precipitation marked the scientist's seizure of his Panama hat and betaking to the door before another word could be uttered.

"Mr. Effingham, and Ladies, I have the honor to wish you a very good day.—No, Peter, not a step;" and, breathing hard in his wrath, he emerged unattended from a house whose occupants had found his whole manner an embarrassment.

"Yankees!!" he snarled, with an actual stamp of the foot, as he passed through the opening of the palisade and crossed the foot-bridge of a ditch surrounding the building. Such violence of manner, even in a man of his constitutional petulance, seemed out of all rational proportion with the provocation of a mere piece of childish pertness. In his irritated abstraction he nearly ran over a handsome Dyak youth, in civilized dress, who bowed and presented a folded paper immediately in his path.

"Ah—confound it!—Situ? What's this?"

"For Tuan Hedland," explained the messenger, raising a hand in half-European salute to the scarf tied about his alfin locks, and offering the paper with the other.

Sighing his impatience the Englishman took the proffered missive, and read therein as follows: "Do drop in and see me for a moment, dear Larry, before you go aboard again. I am here, at 'The Grove,' sick, on my return from an inspecting trip to Labuan with Brooke. They tell me you are ashore, at the American's. Give me a call, for old friendship's sake. You need see no one else unless you choose.—DARYL." With a "h'mph!" the reader concluded his perusal, and stood, for a moment, eyeing the bearer abstractedly.

"Daryl!" he echoed, mechanically.

"Tuan Colonel," said the Dyak boy.

After slowly tearing the paper to pieces and casting the latter from him, Doctor Hedland motioned for the lad to lead the way, and the two took the direction



of the knoll on which stood the Rajah's official residence.

It is not necessary to give here the details of their progress, part of which was by boat, nor to say more at present of the appearance of the building whither they went than has already been shown in the view from the river. Suffice it to relate, that, when the house had been reached, the Doctor was ushered into a private apartment, opening from a large central room alternately used as court and dining hall, and there found, upon an easy-chair near a window, the man who had sent for him. The latter needed not any military trappings to show that he was a soldier. The poise of his well-formed head, the uprightness of his broad shoulders, and a kind of formality of general movement, plainly indicated his profession. He had enough gray in his closely-cut brown hair, and lines in his sternly-set face, to indicate fifty years, though his real age was known to be less. This was Colonel Daryl.

"My old friend!" he said, with positive emotion, rising to greet the new-comer with both hands. "It is kind in you to do this. Probably you expected to find me in bed: but I really am a little ailing. To be strictly honest, however, my dear Larry, that bit of pathos about sickness was an egregious ruse to make sure of your coming."

"Well, I'm here, you see, Will," returned Hedland, phenomenally mild, as he took a chair. "This is not the first time, by any means, that I've come at your call."

"I don't forget that, Larry!"

"Not that I'd remind you of it; but it ought to be something out of the common to bring me under your Tuan Besar's roof again."

"You never will be just to poor Brooke, I am afraid," said Colonel Daryl, with a grave smile. "You

part from a man by your own volition, after coming half across the world with him—and me, too, you know—and then turn crusty on him forever after. I'm sure, Lawrence, he'd welcome you here as heartily as he ever welcomed you and me to the original 'Coombe Grove' in old Bath; and here am I—old friend to you both—obliged positively to fib to make you come and see me here."

"We parted at Singapore by common assent, Daryl," was the answer, with something of the old, testy manner again. "We are simply incompatible natures; that's all, I suppose. He keeps his way, and I keep mine. You and he are friends; but I have friends in this part of the world to whom he is not favorable, and I do not choose to cast them off on that account."

"Nor would he for one moment wish you to," rejoined the other, very earnestly. "I tell you, as I've told you before, Hedland, it is all a gratuitous assumption of yours that James Brooke is inimical to you on account of your relations with Makota, and that set. The quarrel, if it can be called one, is wholly on your side."

"So be it then; have it your own way, Tuan Colonel," was the response, given with wonderful humility.

Daryl saw that this conversation, not novel, in its material points, between them, had reached what he knew, from experience, to be the limit of all useful immediate prosecution.

"Well, well," he said, "you shall be converted yet. So you've been to see the Americans. They came here while I was at Labuan, and I've not even had a glimpse of them. What are they like?"

"Yankees."

"That sounds so like yourself!—What an unlimited old cynic you are, Lawrence!"

Shrugging his powerful shoulders, the Doctor gave the Colonel a peculiar look :

"If you are an admirer of Americans, I don't know that *I* should object to them, my boy. It was much more for your sake than my own, you'll remember, that I took my first dislike to them."

Daryl's face clouded, and he turned it toward the window.

"I'll do these particular people, over here, the justice to say, that they appear to be well bred, and are good looking," resumed Hedland, with a somewhat compunctious flutter of manner. "My only grievance from them is, that they allowed that blundering Peter to come and drag me from my boat to see a youngster who'd been breaking his head in some rough prank. I never saw such a detestable little beggar. Damme if he didn't want to know, first thing, if I wasn't the doctor that had a monkey!"

A thoroughly hearty laugh is a good, wholesome thing in either the mouth or the ear. Of all expressions of human feeling and judgment it is the least selfish and most just, because in its immediateness of full development there can be no discriminating calculation, and in its character of involuntary tribute it can make no conventional distinction of person. In simplest youth and the most erudite age it is the same—an unreserved, honest outgiving of all that honest Nature has to render when the clearest inherent springs of the mind are appealed to for the most generously quick solution of unpurchasable thought. It can never be disingenuous, or prejudiced, or unkind, for, by every principle of its genesis, it is, for the time being, the last surrender of intellectual dignity under an instinct that, like the fearless trustfulness of innocence, knows no dread of attack, because conscious of no element of

harm in itself. Alas for him who never had or has lost, the faculty of this laugh! Even more to be distrusted is the woman without it. To laugh such a laugh is to be at once a thoughtless child in the delightful simplicity of every responsive sensibility of human nature, and an adult of mind in the keenest instantaneous perception of which cultivated thought and imagination are capable. To hear it, is to be without power of refusing it some echo, in momentary feeling at least, however jaded to the humors of existence the auditor may be, or dulled by its tears; and when the genuinely hearty laugh breaks from lips which have been drawn habitually stern by pain or sorrow, it bespeaks something of a remaining childlike faith in God, and in man, and in the goodness of all things, that will yet either soften those lips in life under man's ultimate justification of it, or make them sweet in death with the smile of putting off earth for Heaven.

At Doctor Hedland's unexpected outburst against the inquisitive Cherubino, Colonel Daryl's previously darkened face lightened up all at once in every curve, and he fell back in his chair, roaring with laughter. Even the victim could withstand the contagion for one hesitating moment only, and then, from an unwilling grin, relaxed into a train of hoarsely chuckling sounds not to be repressed.

"Oshonsee here—Oshonsee there!" cried the first friendly laugher finally, with such a look of boyish merriment as he had not worn before in twenty years. "Everybody knows about him, you see! By the way, Larry, why don't you bring Oshonsee some time to see the Rajah's 'Betsy?'"

Suddenly the scientist was all himself again.

"'Betsy' is only a common specimen—haven't I told you, Will? This creature of mine is something more;

as different from the ordinary Mias of the Indies as a thoroughbred horse is from a zebra. Do you think I'm a fool, Daryl? Do you suppose that a man like myself would waste the time and study I am giving this animal on a mere menagerie brute? As I told you at Singapore, before I went to Bruni, this Oshonsee is at least two degrees farther up in the scale of intellectual being than any specimen of the simia ever before known to naturalists. Let fools and children laugh, but you, Daryl, ought to be above such imbecility. Brooke, I suppose, thinks, too, that I'm going mad over monkeys."

"No; there you are imagining an injustice again, Hedland. He speaks of your hobby with respect."

"My 'hobby!'" repeated the other, springing to his feet in an astonishing excitement. "Well may it be for him if *his* 'hobby' has one thousandth part the good for mankind in it! I must go now, Will Daryl, to get home some time before midnight, and all I've got to say to you is, make me a visit before returning to Singapore, and see for yourself. Come and see for yourself."

"And so, for the sake of this Oshonsee," said the Colonel, also rising, "advanced a simian as he may be, you can cherish animosity against a man like the Rajah of Sarāwak, and harbor with his enemies!"

The scientist turned upon him with characteristic irascibility.

"Ah, that means Makota, I suppose. Well, to him I am eternally indebted for this wonderful creature, by which, if I live, I shall make my name immortal. Am I to throw off this Malay benefactor of mine, one of the original and true rulers of the country, because Mr. Brooke finds him inimical to his own brand new antimony Rajahship?"

"We must drop that discussion once more, I see,"

the Colonel said, rather sadly. "At any rate, you and I should remain always friends, Lawrence."

"Oh, that, of course. I've had too much trouble about you, my dear boy, to put you in any common category. You'll come to see me?"

"I certainly shall."

They shook hands fervently, and then Doctor Hedland was plodding his way to the shore-boat and the prahu of Pa Jenna.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### *"AND SHE IS DEAD."*

THEY were in Kuchin at last—the Effinghams. Between that place and Bruni the preference wavered for some time, the head of the family thinking the latter city might probably be the more advantageous for his immediate design of looking for coal-beds. At the mouth of the Kiangi, one of the rivers entering the Borneo at that point, Mr. Dickenson, an American missionary, had, some years before, found strong indications of the genial mineral; and, after all his inquiries, Mr. Effingham was nearly convinced that the coal question gave better promise than any other to which he could turn his earliest attention. Mr. Dodge did not gainsay this, though surrendering none of his own lively faith in nutmegs; but both he and Belmore stoutly protested against Bruni as a residence for the ladies.

Then, for a few hours, the scheme of leaving the fair ones and the Cherub in comfortable Singapore found prosaic masculine favor: whereat the romantic Abretta eloquently declared that hardships and barbarism would be the delights of her life if they assured her a sight of

Borneo and its English hero ; and Miss Ankeroo emphatically announced that she should go there herself, as a missionary to those cunning little Dyaks, whether the family accompanied her or not. Finally, Mrs. Effingham, in her undemonstrative way, allowed it to appear that she was philosophically indifferent to any calculable discomfort of temporary sojourn in a place her daughter and cousin were so anxious to know. This turned the scale : Dodge and Belmore exalted Sarāwak, the former dexterously hinting at coal indications on the neighboring Simunjon River ; and Kuchin was the destination at last accepted by all.

Letters of cordial courtesy on the subject passed between Mr. Effingham and the Rajah of Sarāwak before the latter went to Labuan. The American gentleman had a certain informal diplomatic standing, from being the bearer of dispatches from his own government to any of its official representatives whom he might encounter in his travels. If this was but an abstract form, politically speaking, it accredited the high respectability of the bearer, at least ; and Mr. Brooke not only extended a warm welcome to Mr. Effingham, but handsomely placed at his disposal the house of his own first occupation in Kuchin. Chinese carpenters were, accordingly, sent from Singapore to repair the somewhat dismantled building, and the family took with them, on their brig *Wellevreden*, such varied furniture as could be obtained, for its further domestic redemption.

Although Dr. Hedland has been lately seen approaching this novel American home through a portion of the town, it was because the landing-place of his sampan was at some distance below its site. It really stood upon the bank of the river, in villa fashion, facing the stream to the north, and from its eastern end commanding a part of the picturesque bend of the water where

the town first comes into view. Westward, over undulations and tree-tops, loomed the distant azure peaks of the mountains of Matang; and to the south, or behind all, stretched a clearing of four or five hundred feet, beyond which and its palisade boundary was the jungle. A stout palisade and an artificial moat surrounded the estate, more to keep sheep, bullocks, poultry and other animated stock from straying, than for military defense, and within its inclosure were also the detached servants'-quarters, kitchen, bathing apartment, and other minor structures. The mansion has already been shown as supported by palm pillars, in the fashion of the country. Its one story, more than fifty feet square, bore a roof of huge *Nypa* leaves, and had nine windows on either side. Entering from the veranda the visitor found a large central room, with smaller ones and bed-chambers ranging around it; boarded floors and partitions, instead of the usual bamboo strips and leaves, or mats; and ceilings of wood painted white.

The man who should take to such an abode, in such a place, wife and daughter of the shrill and helpless order, would soon bewail the fatuous day when he had been tempted to bring them from the supporting new toilets, novels and servants of their normal domestic incapability. If, from the necessarily exceptional illustration heretofore given of them, the ladies Effingham have seemed to be of this flimsy class, the impression does them unchivalrous injustice. For the mother, though exempted by her rank in life from any particular executive training, had none of the constitutional indolence of mind, or body, making the inefficient woman a mockery to her youngest servitor. Her aspect of pensive abstraction did not mean the intellectual blank to betray womanhood as something weaker than childhood when confronted by the mildest test of her sex's true distinc-



tive sovereignty of common life ; and her daughter was what the magnetism of such maternal qualities, added to the natural heredity from potentiality of domestic character in both parents, must necessarily make of a younger woman.

So it was that the inexperienced and sad-faced Mrs. Effingham presently evoked systematic order and restfulness from the opening chaos and strangeness of the new home. Under her noiseless direction and control, developing all at once, as it seemed, from some hitherto dormant instinct, things fell easily into their proper places ; the alien servants brought, at great cost, from Singapore, learned, they scarcely knew how, the routine of their duties, and within a fortnight this household in a comparative wilderness was working as smoothly in its every essential function as though indigenous to the soil.

Without proportionate efficient harmony of spirit, at least in the daughter, this result would not have been possible so soon ; but in Miss Ankeroo was found a lieutenant who could have told the Chinese servile brigade all that it did not realize of the method by which it was so quickly drilled into practical serviceability. The supernaturally lustrous glasses of this accomplished female dumpling's spectacles gleamed everywhere over the lagging Chinaman, like the compulsory planets of his nativity, and the language acquired from Marsden's Dictionary sounded in his ears with such a novelty of imperiousness as to make him, perforce, excel the customary alacrity of his race.

Then, too, when the same indefatigable manager and linguist turned the former outer cook-house of the domain into her long-anticipated mission-school for the benighted juvenile Dyaks, Malayans and Chinese of Kuchin, not even the manifold aggravations and evil

examples of the irredeemable Cherub could deter her from such educational progress with them, that, on the very first day, two aboriginal mites fought desperately over the question of whether the letter "A" was a house-roof, or a frame for a bamboo swing.

Mr. Effingham, loyally served by the veteran Peter, exercised the requisite masculine supervision over all, and silently wondered at the facility with which his family adapted themselves to so many changed conditions of existence. More than once in the first two or three days the impulse was strong upon him for a comprehensive shipment back to Singapore. Aside from the lack of nearly every familiar luxury of civilized life, what were the ladies to do with themselves, in such a place, when he might be absent? There were no streets, nor roads; consequently, no horses; any transportation from the house suitable for their sex must be by boat; and any manner of journey beyond the town toward the inland Dyak country would encounter embarrassing unconventionality of native habits. He was really dismayed within himself by contemplation of the unnatural seclusion to which the household must, seemingly, be subjected during a residence of months, and watched wife and daughter closely for any sign of misgiving to justify him in a removal back to the Straits.

But they showed no such sign. So far as he could see, they felt no fears on their own account; indeed, found agreeable occupation and no little refreshing enjoyment in mastering the endless novelties of the situation; while Miss Ankeroo and the small-boy simply reveled in the missionary and acrobatic opportunities. Nevertheless, Mr. Effingham was greatly anxious for the earliest possible support of what social relations Kuchin might be able to afford, and had particular

gratification in bidding his wife prepare for their first neighborly visit.

"My dear," he said, "the Rajah, who is so hospitably kind as to wish to be simply Mr. Brooke to us, is likely to make an unceremonious call here this evening; bringing, perhaps, a friend to whom he introduced me this morning at his house. As you know, from our past talks, he has treated me with the most generous politeness, since finding us arrived, upon his return from Labuan; and his assignment of this building for our use, when he knew me only by name, was a very handsome attention."

"It was, indeed," assented Mrs. Effingham. "But, Richard, what do you mean by 'unceremonious call?' Is not some etiquette to be specially observed in receiving one of his rank on any occasion?"

"Only the customary form of welcoming any private gentleman coming in as a neighbor. This he impressed upon me in the frankest manner. He is Rajah only to those with whom he is obliged to meet officially. I never saw a more unaffected English gentleman. With his fellow countrymen of his staff, and especially with the two or three naval officers over at 'The Grove,' just now, he is as simply unpretentious as the quietest of them."

Miss Effingham, who had been listening with interest, here put in a question:

"Is it one of the officers, Papa, he is to bring with him?"

"No; I was coming to that. Oddly enough, my dear, the friend is no other than the uncle of young Belmore:—the same, Abretta, that he told you of as hunting with him after the family fortune in Chancery, in the strange story you repeated to me. And, yet more oddly, my dear," turning again to his wife, "he

is a Colonel William Daryl; the very name—without ‘Colonel’—of the poor fellow drowned in New York so many years ago.”

“Why! who was that, mamma?” exclaimed Abretta quickly.

“No one known to you, my child,” returned that lady, with a sharpness of manner surprising even her husband. “At what hour may these gentlemen be expected, Richard?”

“Soon after sunset, I suppose. That is the dinner-hour at The Grove,” said Mr. Effingham.

An early-rising full moon was above the surrounding hills, and a delightfully cool evening breeze daintily feathering the glassy river, when the white gig *Lily*, of the historic vessel *Royalist*, was rowed to the former official wharf opposite to the bank on which stood the mansion. Escorted by only four oarsmen, in the modified Malay dress of his little body-guard, the Rajah of Sarawak came thus unostentatiously, with his friend, on his appointed social call. Strict deference had been paid to his expressed wish for no ceremonial reception implying his official character. At the landing, his own man, Peter, and two private servants of the family, an old Swiss and a negro, previously left on board the *Wettevreden*, awaited him and his companion with lanterns. On the veranda the host advanced to greet the gentleman, as he had before to Doctor Hedland; but, except for the prostrations of the Chinese servants about the doorway, which could not be restrained, the welcome was as simple as to the familiar visitors of any country-house in America or England.

The light of numerous candles in sconces, protected from the attraction of insects by gauze nettings at the open windows, gave the large room of the house, with its modern furniture and graceful female figures, an

illusion of Home dramatically in contrast with every feature and sentiment of the scene without. Mrs. Effingham walking forward so tranquilly to meet her husband and his guests, and Abretta and Cousin Sadie arising as tranquilly from their chairs behind her ; all three of the ladies in the evening dresses suitable to their years and an informal social occasion ; were the consummate human life of a picture that seemed as though it must be a picture, only, in savage Borneo.

It is scarcely in keeping with either the requisites or the proprieties of art to attempt any minute portrayal of the illustrious man who, standing beside his friend, looked with undisguised pleasure upon this gratefully incongruous spectacle. Those whom History has made distinctive potential presences to the world, can be most faithfully accorded with their historical ideals, in a work like this, by no more detail of mere physical personality than is essential to some immediate individualization of the intellectual effect intended to be produced. History alone can safely venture to retouch History in this, as in many another, province of description.

James Brooke, now in his forty-second year, appeared fully the man represented by the Story of his Deeds, if scanned by the judgment capable of discerning in eyes and brow—and, perhaps, chin—all that is necessary to account for the mighty acts recorded of their possessor. A form erect, finely poised, and muscular without robustiousness ; so made and kept, despite the constitutional impairment of the lung-wound received in India, by habitual practice of every manly exercise ; was not needed to assure the observer of his alternately mobile and decisive face, that he could fight, as well as argue, for a principle. From the thinning light hair at his sensitive temples to the vigorous turn of his neck ; from

his shoulders, set back like a guardsman's, to the tips of his slender and nervous hands, he gave the impression of a man of action abruptly grafted upon a man of study; the capacities to do instantly and to think profoundly having equal suggestion in his average aspect.

"Ladies," said he, with unconventional heartiness, upon being presented to them, "I do assure you that your coming to Kuchin is a positive benefaction to me. As I have already said to Mr. Effingham, your courage in becoming even but temporary inhabitants of a place we have been able to civilize so imperfectly yet, gives us a moral help for which any poor courtesy of welcome that I can offer is like pence against pounds. That's my little speech," he explained, with a smile, "and now allow me to introduce to you, ladies, my friend, Colonel Daryl."

The Colonel, who, during this prelude, had been staring at Mrs. Effingham's profile with eyes dilating more and more, started and fairly caught his breath at the sound of his name; the two other gentlemen noticing it with no little surprise, and also the obviously great effort it cost him to compose his features again and bow constrainedly at each introduction. Then, fixing a strange look upon Mrs. Effingham again, who met it haughtily, he said slowly:

"I—think, that I have had—the honor of meeting you, Madame,—before."

There was an embarrassed pause, until the lady, with increased hauteur, answered, in a tone as though rebuking, without contesting, a presumptuous remark:

"It may be. I have no recollection of it, sir."

Under his friend's questioning glance, the older gentleman's aspect now of displeasure, and the wondering regards of the younger ladies, Colonel Daryl turned

first red and then white to the set lips, but with the same intent look at the proud face encountering it.

"Madame," he said at last, with a low bow, "I can only ask you to pardon me. I see that I have made an unfortunate mistake;" and stepped mechanically backward from the little circle.

"I must venture a slight explanation for the Colonel," remarked Mr. Brooke, as the chairs were being placed. "He once suffered a heavy sorrow in your country, Mrs. Effingham.—You and he will excuse me for referring to it in these circumstances, since I shall say no more than that it was of a character to make extremely painful even a mistaken identity recalling it to mind."

"Colonel Daryl is quite excusable, Mr. Brooke," observed Mr. Effingham, over whose offended manner a softening change had come. Indeed he began to recognize, though somewhat vaguely yet, some possible close relationship between his now silent guest and a William Daryl he had heard of before.

"Colonel Daryl," said Mrs. Effingham, turning to him with a graceful inclination of her head, "has been already commended to our high respect by the many obligations we owe to the very polite attentions, in Batavia and Singapore, of his nephew, Mr. Belmore."

The Colonel bowed.

"And now, Mr. Brooke," she added, with the least perceptible hurry in her speech, "though you so generously disclaim thanks, I must really tell you how grateful we, women, are, for the help of Peter. Our own two servants from home were so helpless at first, from knowing nothing of the language or ways of the country, that Mr. Effingham decided to keep them on the brig until our Chinese household was in some kind of order. And without my cousin's study of Malayan, and your servant's instruction of our strange people, I am fearful



we should have remained in anarchy a much longer time. It was Peter who brought Doctor Hedland to us."

"I have heard of that," responded the Rajah, understanding and falling readily into her design of banishing all awkward topics. "The Doctor, Madame, is an old friend of the Colonel and myself. We were all three together in the *Royalist*, coming out here. At Singapore he decided to leave us to our own fortunes and betake himself to his old pursuits, as a naturalist, in Borneo. He is an accomplished Oriental linguist, as well. May I ask how you liked him?"

The conversational ball being now fairly set rolling, all took part, at intervals, as the subjects varied; until, after about an hour of such general sociability, the merchant and his principal guest unwittingly drifted into some discussion of national polity, that allowed the others to group themselves independently for the time being. So it happened, that when some sound from the river outside diverted feminine attention momentarily in that direction, the Colonel said, composedly enough, to Mrs. Effingham:

"Madame, may I be allowed to show you the peak of the mountain near which Doctor Hedland's village lies?"

Looking her assent, that lady silently placed a hand on his proffered arm, and they went out calmly to the veranda together. There,—with the torches flickering in the boat on the water below, the placid moon overhead, and the shadowy mountains around them—Mrs. Effingham dropped her hand; and spoke first:

"Colonel Daryl, I am Caroline's sister."

He turned, to look at her more fully in the chastened light:

"At first I took you for—herself."

"We were considered very much alike."



"Were?"

"Yes. Caroline is dead."

Taking a few steps away from her, he averted his face toward a bend of the river, and remained motionless and silent a moment, then, returning—

"And she is dead!"

"Yes. We thought you, too, were—dead."

"The unhappy do not die so easily," said Daryl, bitterly. "I was reported drowned, Mrs. Effingham; but boatmen picked me up, unconscious, from the river, after the steamboat had passed on. When I came to myself I bribed them to tell no one but my friend, Hedland, who had also thought me lost. Who else was there in that country to care?"

Mrs. Effingham sighed, and looked down.

"Since then my life has been as though I had truly died," he went on; his low, concentrated tone full of suppressed passion;—"since your sister—my wife!—rejected me, like a dog, at her mother's bidding."

"She, too, is dead, Colonel Daryl."

"Then Heaven show her the mercy she refused to me!" he ejaculated, as through his set teeth—"That she refused to Us, I'll say—to Us; wedded improvidently perhaps; young, uncalculating, unsordid; yet wedded truly before God, and in our own hearts!—But *you*—"bending his head suddenly to her—"why is it that your name sounds strangely to me? You were married then?"

"I have been a widow. Mr. Effingham is my second husband."

Again he looked away, and was lost in unspoken thoughts until her hand once more touched his arm.

"Shall we return?"

"I beg your pardon. At your service."

"A moment, Colonel Daryl—and then. My sister

loved you ! Whatever you thought from what you saw and heard last—she loved you ! Our mother was absolute with us, beyond what you can imagine ; thinking it right and brooking no opposition. You have spoken tenderly of Caroline, Colonel Daryl—think of her ever as true ; think of her as true—poor, suffering darling ! —to the last."

Mrs. Effingham spoke, for the first time, in accents of tremulous excitement, and, at the last word, moved instantly back toward the room, Daryl mutely following.

Soon thereafter the two gentlemen departed, and the family watched, from above, their embarkation for home, and the gliding away of the boat with its picturesque rowers and torches.

Late into the night Daryl talked unreservedly with his old friend of the last, dreary page turned for him in a story that both had believed to be closed long ago ; and, yet later, he looked moodily forth from his own chamber into a night waning gray with the rising of the western hills against its glory. Over waters so smooth that ship and prahu dotted here and there upon them were like embanked masts and fantastic islets transfixed in clouded glass ; over barbarous roofs and motionless jungle ; through the mighty leaves of unrustling palms ; and weighing sentimentally, as it were, upon the enfolding solemn mountains themselves—reigned a stillness so blank that it was as the intangible walls of a sleep, which make a dream of no time, or country, or circumstance, to be limited by localizing sign, or sound. He looked ; unseeing where he was, and what he had become, and living over again the hour of his youth, far away, when he had thought that the fairest hope of his life was killed by a recreant tongue.

“And she is dead!”

That hope, then, had really been out of its grave all these years, though in an unrevealing, unreasoning, dumb existence; waiting, waiting—for what? For any miracle that may happen in years—in years crushing upon years—so long as Death, only, is not yet. And now, at last, when hope was, indeed, at its last agony!

He clenched his nails into his hands in the supreme, voiceless struggle of Love, Despair, Hate—and Love again. Which should master the ghost of that dead hope for its servant, to make of it a genius of good, or of evil, for the time to come?

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## CHAPTER VII.

### LETTING BYGONES BE BYGONES.

WHEN Mr. Effingham married into the Dornton family, and thus became duly entitled to a share in its closer confidences, his imperious mother-in-law, to the strength of whose maternal government his success in wooing was even more attributable than he had ever suspected, explained to him why her younger daughter, Caroline, was a yet sadder recluse than the grave young widow whom he had gained as a wife. Such detached facts of the case as had already come to his knowledge in general society pointed to nothing more unusual than a summarily checked little flirtation between an inexperienced girl and an unsuitable foreigner.

Mrs. Dornton named and described the alien enemy to him as an English army officer of insignificant rank and no means, who, after a designing courtship of only

two or three weeks, surreptitiously prosecuted while the mere child was visiting family relations in New York, persuaded Caroline into a clandestine marriage. Fortunately, his egregious young dupe was recovered by her parents before this fortune-hunting Lieutenant William Daryl could actually claim her as his property, and not long thereafter the whole humiliating problem had been retributively solved by the drowning of the Lieutenant—as newspapers reported—from a steamboat in New York Bay.

To this grim recounting the lady added no comment upon her daughter's prolonged melancholy, Mrs. Effingham volunteered no information, and even after Caroline's death no farther admittance to the piteous romance was vouchsafed to Mr. Effingham. When, after nearly twenty years' interval, he saw the stern and grizzled Colonel at the English Rajah's house, the name found so vague an association in his mind at first that only when his lately eccentric guest met Mrs. Effingham so discomposedly did the truth of the identity flash upon him. Then a moment's indignation gave way to generous commiseration, for he could perceive the suffering behind the man's confused surprise of manner.

"And so he is really the same William Daryl, and took you for Caroline?" he said, after listening to his wife's prompt repetition to him of the short conversation on the veranda. "You were wonderfully self-possessed, Julia. Until the truth of the matter occurred to me, I was growing seriously offended at his equivocal bearing. I think your mother must have been mistaken in her judgment of the man. Did you recognize him first by his name, or how?"

"By the name," replied Mrs. Effingham gravely. "When his nephew mentioned it in the story he told

us, I was struck by the coincidence. I can't say, though, that I realized the actual identity—how could I, when we thought him surely drowned?—until he said, in such a tone, that we had met before."

"And you had never seen him?"

"No. I was married and away before he came to Dornton Manor."

"Well, the poor fellow has certainly been an ideal lover," was the husband's comment, with a sympathetic sigh. "Poor Caroline!"

"Ah, my poor sister!" echoed the wife. And, after a pause, she added, looking up from her dressing-table: "My heart ached for him, Richard, when I saw, in his mistaking me for her—our voices were much alike, you remember—that he had not gotten over his love of so long ago. I was glad when he gave me the opportunity to speak to him about Caroline. Did Mr. Brooke notice our absence?"

"Not that I could observe. But from what he said before that, my dear, it is plain enough that he is familiar with the story. Upon my word, it is a very curious chance that brings us upon such a resurrection of the old family skeleton in this out-of-the-way corner of the world! Really," said Mr. Effingham, clasping his hands over his head with an air of perplexity, as he sat in his easy-chair, "this finding young Belmore and the Colonel, and even the Rajah, all linked to us, in a way, by such a delicate subject, may make our social situation here by no means easy to manage without some tact. And it seems that this ill-mannered Doctor Hedland, too, is in the secret."

"Mr. Belmore is not," observed Mrs. Effingham thoughtfully.

"But soon will be, you may depend," rejoined her husband. "He is to be here presently from Singapore,

you know, as the squadron goes up to Bruni; and, after what has happened to-night, his uncle is likely to tell him who his new American friends are. It will be necessary, to prevent awkwardness, if his acquaintance is to continue. And there is Abretta, too."

"I asked Sadie, before they went to their rooms just now, to tell Abretta the story as discreetly as she could. Sadie knows it all, from my mother and from myself, though she never knew Caroline. Of course it is necessary now for Abretta to be informed, after what she had seen and heard already to-night." The speaker gazed abstractedly for a moment or two at the wedding-ring she wore, and then, looking up again with a faint smile: "It is too bad, Richard, that you and our daughter could not have been spared this old Dornton trouble."

To which her husband replied, with affectionate emphasis:

"Neither Abretta nor I would thank any one for exempting us from anything in the remotest degree affecting you, my dear."

The influence of this retrospective episode was seen in no immediate effect upon the family life beyond some natural conversational recurrence to it at the next morning's breakfast-table. Abretta's general tenor of reference thereto, on that occasion, proved that Miss Ankeroo had judiciously limited her explanation of Colonel Daryl's past association with the Dorntons to the simple revelation that he had been, in his youth, an avowed admirer of that fair Aunt Caroline whose very existence was scarcely more than a dim tradition to her niece's mind. Taken in connection with the kinship of this gentleman to their friend, the naval Lieutenant, and his concern in the romantic search after poor, mad old Ruadh and the long-missing Will, any such revelation was calculated to quicken a girlish imagination;

yet, after a due interval of wonder, Miss Effingham exhibited a more abiding interest in the Rajah of Sarāwak.

"Did you notice, Papa, that Mr. Brooke held his handkerchief in hand the whole time he was here?" she asked.

"I observed the same peculiarity in him at his own house," said her father, "and could not help mentioning it privately to his English agent, Mr. Wise, whom I met there. He was good enough to tell me that the Rajah has contracted the habit from originally adopting the form, out of policy, as a traditional usage of all high officials in Mahometan countries. To Eastern minds it is an inseparable sign of sovereignty."

"That is interesting," observed Miss Ankeroo. "Indeed, he is the most interesting English character I have yet seen. Cousin Julia," she went on, turning her plump countenance and tutorial spectacles to Mrs. Effingham, "you and Abretta haven't shown much faith in my missionary idea; but what do you suppose this hero of yours said to me about it, while you and that glum old Colonel were having your private chat? He declared that he had long wished for American missionaries here, because they always deal more sensibly than either English, or Germans, with the people of a country like this. They don't begin by abusing Mohammed," he said, "but show some respect for honesty even in a mistaken faith. And he was really delighted to hear that I know something of medicine. That branch of knowledge," he says, "is simply invaluable as an aid to the spiritual influence of missionaries in Eastern lands."

"Though, as I told him, you hadn't the presence of mind to think of it when Cherubino got that fall, and you allowed Peter to go after Doctor Hedland," remarked Mr. Effingham, in smiling skepticism.

"Yes, and it was too bad in you, Cousin Richard. But where is 'Bino now?" she interjected, abruptly, with a hurried look around the table, and from thence to a window through which suggestive sounds were coming. "He was here a minute ago. Why, I do believe—I" (going precipitately to the window in question) "Yes! there he's got two of the chickens fighting on that gravel bed which Peter smoothed out for me so nicely in front of my school-house!"

In the grieved parental and sisterly silence following the irritated lady's immediate headlong flight in the direction indicated, all ears, including those of Berner, the attendant Swiss major-domo, heard a piping little voice presently exclaiming:

"Oh, didn't the red-and-black one whip him like sixty, though!"

Two or three days passed on without further notable incident in the principally exotic household. With Berner, the staid and elderly, established as butler (now that Peter had gone back to "The Grove"), and interpreted to his Oriental subordinates by Cousin Sadie; Ambrose, the equally veteran negro familiar, as amateur gardener, boat-keeper and messenger; and the whole domestic system working with comparative smoothness; Mr. Effingham was at liberty to mature his preparations for a trip to the Simunjon coal region, in company with the Rajah's chief Aide and interpreter, Mr. Williamson, and the ladies had leisure for needlework, sketching and missionary developments. It remained a piquant novelty, for all, to be thus indigenously housed together immediately over the Equator; the customary blending quaintly with the strangest of adjacencies in-doors, and the half-fearful charm of being upon the veriest edge of a great Unknown Land pervading everything outside.



The grassy interval between the broad front of the palm-roofed mansion and the palisade, had by this time been turned into something like a miniature botanical garden; retaining *Nypas*, ferns and several wild durions to shade the flowers during the hottest hours, though the temperature of summer-noon was never so high as 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and the nights were refreshingly cool. Behind the house, what available space was not required for live-stock, had assumed the regularity of a Chinese vegetable preserve. The ladies, with sampler, or pencil, or book, found a placid luxury of sight and mind in sitting long hours within view of half-civilized river, or massively retreating mountain, or pathless forest primeval; and the husband and father was not without enjoyable mental zest for the philosophical revery coming so easily with a cigar in such suggestive scenes.

Notwithstanding all this, however, when the third afternoon after the evening call brought company by boat again, no one regretted the variety. At mid-day an English brig had come up the river from the sea, saluting the Rajah's flag, and it was only five hours later when no less than three gentlemen were filing within the palisade. The foremost of these, and conspicuously the most elastic in general movement, was no sooner inside of the inclosure than he at once started upon a run for the durion tree, up which, by alternate elevation of hands and knees, he went climbing with extreme velocity. From a height of perhaps six feet he came down as swiftly, and then looked for splinters in his palms with glowing vivacity.

"I tell you, gents, it feels first-rate to take a square breather on dry land after so many days' sailing!" he puffed, removing his pith helmet for a fan.

"It is to be hoped we have no observers, Mr. Dodge,"

remarked his older companion, without much relish; and the younger one laughed.

They were the host of "The Straits" and Lieutenant Belmore, arriving from Singapore; with Colonel Daryl to bear them company; and the party were presently proffered welcome by their friends in the house.

First greetings being over, and hot tea served all around, according to the custom of the country, the Colonel, whose whole genial manner was strongly in contrast with that of a previous occasion, entered into a deprecating apology for the informality of his own coming.

"My nephew," said he, "would have me come with him, if only to help excuse his headlong haste to see you in your Borneon quarters. Mr. Dodge was also good enough to abet him. I do not see, however," with a smile, "why an old soldier should stand on punctilio in a case like this. My friend, Mr. Brooke, has virtually waived the stricter conventionalities for all of us."

"And you will be good enough to think no more of them, my dear Colonel," said Mr. Effingham.

"Thank you: I shall forget them with great pleasure." Then, motioning slightly toward his nephew, who was chatting over his teacup with Abretta and Miss Ankeroo: "Although Edwin has been here only a few hours, I have already found time to tell him, Mrs. Effingham, that I have certain recollections of your family in America. My descent from an American grandmother, who was known to your mother, is also a kind of friendly tie to which neither of us can be indifferent."

All this was said in a tone of the most unreserved cordiality, yet both Mr. and Mrs. Effingham could find only conventional terms for their immediate responses. The former murmured something about "reciprocal

sentiments," and the latter, with an anxious look in her soft dark eyes, merely bowed.

"I have always remarked," ventured Mr. Dodge, to whom the whole matter was, of course, a sealed book, "that a 'friendly tie' of any sort between elders is very apt to be tied by the youngsters in the form of a beau." And he wagged his head in the direction of the absorbed young Lieutenant. It was a timely diversion, at least, even if somewhat coldly received, and afforded Mr. Effingham a pretext for presently drawing the presumptuous athlete into abstract discourse, and then moving away with him on excuse of business exigencies.

Fully understanding her husband's intention to intrust to her the particular entertainment of a guest whose moods and sensibilities she would probably have the truest intuitive instinct to meet considerately, Mrs. Effingham promptly availed herself of their temporary isolation to forego all farther aspect of indecision. Belmore, Abretta and Cousin Sadie were apart from them the width of the room, and the two men of business paced the veranda.

"I cannot tell you, Colonel Daryl," she began, in a subdued but firm voice, "how much it gratifies my feelings to find you adopting this tone with us, for I give you credit"—looking more intently at him—"for sincerity."

"That you may safely do, madame," he replied, inclining his head at the compliment. "My chief purpose in coming here this afternoon is to beg that you will pardon my abruptness of manner at our first interview. Not that I doubted for a moment the forgiving impulse you must have felt as a woman," he added quickly, "but if you could excuse a man for momentarily showing his harsher nature under a harrowing reminder for

which he had not been in the least prepared, I cannot so gracefully excuse myself for not realizing that to you personally I owed nothing but gratitude."

"If we are to be friends at all, you must not talk in that vein," said Mrs. Effingham, flushing. "We are both too old for false sentiment; and you would not have occasion for this conversation, sir, if I had not felt, when I knew whom you were, that, from my family, a heavy debt of reparation was due—must ever be due—to you."

"Such frankness of confession leaves me no longer a creditor," he began, formally and coldly. But again he melted, as he continued: "I am really in no mood, myself, Mrs. Effingham, for high-flown talk. Will you not tell me more about Caroline? Your voice so reminds me of hers that I forget my gray hairs in hearing it! Why was it possible for her to be persuaded to reject me as she did? I mean so *bitterly*. Her own words were, that she regretted our union bitterly!"

"A mother's authority over both of us was what we dared not to oppose," was the sorrowfully-spoken answer.

"Perhaps I expected too much of one so young," the Colonel went on, with a long breath; "yet she was my wife. The woman soul should have grown enough, even within her girlish years, to have spared me the crowning indignity of being literally spurned!"

"She could scarcely have known what she said, Colonel Daryl."

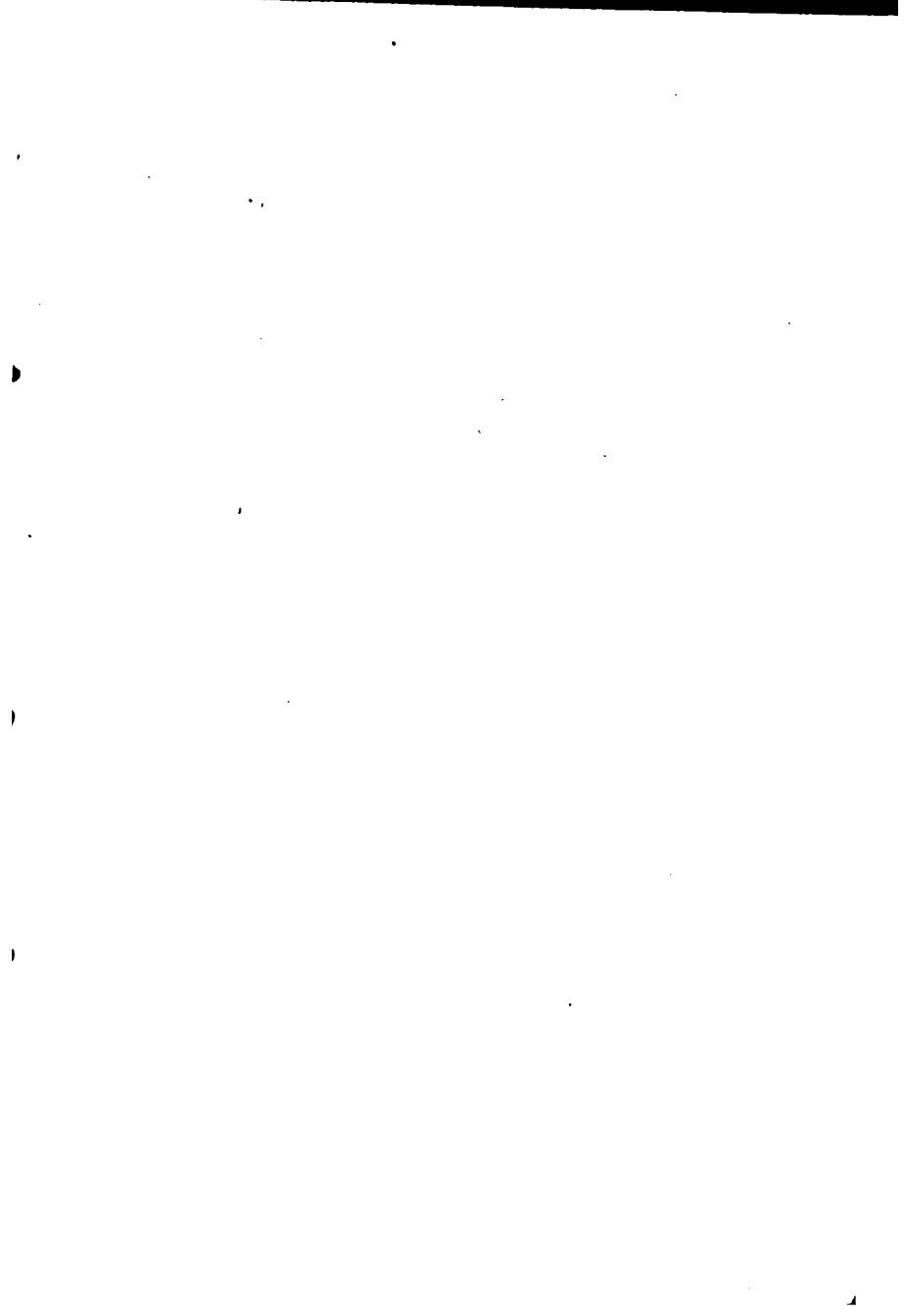
"If her affection had been what I had confidently assumed it to be in seeking that last, miserable interview, a something in the gentlest human nature superior to all repression, would have made it instinctively impossible for her to use the contemptuous words she did. They were what gave to my wound a shame—a Shame,

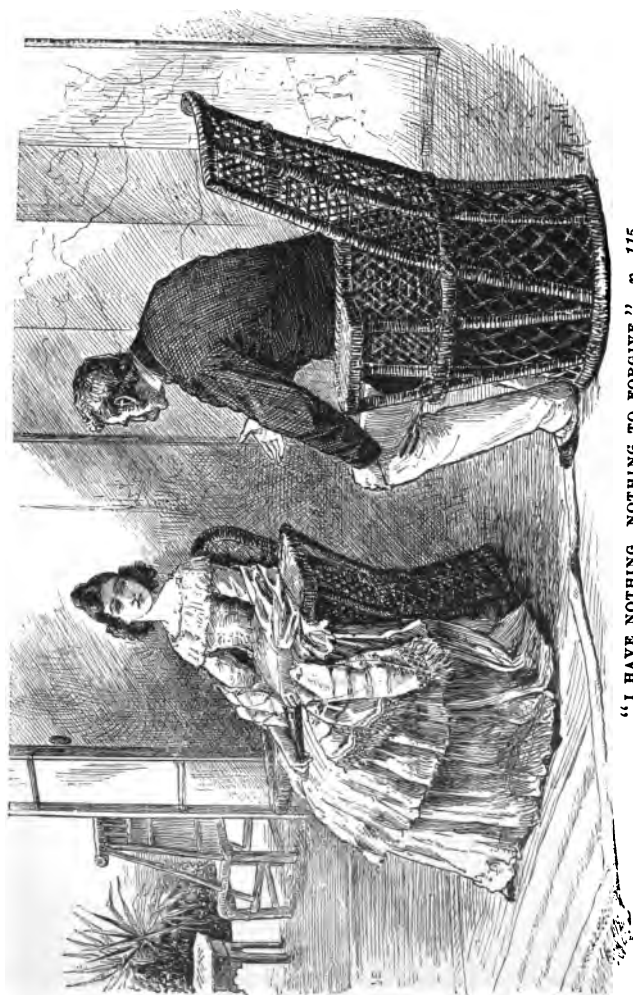
madame !—that I feel ignominiously to this very hour.” His compressed lips and lowering brows were more expressive than his language.

Unconsciously clasping her hands in her lap, the sister of Caroline Dornton despairingly realized that, in the keeping of this old love alive so long, there was a feeling more obdurate to reparation than any ordinary sense of personal injury. Merely the having been deprived of one existing for him in name, alone, as a bride, would not have left so sinister a trail across the whole life of a man like this.

“You forget,” she said, “what I assured you of the other evening—that Caroline’s love was worthy of your own, in spite of those last appearances. Colonel Daryl, I loved my sister very dearly, and, until my own first, early marriage, we were inseparable. Our mother’s severe rule kept us the closer together. I knew her every thought and feeling, as she did mine, and can say, of my own knowledge, that, in believing you dead, her own death-blow came from the conviction that you must have died without faith in her worthiness. From the day when our mother, deeming it wise, however harsh, handed her a newspaper reporting you as drowned, she sank into a lifeless dejection, to be ended by death only. She died of a broken heart. And what is more, Colonel Daryl, if we had known you to be alive, Caroline would have given up her own existence sooner than consented to any interference of the law. After all this can you not wholly forgive her?—forgive the poor, loving girl, so early lost, who died your wife?”

An ordinarily sympathetic listener might have been deeply moved by the pathos of this sisterly retrospect and last appeal. The Colonel’s whole face quivered at the climax.





"I HAVE NOTHING, NOTHING TO FORGIVE."—p. 115.

"I have nothing, nothing, to forgive—except that she did not live!"

"And try, also, to think not too hardly of our mother. I am sure she would have acted the same if any one had sought to marry my sister just then. Under all her austerity of demeanor was an idolatrous love for Caroline. The circumstances compelled her to assign commonplace reasons for her conduct; but it was a frenzied unwillingness to have the object of her secret worship taken from her home by any one, in any manner, that inspired her harshness to you both. Caroline's death hastened her own."

"I mean anything but vain compliment, Mrs. Effingham," answered Daryl, with feeling, "when I say that your pleading moves me almost to doubt that I, myself, am not the one who, alone, should have sought pardon. I will be frank with you, madame, in adding, however, that, under all the cooler and maturing judgment of twenty later years, I have not been able to see that I committed any serious wrong in my marriage. I was as innocent of any disingenuousness, or sordid calculation, in it, as your sister herself. From our meeting at the party in New York and my first call at Mrs. Von Gilder's, the association drifted naturally, of itself, into a passion we were both too young and inexperienced to recognize. It was that, of course, which influenced us to our union; but neither of us realized what was really our subtly irresistible impulsion. For my own part, when Caroline began talking of a return to Dorn-ton Manor, I was at once aghast with misgivings of ever even seeing her again. I had been there, you may have heard—that is, in Dornton, where my grandmother belonged—and dreaded that Mrs. Dornton would show little favor to a poor young foreign Lieutenant on furlough. I said as much, in my per-



turbation, to Caroline; and she, in her childlike way, at once fell into the same fear. Then, while we were walking together one afternoon, disconsolate as two children about to be ordered to different schools, it came all at once into my head to suggest that we should go straightway to the nearest parsonage and be married; merely go through the form, as a security against 'eternal separation' in case things should come to the worst. Upon my honor, madame, as a gentleman, no dream of such a resort had ever been in either of our minds before the hour in which we carried it into effect! And from that have come Caroline's death and the desolating perversion of my whole life!"

The rehearsal, begun with evidences of repressed emotion, seemed to make the speaker firmer again, as it went on, until, at the last sentence, he wore the same aspect of passionate sternness as during an earlier conversation. Mrs. Effingham noted the revulsion, and the old, patiently enduring look returned to her own eyes.

"To be no worse than unwise," she said, with her usual pensive gentleness, "is sometimes to suffer more than for a crime, in this world. I think, sir, we have now said all on this unhappy subject that need be recalled between us—when I ask you to pardon the share I had, myself, in somewhat misjudging you, before my sister could confide to me the substance of what you now repeat."

A kinder light came into the dark blue eyes of Daryl, and his tone was as kind:

"You are my sister-in-law."

She appreciated the implied friendly compact of the sententious recognition, and inclined her handsome head in tacit acquiescence.

"We shall all be friends, here," he added, as both

assumed the releasing air of a conference ended. "I have told my nephew that a sister of yours made a lasting impression upon my feelings when Doctor Hedland and I were on a trip together, in the United States, in our youth; and that she died before we could meet again."

By this time Mr. Effingham and his Singapore correspondent were returned from their peripatetic debate of less sentimental interests, and, as they were passing, Mr. Dodge caught the Doctor's name.

"You're mentioning Hedland, Colonel," he remarked, coming to a halt and speaking briskly. "Of course you know about that educated monkey of his?"

Colonel Daryl tersely acknowledged that he was not uninformed upon that matter of East Indian notoriety.

"I inquire," proceeded the irrepressible zoological agent, "because I must have that celebrated mias, and thought you might be able to give me some friendly points about the Doctor. The Lieutenant tells me you are great friends."

"My advice to you, Mr. Dodge, would be that you should not hope for such a thing as you mention. The Doctor is not a dealer in wild animals," responded the Colonel, rising.

"Is this such a wonderful mias, then, that we hear so much of?" came unexpectedly from Miss Ankeroo, who had quietly joined the group.

"Next thing to talks, I'm assured," was the animated assent, "and does many things like a Christian. Particularly, gets into a boiling rage when any one opposes him," concluded Mr. Dodge, apparently quite innocent of any intentional sarcasm.

"Dr. Hedland appears to me to be curious in temper, himself," remarked Mr. Effingham.

Mrs. Effingham had crossed the room to where her daughter and the young sailor were yet conversing, and the Colonel gave his attention chiefly thitherward.

"Oh, no; there you're quite mistaken, sir," corrected the amateur of orang-outans; "quite, I assure you. He was at Singapore for a few days before he went to Bruni to interpret for the Sultan and the 'Constitution,' and I approached him with a view to negotiations on behalf of Mr. Barnum. 'What do you want?' said he. 'That monkey, on your own terms, to send to the States with two tigers and a bird of paradise,' said I. It is unnecessary for me to repeat to you, gentlemen and lady, the exact terms of his genial rejoinder, but they amounted to a high tribute to my native land for its prolific yield of bashful timidity of character. 'See here, Doctor,' said I, 'just think over this thing, and I'll come up some time and see you about it on the Sarāwak.' And I expect, Mr. Effingham, to give him a call when you and I are on our way back from Simunjon. Take my word for it, sir," concluded Mr. Dodge, confidently, "Hedland can be one of the most agreeable old fellows in the world, when he doesn't want to."

The merchant took this final antithesis rather grimly; but Miss Ankeroo felt enough of a naturalist's interest in the subject to question further.

"Is the owner of this accomplished mias really a physician—that he is called Doctor?" she asked.

"Used to be of that profession, ma'am, I've heard," was the reply. "Indeed, you see"—with an air of reflective after-thought—"this island of Borneo ought to be a great harvest of fever patients."

"You don't tell me! Why?" cried the lady, in some alarm.

"So much Malay-ria on the coast, don't you observe? and so much Mias-ma inland."

Then Mr. Effingham somewhat peremptorily went over to the other side of the room, with the equally startled English soldier; and, while Mr. Dodge sauntered thoughtfully to a window, Miss Ankeroo, gazing blankly after him where she stood, mechanically removed her spectacles to give the greater freedom of dilating astonishment to her incredulous eyes.

The boat in which Colonel Daryl and his nephew were going back to a sunset dinner in the Rajah's hospitable halls, was watched by very friendly eyes, so long as it could easily be followed from the casements of the American home. It was seen that the Indian helmets worn by both men came close together, as though the wearers held confidential communion, and the Dyak rowers plied their flashing oars with a smooth protraction of the pull that seemed sympathetic.

"And are they not all capital people?" the younger man was saying, his face a-light with the glow of the sinking sun. "You mustn't judge Dodge too soon; he's no end of good company, when you know him well, and was a prime favorite on the brig. Miss Ankeroo, too, is the most intelligent woman I ever met. You'll like the Effinghams the better the more you see of them; for they are what I call a thoroughly well-bred family. What a splendid woman the mother is—so gentle, and self-possessed, and young-looking! Did her sister resemble her much?"

No sooner was the thoughtless question out of his mouth than the youth's quick instinct reproached him for it. But his uncle's face, if looking, to his fancy, perhaps, a little older, and even a shade graver than before the visit, indicated no particular discomposure at his words.

"Yes, the family likeness is strong. But I don't think, Edwin, that you have yet mentioned the one who chiefly attracts you."

"Why, of course, Mr. Effingham has received me with the most open-handed welcome from the first."

"That is a very poor evasion, my lad. I'm afraid you are forgetting your profession and the *Cressy* in the fascination of these new friendships. You must be getting back to your ship and duty. Beauty in a golden setting is not for you, Edwin, until you can show something more than a lieutenant's commission and pay."

The ingenuous malingering sailor boy blushed freely at this prosaic home-thrust.

"No harm is done in loving to look at a pretty girl, is there?" he half stammered. "You can't blame me much for that little weakness, when I've had so few opportunities for it in my life—can you, Uncle Will?"

"Daryl laid a caressing hand upon his shoulder and regarded him with an affectionate smile :

"Blame? God bless you, my boy! no. I, too, have lived in Arcadia."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CROSS KNOWS BUT ONE CROWN.

To describe one house of civilized occupation in the Sarāwak of 1845 is to give the plan of all, for each was like unto the other in being quadrangular, resting upon a colonnade of palm piles, having only one spacious story, with a central main apartment surrounded by the lesser rooms and dormitories, and standing within palisades on tree-embellished hillocks, generally on the right bank of the river. Five years earlier, when the bold English master of the little *Royalist* taught the Sultan's despairing governor or bandhāra, Muda Hassim, how to clear his territory of rapacious enemies, the houses

of this prince and his brother pangerans formed the whole presentable body of the town of Kuchin; the Malay, Dyak and Chinese campongs being mere water-side lines of petty huts. Mr. Dodge, viewing the prospect from the deck of an antimony schooner before this aspect had been improved, declared that it reminded him of a "jumble of wholesale corn-cribs, thatched with old hay and fringed with seaside styes."

But it has already been remarked that this unesthetic aggregate knew a rapid and ennobling change at the advent of Rajah Brooke. The Malay princes rejoined the court in Bruni, and such of their mansions as were in sufficient order to be retained became the abodes of the native magistracy—the Patinghi of the Dyaks, the Tumangong of the Malays, etc.—and of many of the better class of natives, now returning to a Kuchin where there was no longer either war or princely extortion. One of the buildings erected for the new Rajah has been seen in possession of the Effinghams; houses for the Europeans of the staff, not also living there, sprang up, in improving architecture, on the high, dry grounds around it, and gradually the huts on the water were left almost wholly to sailors and fishermen. Yet in all this regeneracy of local habitations the indigenous spirit of precarious tenure retained its traditional expression. The homes of the new-comers might have floors and partitions of plank, instead of bamboo and matting, and might even rest on iron-wood piles, but they were calculated to last only two or three years. Within that period the storms of the wet monsoon would make havoc of the palm-leaf "ataps" at least, and to repair would scarcely be more economical than to reconstruct altogether. In a country where the ruler's head-servitor, Peter, enjoyed only five pounds a month, labor of all grades was phenomenally cheap, and the cost of con-

structing a new residence insignificant. Thus in less than six years the English Rajah himself had three different houses, and what has been seen of the one occupied by our American family needs only some enlargement to represent that to which attention is now invited.

It was an hour after the sunset meal, there, in the same great room that had served during the day as court and hall of judgment. The usual evening throng of simple-hearted popular worshipers at the unostentatious shrine of their Tuan Besar had glided in, to touch his hand with loyal reverence, sit thereafter for half an hour upon the floor near the doorway, watching, as they chewed their betel and areca, his every look and movement, and then as mutely disappeared in the darkness without. The officers and general guests of the household were withdrawn to their respective quarters or dispersed elsewhere ; and now the Rajah led his one remaining companion to his library, where, taking chairs near a silk-curtained window looking out upon dim forest foliage and drawing in the sweet odor of tropical flowers, the two men lighted cigars and relaxed for sociable colloquy.

A sultry glow, retained yet by vast convolutions of showery clouds in the western sky, gave enough interior illumination to show well-stored bookcase, arms formed into trophies against the walls, cabinet of native mammalian and ornithological specimens, desk, table, guitar, matted floor, ship's divan, and, most light-catching of all, over the primitive open clay fireplace with chimney of ship's funnel, an oil painting of an elderly lady of sweetly gracious presence.

Through the smoke curling from his lips the Rajah's friend eyed this picture for some moments in silence, and then made it the occasion of his first remark :

"That picture of your mother grows upon me, Brooke. The painter seems to me to have caught the very expression she always had when you were mentioned. I'll warrant the dear woman talked to him of you often enough in her sittings."

"Ah, most partial of parents!" responded the other in a tone scarcely less despondent than tender. "What can I ever gain here to compensate me for never hearing her voice in this world again?"

"For such a loss there can be no earthly compensation, my friend. That I feel and know. Her faith in you was really beautiful for its implicit unreserve. She thought you could do everything. I shall never forget how, when I last saw her at your old home, three years ago, during my English trip about that Chancery torment of mine, her face lighted up with fresh motherly pride as she handed me that treatise of yours against the Jesuitical 'Article 90' of the Oxford Tracts which you had sent her."

"She believed in me, Daryl, beyond any other being in the world. I honor the memory of my good father; he was a clear-headed practical man of affairs, and wished his son to lead an unsentimental, prosperous career in his own old service. But my mother was not only always indulgent to my dream of winning an independent name, but placed outspoken confidence in my capability of so doing. When I went back home from my shipwreck on the Isle of Wight, sixteen years ago, and confided to her that I believed my Indian cadetship would be lost by the delay, she told me that it was because I was born for something higher. And *that* she always believed. You remember how you and I were shipmates after that, on the old *Castle Huntley*, going from Calcutta to Hong Kong, and became interested together in Borneo. As you know, so well, Daryl, she



entered enthusiastically into my ensuing ambition for this Island, more like a sister than an elder. And she, and my lawyer friend, Templer, and you, have been the staff, scrip and buckler of my whole best life !”

The Rajah’s manner of speech was so excited with commingling ardor and filial regret, that Daryl, after leaning forward a moment to clasp his hand, thought it kind to divert the strain of thought.

“I have often wondered,” he resumed, musingly, “whether you ever felt any particular literary ambition ?”

“What put that into your head ?”

“Why, you remember the newspaper we conducted amongst ourselves on the *Huntley*, and your liberal contributions to it.”

A pleasant laugh greeted this youthful reminiscence.

“I do, indeed, old friend. And those same contributions were ultimately the beneficent means of bringing me to my sober senses about my literary genius. You recollect how I signed them ?”—with another laugh.

“It was ‘Cholera Morbus,’ wasn’t it ?”—and they laughed together.

“Well, no man who could tolerate such a clumsy *nom de plume* as that, was ever born to cut a figure as an imaginative writer. In my later years, when I had become acute enough to see all that such a thing meant, that specimen of what I thought happily humorous in my poetic days, recurred to me as a wet blanket for every future literary aspiration. The stupidest of born-scribes would have been more felicitous of invention than that, in his very cradle.”

“I admit your logic,” assented the Colonel, with a pensive puff; “and now it will be only fair for you to remind me of that ‘Tragedy’ you encouraged me to

put into manuscript while we were coming around the Cape in the *Royalist*."

"Upon my word, Daryl," laughed his friend, again, "you are magnanimous to recall that! What a 'grand, gloomy and peculiar' Manfred of a fellow you were, occasionally, in those days. Almost as ungracious as poor Hedland."

"And have not gotten over it yet," was the answer, given with a heavy inspiration. "I think you and Hedland are really the only men in the world with whom I ever have the slightest disposition to show myself a social being. What a thousand pities it is that Larry cannot be fair-minded to you."

The Rajah waved his cigar in an impulse expressive of helplessness on that point:

"He was perversely intractable from the first hour of our actual association in a common undertaking. In that whole long voyage, when was he ever once in thoroughly good-humor, except when we picked up those Portuguese men-of-war—*Physalia Atlantica*, I think they're called—going down with the *Callope* and *Grecian*, from Rio? The little purple-and-pink bladders made him as pleased as a child with a toy. No more men of science for me, again! At Singapore he dropped us as unceremoniously as though we had been no more to each other than barely endured accidental associates of an ordinary sea-voyage."

"Yet he has some noble traits," suggested Daryl, musingly.

"I am sure of it. But he is plainly not the kind of man to be comfortable himself, or make others comfortable, in any close relation of mutual aim. I call him a chronic Incompatible. Who could fancy Hedland ever being married? His family must be all eccentric. There's that brother, living, a prince, amongst

the wild rajahs of Lombok. Probably if the Doctor had not been so infatuated by this mias we hear so much about, he might have been vexing the courts of Lombok before now."

Once more the friends laughed softly, in unison, at what was whimsically amusing to both.

"I must see this Oshonsee," the Colonel said. "They tell me that Larry actually carries the beast with him to Singapore and Bruni."

"Where did he find the name, Daryl? Any reminiscence, do you suppose, of my New Foundlander, Humshee, on the *Royalist*?"

"It is said that the mias, when excited, utters sounds something like such a word."

A brief silence ensued, during which the two cigars glowed liked fixed stars in the deepening darkness.

"I think, Daryl," resumed the Rajah, "that Makota actually believed he was securing a rival Tuan Besar, for his side in politics, when he took so much trouble to procure this phenomenal animal for our crusty old friend. He was shrewd enough to see that Hedland had some pique against me, that his hobby was anything from beetle to monkey, and that it would be a great stroke of statecraft to arraign Englishman against Englishman."

"But you surely do not believe, Brooke, that Lawrence would ever lend himself to any scheme inimical to yourself amongst these wrangling heathen?" queried his friend, with some heat.

"No more than I would believe it of you," was the hearty response.

These two Britons had a stanch confidence in the loyal compatriotism of a third fellow countryman in a foreign country, sufficient in itself to stamp them as exceptional specimens of their race.

"I see you cling to your books yet," remarked Daryl, motioning with his cigar toward the bookcase, once a portion of the *Royalist's* cabin furniture.

"Yes, there they are—Lardner, and Jane Austen, and Sir Stamford Raffles, and Dickens cheek by jowl," was the cheery answer. "Do you know, although I have roared over 'Pickwick,' and am delighted with Pecksniff and Sairey Gamp in this last book of Dickens', my favorite funny character of all literature is that preposterous Mrs. Bennett, in Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice?'"

"She is certainly a very British matron, of a certain class," assented the soldier.

"I've met many such among the better style of country folks in my jaunts to old Lackington and Hillingdon. Ah! Will Daryl,"—in a tone of luxurious revery,—“what wouldn't both of us give for another sunny walk, to-morrow morning, in Water Lane, among those lovely blue veronicas! Do you remember our week's pedestrian adventure westward from Penzance, when heather, furze, crag, cliff and sea were glorious in such May sunlight as I have never seen anywhere out of old England?"

"You deserved a more cheerful companion than I was then, Brooke. How often have you been homesick since you came to Borneo?"

"Never, my dear boy, except for an hour or so, when my sister's letter came with news of our mother's death!" exclaimed the ruler of Sarāwak, in tones of peculiar fervor. "My mother's God knows that my home-life was anything rather than unhappy," he went on, as intensely; "but the most delicious hour of my existence was when the *Royalist* passed up Prince's Strait from Java Head, and anchored in Anjer roads. It was being in the gateway of my new kingdom, with the

future all before my imagination in the colors of fairy-land! You must remember that day in May, only six years ago, how I was a very boy in my noisy glee over everything; the lake-like, shallow Java sea; the graceful little islands; the picturesquely indented shore and superb mountains. Even the canoes instantly swarming about us, with their motley of cocoanuts, yams, shells, fowls, sweet potatoes, monkeys, parrots, and what not, were things of incredible charm to my englamored eyes! At last I felt that I had come finally within the magic circle of the life I had dreamed over for years. No misgivings vexed me then, as they did after you bade me good-by at Singapore, to return to Calcutta, and I sailed down the Strait to find my real Borneo. My whole feeling was that I and our little company had come upon a mission ennobling to humanity, and ought to be blest in it."

Colonel Daryl caught the fire of the glowing recollection, and replied sympathetically:

"So you have been, and will be! See what you have already made of this Kuchin here—your 'rising Carthage,' as you call it; and the whole Christian world echoes the fame of your having struck more real terror to the pirate dens of the Archipelago than the power of three strong nations had been able to excite in a hundred years before."

"I have done something, I think," rejoined Rajah Brooke; the impetus of strong feeling exhibited in his rising, and measuredly pacing from window to door in the dim room. "You would have appreciated that fight at Patusen, up the Batang-Lupar, last year, Daryl. While the boats of the *Dido* and the *Phlegethon* were engaging the forts, the marines and my faithful Dyaks, under the brave old patinghi, Ali, and Pangeran Budrudeen, charged magnificently on shore.

The wild scenery of tree-hung river, spear-lit jungle, echoing mountains and encragged pirate-fortress; the noise of guns and men warring on both land and water; the flaming pirate dens; the strange dresses of Arab shereef, Malay prince and Dyak sea-wolf; the uniforms of our men, and their bayonets showing through the smoke at one side of the picture, and the masts and yards of a frigate at anchor looming spectrally at the other—it was a wonderful sight, wonderful!”

“My dear Brooke, after all, you are a soldier at heart,” the Colonel pointedly observed, with professional enthusiasm.

“Don’t say that, my friend,” entreated the other quickly, stopping in his walk. “Fine deeds of arms stir my admiration as a man of dramatic sensibilities, and I shall never shun the sword sanctified by duty; but if I am here in this poor Dyak land as a fighting man, coveting manual conquest, my soul should plead blood-guiltiness for the fall of the gallant Wade of the *Dido*, fearless Steward, my faithful old Dyak patinghi, Ali, and all the loyal humbler followers who have perished in our battles! But I hate this warfare, this unchristian butchery of blind heathen wretches, who only need to know that my country does indeed stand at my back, to be awed into submission to their own redemption. This is why I want England to take possession of Labuan Island, where Bruni and the whole Western coast can be kept under guardianship of a Christian flag. This is why I am anxious for the Queen to knight me—that I may have the moral aid of the naturally powerful appeal of such an investment to the respect of these Eastern worshippers of titular rank. This is why I shall glory in going up so soon with Sir Thomas Cochrane’s ships to Bruni, to demand from the Sultan reparation for his dishonoring a humane British treaty.”

Vivid lightning, followed by thunder long resounding among the Matang Mountains, came to their eyes and ears like a salute of great guns.

"There awakes the artillery of the Soldiers of the Cross," said Colonel Daryl with reverence.

The two friends were now ready to part for the night, after a conversation in which each had shown himself more freely to the other than either ever did to the nearest associate besides. Servants with lights came noiselessly to answer the summoning gong, and the Rajah, going first to the door of his friend's dormitory, withdrew, even unwontedly thoughtful of countenance, to his own chamber.

Arrived in that unadorned refuge of many a proud, many an unsuspected humble hour, Mr. Brooke motioned his attendants to retire, and then, abstractedly extinguishing both of the candles left upon the table, drew a chair to the window to look out at the gathering storm. Rustling in the first gust of a shower, the palms seen from the casement had a semblance of gigantic draped forms, swaying in ranks amid a gloom in which the moan of the wind sounded as though they might themselves be uttering it. No rain had fallen yet. The Rajah was drawing back the hand he had extended to test that fact when, by an instinct too quickly acting to account for itself, he wheeled his chair swiftly round to face inward.

"Tuan Besar is not alone."

The voice was almost simultaneous with a flash revealing a man in Malay dress standing only a few paces back from the window, his arms folded and his face to the Rajah.

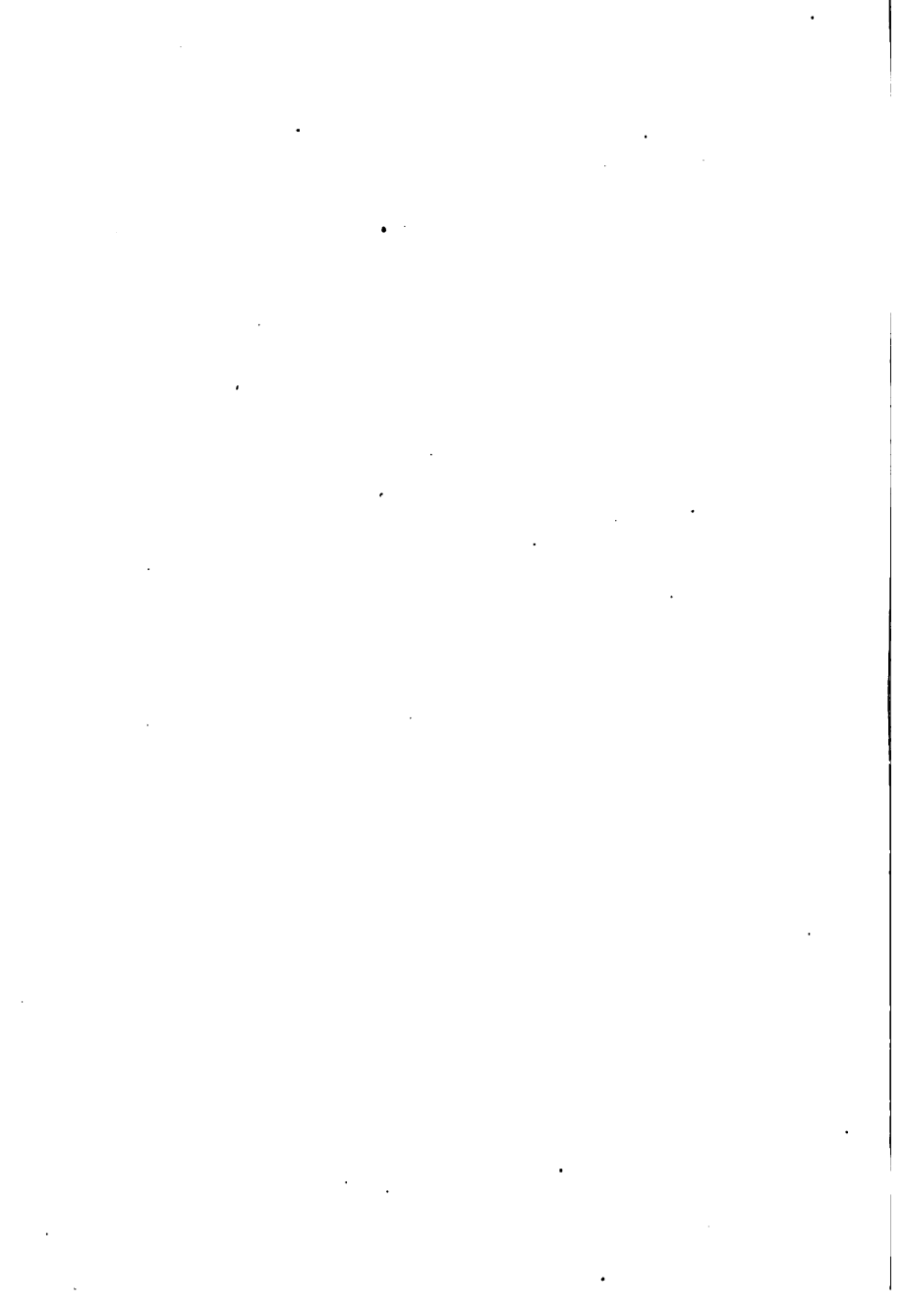
"I know you, Makota!"

Not the slightest discomposure qualified the Englishman's tone. Within reach of his right hand was a



"TUAN BESAR IS NOT ALONE!"—p. 180.





dressing-table on which stood a case of pistols, but he made no movement to touch it.

"You do not fear me?" came the voice from the darkness; not harsh, nor of much volume, but with a certain metallic property in its rise and fall.

"I do not, Pangeran. If you intended harm to me, you could have used your kris a moment since. Now, we are face to face and in the dark."

A more politic answer could not have been given to such a questioner. It was in the true vein of Oriental diplomacy—either a compliment or a menace. The hearer might take it as a tribute to his scorn of assassination and worthiness of the frank trust leaving him yet in the cover of night, or as a contemptuous intimation that, having lacked the hardihood to strike before discovery, he was not to be dreaded when confronted on equal terms. Makota responded as characteristically:

"The Malay's skin may be darker than the orang sirani's, but his heart is white. The grain of tin comes black from the mine, but within is a brightness more than silver."

By the lightning, now flashing nearer and more frequently, the master of the chamber could discern that his uninvited visitor had a look and bearing, fitfully as they were shown, more indicative of prompt purpose than was at all usual to his tortuous genius.

"You are not here to-night, Pangeran, to talk pantuns—poems," said the Rajah. "How came you to enter so secretly? My door is open to any man in Pulo Kalamantan."

"I would not meet Budrudeen," was the answer, in a low, harsher tone.

"The brave Pangeran is not here yet."

"I wished to see Tuan Besar alone," returned the

Malay, in a hissing whisper. "From my prahu I watched until the gong called for lights. I am no stranger here."

"Three years ago your own house was upon this spot, I know, Makota, and your own conscience may tell you why it is now necessary for you to come in by a window when the night shows no stars."

"But not as an enemy, Rajah. I stood at your elbow when you put out the lights, and you saw me not. Would an enemy have spared you then?"

"Enemy, or not, you have chosen for yourself. I have been no enemy of yours, except as you elected to plot and instigate against my action on behalf of the integrity of your own sovereign. You might have been my best-esteemed friend in this island. When I first came to Sarāwak, who but you and young Budrudeen were my chosen counsellors? I selected you, Pangeran, for your intelligence, your superiority to the ways of other princes around you, to lend me special help in saving the province from utter ruin. At Sinia-wan, when you and your associate, Subtu, were hard pressed by the rebels, I and my twelve Europeans gave you that great victory on the plain. Budrudeen and the noble young Illanaon, Si Tundo, were my aides in thus enabling you to return to Muda Hassim's presence a conqueror, and be by him exalted as such before the Sultan. And how did you repay me? Because the Sultan invested me with a rajahship not wanted by yourself, you became from thenceforth my enemy, as well as the bandhara's. You entrapped my friend, Si Tundo, to a treacherous death, while I was absent in Singapore. You sought to bribe my servant to place arsenic in my rice. You secretly prompted the Sultan of Sambas to help the Sarebas and Sakarran sea-wolves against Tuan Keppel and myself. You were the known

adviser of the pirate Shereef Sahib at Patusen, and your own piratical den was burned with his, and your cannon captured by Budrudeen. And how did I punish your murders and treachery? When it was for me but to have dropped my handkerchief and a score of krisses would have drank your blood, I only banished you from Sarāwak. When, after the last fight on the Sakarran, you were my prisoner, caught red-handed, I had you brought to me on the deck of the *Phlegethon*, and told you you were free!"

Sitting with his back to the fiercer-growing elemental strife outside, and his eyes fixed to catch every change revealed by the flashes upon the face confronting him within, the Englishman went over this notorious passage of recent Borneon history with a dispassionate calmness of narrative made the more like an irrevocable utterance of the passionless Fates themselves by the accompaniment of thunder and rain.

"It is Allah's truth!" confessed the Malay, his voice rising shrilly. "I have been against you, Tuan Besar, and you have spared my life when it was in your hands. But this night I am here as your friend, your slave—I swear it by the beard of the Prophet! Trust me, and answer what I would ask: Shall you go with the ships to Bruni?"

"You know it, Pangeran."

"Will the ships stay at Point Sapo, or go up to the city?"

"They will anchor before Bruni."

A tremendous clap of thunder and blinding burst of light made the other flinch and pause before replying:

"Usop will not yield."

"Then the guns will settle it, Makota. Those English sailors must be surrendered to the ships of England, if Bruni is destroyed to secure it."

By this time the rain was falling in a vertical torrent through air unstirred by the faintest breeze ; the lightning flashing incessantly to a continuous rumble of thunder. It was the culmination of one of those frequent showers of the dry monsoon in Borneo, when, after hours, perhaps, of ominous gathering, the tempest seems to melt all at once into a windless space of water and fire, and then be over as suddenly as it began. In the glare at this moment filling the bed-chamber the tawny face of the Malay prince was like a livid mask, the coal-black beard and eyebrows intensifying its pallor.

"Turn those guns upon the palace, Rajah, and the musnud of Borneo is yours !" cried Makota, involuntarily stepping forward, to be heard above the storm, his eyes glittering and white teeth showing. "What is Hamet Ali but an old woman, fit only for his harem and talking jars ? What is Muda Hassim but a dotard, and Budrudeen but a boy ? Think you Usop and Makota could have opposed you, Tuan Besar, if this babbling usurper of the musnud had not been ever secretly false to you ? His very title of Sultan is a coinage of the foreign sirani, whom he has flattered for the sake of their gifts. Strike him down with your guns, and Makota will summon fifty Pangerans, and the shereefs, Sahib and Jaffer, with their valiant Dyaks, to make the Rajah of Sarāwak the true *lang de per tuam*—Lord who Rules—of Pulo Kalamantan !"

The excited speaker poured out these words with such resistless impetuosity that his amazed auditor could not restrain him until the whole perfidious proposition had been uttered. Then, however, the Rajah was upon his feet in a wrathful instant, and the gong crashed loudly at his blow.

"Out of the window with you, audacious traitor !"

he ejaculated, fiercely ; moving aside a pace, and pointing, in the dimming lightning-flash, to the low casement : "Traitor alike to your sovereign, your faith, and your blood—away ! before those come who may be less merciful than I."

Gliding noiselessly to the open window, and resting with one knee on the sill for a moment, a shadowy turbaned form against the fainter-glimmering, hushing outer gloom ; the foiled tempter had the temerity to speak once more, though there were sounds of approaching feet.

"The hand you have scorned knows how to find the kris."

"Out with you, miscreant !"

"This for your friends !" hissed the Malay, leaping forth ; the lights, coming into the room at the instant, reaching no more of him than was like a second's falling star in the glint thrown back by drawn steel.

"My friends !" echoed the Rajah, as he turned to dismiss his servants again. "Ah, a vain boast, the rascal !"

By the fresh candles he sat down to re-read the last letters from his English home, and was presently lost peacefully in them, as the storm in the sweet breath of grateful flowers.

## CHAPTER IX.

### OSHONSEE AT HOME.

HALF a day's sail up the Sarāwak from Kuchin are the war-scarred ruins of the once-thriving Dyak village of Leda Tanah, where the river divides into two branches: that to right going past Siniawan and the scene of the decisive rebel defeat in 1841; while the left, skirting a pebbly sandbank formed by the junction of the two branches, runs through a dim archway of mighty trees and creepers into the mountains.

At anchor in the opening of this latter umbrageous vista was the *Wettevreden* awaiting Mr. Effingham and his exploring party from the Simunjon region, whither they had gone, by sea or river, as happened to be immediately practicable, under the generously subsidized guidance of Pa Jenna.

Mr. Effingham, Mr. Dodge, and the Rajah's representative, Mr. Williamson, had undertaken the adventurous trip in company; the latter gentleman essaying it as preliminary to a more extended official progress appointed for later in the year; and it was upon Mr. Dodge's urgent solicitation that his chief consented to rest for awhile in the home of their Dyak pilot, on the way from the point of embarkation on the prahu to the deeper waters where the brig was to be found. Their return was by a course different from that of their advance, which had been by schooner along the coast to Sadong river, and up that stream to the Simunjon. It gave them a signal experience of the hard travel of a wild country; and when the prahu of the Dyak chief was reached on the Sarāwak branch, and the *Wettevre-*

den known to be only a few miles farther on, all were glad enough at the approaching end of the journey to assent to almost any reasonable proposition. Moreover, as, by Mr. Effingham's invitation, Colonel Daryl was to have come up by the brig on his visit to Doctor Hedland, the merchant thought it friendly to take the chance of finding that gentleman, and having his society back to Kuchin.

Going down the mountain stream toward its wood-walled entrance into the main river, a stretch of rice fields, primitively trenched and embanked, was passed, and then, half way up the steep slant of a densely wooded hill, the travelers beheld the village of Pa Jenna and the Naturalist.

Not only were a series of bamboo ladders necessary for the scaling of the acclivity to the woodland foundation of this lofty hamlet, but a vertical ascent of more than thirty feet had yet to be accomplished by similar means; for the one great house, five hundred feet long, was elevated that distance into the air on a decapitated grove of iron-wood. Mr. Dodge instinctively took the lead even of the Ilanaon Dyak in this arduous surmounting; with the remark that he was "inured to every climb;" and exhibited so many feats of muscular agility that his less suicidal followers exchanged notes of impatient wrath.

Arriving finally at the level of the vast human eyrie, the climber emerged upon an enormous veranda, or gallery, fully six yards in width, with stout bamboo flooring, and a fence of bamboo pickets lashed with rattan along the edge, where the tops of palms appeared; this airy platform extending unbrokenly around the whole one-housed village of nearly three hundred people. Narrow doors, or gates, opened upon it, at short intervals, from the adjoining quar-



ters of fifty families, and at longer intervals stood benches bearing stone slabs, which were the culinary fireplaces of the community. Only by occasional variation of height in the peaked roofs of palm "ataps," as one addition after another had been made, could any particular habitation be distinguished from its neighbor, except at the centre of the row, where a taller, round structure, with conical top, broke the sky-line picturesquely. This was the head-house of the village, devoted in the upper part to the "smoked" heads won by the warriors in days prior to Sarāwak civilization, and in the lower to the sleeping accommodation of the unmarried men.

Few human figures, and those apparently decrepit old people and nearly nude children, were scattered over the long bamboo walk; for husbands and brothers were away fishing, or hunting turtles' eggs, or perhaps on trading prahus; and wives and sisters were not yet returned from their work in the rice-fields. Pa Jenna, who was the Orang-Kaya, or chief man, of this now deserted village, waited until some of the guard and sailors of their boat had brought up the nankeen cloth, gunpowder, confectionery, beads and Chinese toys, which Mr. Effingham designed leaving as presents, and then led the way to his own private quarters, near the head-house. Very readily the merchant and Mr. Williamson followed, being inclined for shade and rest, and willing to evade the attention they and their train were attracting from such villagers as were at home. Not so, however, Mr. Dodge, who, feeling "first-rate" in that rarefied air, as he expressed himself, and catching sight of an object of interest some distance off, was disposed for a brief promenade before retiring in-doors.

The object of interest was sitting in a huddled pos-

ture upon a bench of cane-work against the front of the last house of the row, and, on more particular inspection, had a European aspect, that might well have excited the curiosity of all the new-comers, if they had been disposed at the time to notice it. For more than a moment the keen-eyed gentleman from Singapore suspected that this might be the ungracious naturalist himself, purposely abstaining from recognizing visitors, whom he might be likely to view in the light of unwelcome intruders. The drooping attitude suggested advanced years, not to speak of what looked like a cane under the chin; and the outline of the costume, excepting the round, peaked hat common to the country, was that of civilized dress. Willing to conciliate the suppositious Doctor by early civility, with a view to the renewal of a certain zoological proposal, Mr. Dodge advanced cautiously to a nearer view, but went slower and slower as more of the details of the motionless form became distinct to him. Now he saw, that, while coat and trousers were undoubtedly the rusty black articles familiar to the stocks of an army of old-clothes dealers, the supposed cane was one of the sticks used by Dyak women to beat out cotton before spinning, and that an empty tobacco-pipe was held against the proper aperture in a marvelously bearded face by means of a perforated strip of palm-leaf fastened behind the head.

Soon assured that it could not be Doctor Hedland he was approaching, the curious investigator was fairly stealthy in his step at last, until almost upon the inert sitter. Then, with an actual skip, he finally confronted his puzzling object, and, stooping unceremoniously for a closer view of the face, slapped a knee resoundingly.

"Upon my word, it's the Mias himself, all in training for the show!" was Mr. Dodge's startled exclamation. "How are you, old boy?" he continued,

positively dancing around the clumsy shape and sparing at it exuberantly. "How are things going, old chap? What do you say to Barnum's Museum, old—"

The salutation went no farther, for, with a celerity of transfiguration little short of magic, the seeming little old goblin of the downcast hairy face became instantly an erect and furiously jumping incarnation of chattering rage, and his stick came down upon the pugilistical disturber's unguarded shoulders with prodigious force and clatter!

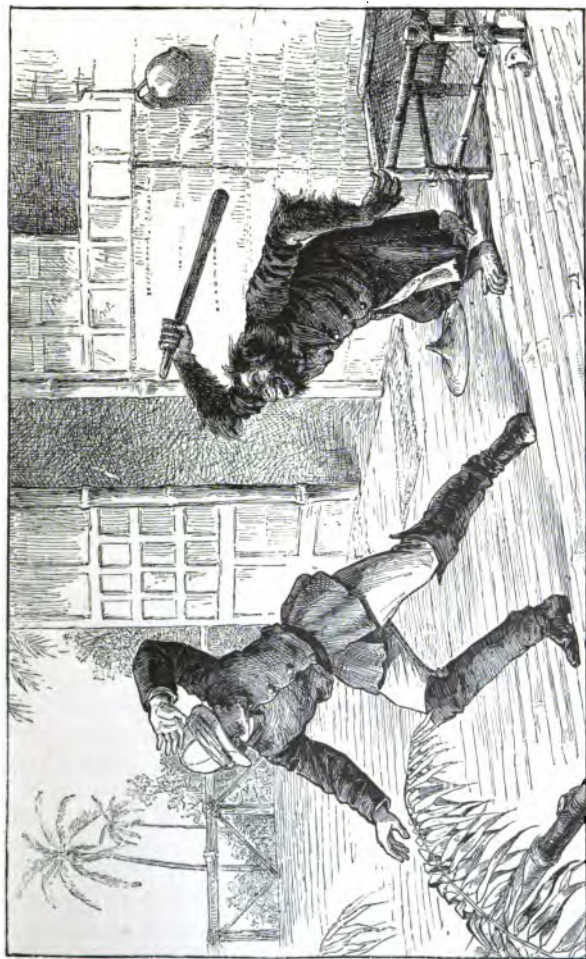
"O-shon-see! O-shon-see! O-shon-see!" croaked, or coughed, or pumped the infuriated creature, raining blows with irresistible rapidity upon the instinctively upraised arms of the bewildered and mechanically retreating man. The band with the pipe in it had slipped below the chin, and the astounding animal, leaping, chattering and slashing, had a frightful appearance of smoking from his shaggy neck.

"Halloa, there! Come, somebody!" called the belabored Dodge, retreating helplessly yet around the bend of the veranda as it turned the corner of the house.

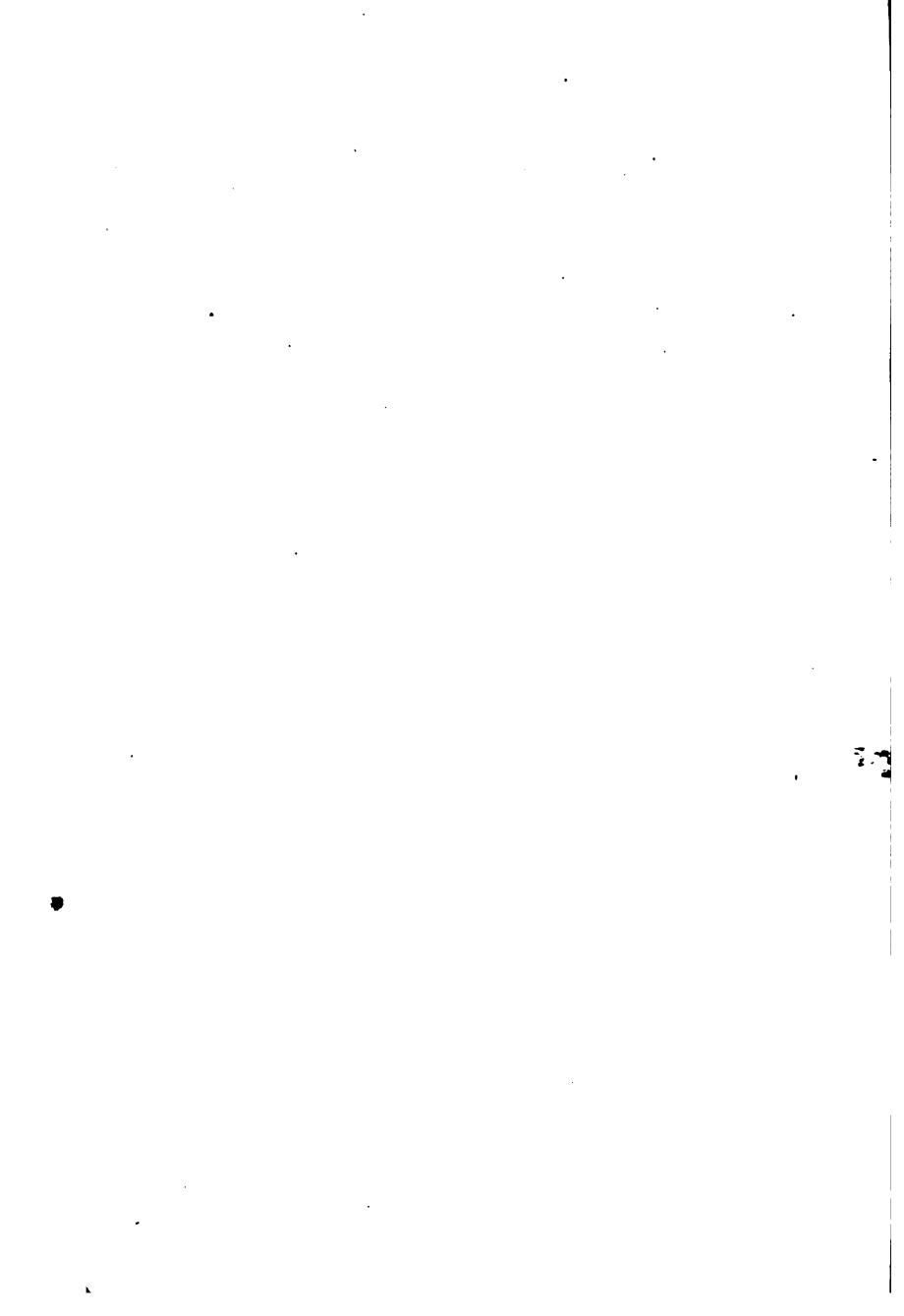
A heavy tramp or shuffle sounded suddenly behind him. A sharp, authoritative "Oshonsee!" made his assailant drop the stick, spring for the bamboo fence, and cling there in complete subjection.

The victim of the assault had scarcely collected his dazed senses sufficiently to recognize Doctor Hedland in the coatless, white-trousered and slippered person of his timely rescuer, when the whole of his own party, attended, of course, by the collective aboriginal age and infancy of the village, came crowding around the corner in hurried surprise.

"Now, what is the meaning of this, sir, if you please?" demanded the owner of Oshonsee, after a stiff bow to the general circle.



"OSHON-SEE! O-SHON-SEE!" CROAKED THE INFURIATED CREATURE, RAINING BLOWS WITH  
IRRESISTIBLE RAPIDITY UPON THE RETREATING MAN.—p. 140.



"It means that you're training your Greatest of Living Curiosities down too fine," said the disheveled Mr. Dodge, tenderly fingering the shoulder on which he had caught it most severely. "I only addressed him with unassuming civility, and made a friendly pass or two at him, perhaps because I was feeling first-rate myself, when what does he do but let at me with a whoop, and I'm beaten black-and-blue."

At Hedland's first question the animal had slipped over the fence and disappeared downward. The naturalist now lost his first expression of anger in a look of keen interest.

"Did you speak to him in English?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know Malayan?"

"I've picked up enough for business. Everybody in Singapore has a smattering, you know."

"If you had used Malayan, he might not have misbehaved. And yet it is curious—curious! You did not strike him, I understand?"

"When I strike, Doctor, it's at a man—an Englishman greatly preferred," said Mr. Dodge, decidedly indignant at the implied indifference to his own injuries. "I merely cut a few cheerful sparring capers around him—he did look such a rum old customer!—and then he was at me like a Donnybrook Fair-y."

Doctor Hedland's black mane and beard, skull-cap, spectacles and florid face could present a formidable concentration of forbidding expression—as, indeed, they had done when he was first recognized; but it was observable that they all acquired a more considerably tolerative air as he listened.

"You must not take offense, sir," said he, "if my naturally absorbing interest in any novel phase of Oshonsee's behavior has made me almost forget to apologize for his rudeness to you."

“‘Rudeness’ is good,” murmured the person addressed.

“Gentlemen, you will all be good enough to pardon my abruptness of manner at being aroused from a siesta in such an emergency,” the Doctor continued, with a conciliatory nod to the wondering merchant and Mr. Williamson. “This animal is now the great study of my life, and almost every day develops some fresh sign of his amazing instinct. For reasons which I can only conjecture, he becomes frenzied at certain sounds. His behavior with our friend here to-day is quite a new thing. In fact, if you, gentlemen, see fit to favor me and my friend, Colonel Daryl, with a call before you leave, I shall take pleasure in explaining to you more fully what peculiar justification I believe that there is for the great scientific importance I am well known to assign to the remarkable creature you have seen.”

Mr. Williamson bowed. Mr. Effingham did the same, but spoke also :

“Thank you, Dr. Hedland. But—excuse me—you mention Colonel Daryl as having arrived ?”

“He came this morning, and is now in my house taking a nap.”

“Then I will not disturb him until later.”

The naturalist regarded him sharply as he spoke, with a new perception.

“Allow me to ask if you are not the American gentleman of Sarāwak ?”

Here Mr. Williamson interposed :

“Mr. Effingham, permit me to make you acquainted with Doctor Hedland.”

“Didn’t you hear the gentleman call me by name ?” snapped the Doctor, hastily. “We have met before, I see, though I did not at first recognize you, Mr. Effingham.”

This was not surprising, as the travelers wore very high top-boots, flannel blouses gathered at the waist by pistol-belts, and sun-helmets. The merchant bore but slight resemblance to his domestic self, and assured the petulant sage that his earlier lack of discernment had been quite excusable.

Pa Jenna, who had first driven the little native rabble away from the vicinity, and then listened to the conversation as gravely as though it had been comprehensible to him, now obeyed Mr. Williamson's signal to lead the way back to his house; Mr. Dodge alone tarrying to observe that the retiring man of science called the mias up the piles and over the veranda-guard again by a low whistle, and took the animal with him into a detached building that connected with the bend of the veranda by a dizzy bridge of bamboo.

In the chief apartment of the Orang-Kaya's residence, lighted, like all its neighbors, only through the doorway and an uplifted flap in the roof, our trio of guests made themselves as comfortable as possible while their host was warming a luncheon of salt fish and coffee on the fireplace outside. Benches formed of halves of logs, slightly hollowed, were the exclusive furniture of the room, and, but for a bottle of Javanese arrak and two bottles of dry sherry, presently brought to them by a handsome native lad, with Tuan Hedland's compliments, the interval between active incidents might have been a dull one.

"Now there you have the man, exactly," commented Mr. Williamson. "He is like a mangosteen, with all his roughness and acidity on the outside. You observed how offish and testy he was with me? That was because I am Mr. Brooke's aide and interpreter; having accepted the position he himself threw up, when he and the Rajah first came to Singapore. Yet, for all



his wholly gratuitous dislike of Mr. Brooke and my humble self, he would not require much placation to invite us to become his own guests here."

"I suppose this must be 'Cape' wine he's sent us," hinted Mr. Dodge, smacking over a cup of the sherry.

The aide smiled feebly, and looked as though he did not care to commit himself in speech.

"—Because, you 'll observe it comes from a Hedland — 'cape or headland,' as the geographers say."

"How long has the gentleman been settled here?" asked Mr. Effingham, stonily oblivious to the trivial interruption.

"I suppose about a year; ever since the Pangeran Makota procured this mias for him," answered the Englishman, who did not half appreciate their friend's style of humor. "The beast belonged to the Malay, and is said to have come from somewhere in the wildest interior of Borneo. And it is really a strange specimen, differing greatly from any hitherto known to Europeans. This village is made up chiefly of the Sibnowan tribe of Dyaks Laut, the most intelligent of the partly reclaimed Sea-Dyaks, though their Orang-Kaya is an Illanaon by origin, and after being liberated from slavery to Malayan captors, by the Rajah, was not finally made the loyal subject to us that he now is, until we fined him nearly two hundred pounds for taking the head of a rival chief. All Europeans are as beings of supernatural power to these simple-minded aborigines, and, for that matter, to their old Malay masters also, and Hedland is an autocrat here. He has reformed their dress and manners to a degree, given them Sunday expositions from the Scriptures, and the village now sends more rice, fruits, mats, baskets and beeswax to Kuchin than any other in the province."

Here Pa Jenna reappeared, with his fish on curious

bronze plates, and the coffee in sailors' pewter cups. A form of partaking at least the latter was observed by the gentlemen, to whom thereafter came Colonel Daryl, with many polite expressions of pleasure at meeting them.

In their journey to Simunjon the explorers had climbed into several Dyak villages and encountered the shock of as many "head-houses." Nevertheless they were not repelled from visiting the chamber of horrors yet retained by the villagers of the Sarāwak. As already introduced, it was a round, central structure, with a roof shaped like a Chinese hat. Looking upward from the spacious interior, ranged about with the hollowed half-log benches and couches of the bachelors of the community, the visitors could see hundreds of blackened and hideously-painted ragged balls, suspended from a network of beams by rattan cords, and swinging grimly to the breeze admitted by a series of round openings near the eaves. These were the ghastly trophies of many years' head-hunting. Some had been gained in war, but a majority came singly, the prizes of individual "hunters" to placate sweethearts, or do honor to the memory of the dead, or supply a requisite basketed appointment of one of the tribal spear-dances.

"The simple-minded Dyak certainly understands how to get ahead in the world," remarked Mr. Dodge, his face upturned, hands in pockets, and feet very widely apart.

"Can that object ever really have served a human being as a head?" questioned Mr. Effingham, pointing to a thing shaped like a great potato, hanging where the light from the nearest opening in the wall struck fully upon it at the moment.

Mr. Williamson spoke to Pa Jenna in Malayan, and learned from him that the head in question was the last

that had been taken. A young man of the village wished to propitiate the maid of his affections with the traditional offering, and as head-hunting was already under the ban of even Malay law, had much difficulty in securing his trophy. Nevertheless he succeeded, in some way, at last, and there hung the head.

"It must have belonged to a man not high in the scale of intelligence," and the merchant stared at it doubtfully through his eye-glasses.

"It certainly does not look at all human," assented the Colonel, staring curiously also. "I was in here this morning, soon after my arrival, and did not then notice the peculiarity of shape. Probably the light is on it so strongly as this, only at certain hours."

"I have seen the skull of a Panam woman," Mr. Williamson observed, "and it was almost like a cocoonut. The Panams are one of the aboriginal tribes of the interior, and the Malays insist that they live in trees, and are hunted like animals by the Anga-Anga Mountain people."

"If you ever happen to meet a lady of that tribe in this life, Mr. Williamson," cried Mr. Dodge, with professional quickness, "you might casually mention to her that my friend, Mr. Barnum, would cheerfully engage her at two hundred rupees a week and expenses."

The craniological discussion closed at that point, and all went back to the veranda. Colonel Daryl took temporary leave to rejoin Doctor Hedland; not, however, without admonishing the later guests to remember their own virtual appointment with that scientist; and then the two Americans and their genial English associate moved forward to the bamboo pickets for a survey of the return of the villagers from their labors of the day. Between the topmost fronds of palms growing close to the piles of their aerial perch, and over the sinking

heads of others clustering thickly down the slope, the men had a dizzy bird's-eye view of their dwarfed prahu far below, with dots of little canoes putting into the shore all around it. There was a rising hum in the rosy sunset air, coming more syllabled to their ears every moment. From the canoes flitted figures which were quickly lost in the waterside jungle, and while the observers were watching for their reappearance farther up, a chorus of shrill laughter from the roots of the great iron-wood piles suddenly proclaimed the proximity of a throng of women, who had come around the side of the hill from the rice-fields beyond, and were tripping up the last train of ladders like a flight of domesticated doves. Presently up they all came, streaming upon the veranda at twenty different points; the women in pointed hats of plaited rattan, sleeveless jackets and bedangs, or petticoats, of gayly-striped native cloth, and curious bodices, made of strips of bamboo, bound together with fine brass wire; the men in caps made, turban-like, of elastic bark, Malay blouses, sarongs (or tartans, worn as sashes) and short trousers—and all with larger or smaller ear-rings, the parang-latok, or harvest-sword, at the waist, and a basket or bundle of some sort on head or shoulder.

Pa Jenna's authoritative interposition was necessary to avert an immediate congestion of the picturesque human upwelling around the three strangers, whom the returning multitude discovered with much round-eyed and ejaculatory surprise. The Orang-Kaya briefly explained that these siranis were known to Tuan Hedland and under the protection of himself and his "antu;" whereupon the variegated stream flowed on again, with a resumed chorus of not unmelodious chatter and laughter, and soon all the different houses of the long row had their great roof-flaps lifted and many

doors open, and fires began kindling for the day's last meal.

Later on, in the final splendid flush of the sky, before the tender pallor of twilight, the whole veranda was a bustling street, full of characteristic figures and groups. Before many doors were pairs and trios of black-eyed tawny belles (with falls of beaded cloth on their luxuriant midnight locks now), threshing paddy or husk-rice with long clubs in wooden troughs, or, mayhap, winnowing it with primitive shovel and fan. Elsewhere sat plaiters of mats and baskets, while everywhere lounged the fishers, hunters and sailors of the day chewing the eternal betel and furtively watching the strangers.

A bringing forth of divers bamboo vessels of Tuak, or tribal home-brewed beer, by bebies of damsels whose smiles revealed teeth dyed with the expressed sap of "sinka" wood, involved a proffer of hospitality of which only Mr. Dodge was bold enough to partake, and betokened a kinship with lower mortals for this village in the air.

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## CHAPTER X.

### DR. HEDLAND DELIVERS A LECTURE.

CONNECTING by a movable, V-shaped foot-bridge, or batang, of bamboo, with the great veranda compassing the main village, the detached house of the naturalist was in other respects similar to the ordinary Dyak habitation, save that, in addition to the common hinged flap in the roof, it boasted several square openings in the sides for windows. Then, again, at a depth of eight or nine feet below the flooring, on the supporting piles of

*metrosideros vera*, or iron-wood, a platform had been constructed, in an inclosure of rattan matting, for the storage of the casks of medicated arrack used by the Doctor in preserving the skins of animals, his arsenical preparations for birds, butterflies and other small specimens, and his reserve of ammunition. Yet lower, a second platform, walled from all outer inspection with *Nypa* "ataps," was the bedchamber of the wonderful mias; and from thence to the ground only mossy and creeper-wreathed piles obstructed a view of the great iron vat in which the flesh was boiled from the skeletons of beasts worth anatomical retention. Ladders at practicable angles led down through the whole interior, from a trap in the floor of the house; none appearing on the exterior.

In the house itself, formerly belonging to the panglima, or chief-warrior, of the tribe, there were three compartments; a dormitory on either side of a much larger central room. The latter was where the American merchant and Mr. Williamson found Doctor Hedland and Colonel Daryl awaiting them that evening, with Oshonsee, (no longer disguised in human attire,) on a bench upon the low table beside which they were sitting.

Several clumsy oil-lamps, of the same native pottery with the rude naga, or dragon, jars of the Dyaks, were so disposed on the table as to concentrate what rays they could produce upon the docile, sleepily-blinking wild-man-of-the-woods, and the light elsewhere diffused gave but dim definition to such surrounding furniture as a swinging shelf of books; a tall bamboo framework, like a printer's case, on which rested a volume of commercial-ledger aspect and an inkstand; several cane chairs of as many different shapes; guns and butterfly-nets hanging by rattan-loops from the undistinguishable beams, and so on.

When the two guests first caught sight of this rather sinister interior, upon the opening of the door for them by a voiceless Dyak attendant, they were not greatly surprised to see Dr. Hedland press a significant finger to his lips as he hastily advanced to receive them. An admonition of silence was in keeping with the general suppressing tone of the whole scene.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," began the naturalist in French; "but I did not wish you to speak in English. Colonel Daryl and I talk in the best French we can muster, to avoid the extraordinary excitement any sound of English occasions in this animal—as you saw, for yourselves, to-day. Since you must depart from here to-morrow, I sent Kalong to invite your presence immediately. Do I make myself intelligible?"

The new-comers nodded assent; and Mr. Effingham added, in very good French, that Mr. Dodge's experience of "tuak," very temperate though it was, had obliged the gentleman to forego the pleasure of his proposed call, in favor of an early couch.

"Well, that I regret," remarked the Doctor; "for I hoped to induce him to repeat his performance of to-day with Oshonsee. It involved a new and (to me) suggestive illustration of the creature's intimations of reason. Mr. Dodge should know enough of Borneo, by this time, to run from that villainous tuak, though those young Dyak witches might persuade Saint Anthony himself. But I suppose we must do without him. Now draw up to the table, if you please, gentlemen, and I'll get through with the mias as soon as possible."

In obedience to an order, in his own tongue, the attendant Dyak, Kalong, brought forward chairs, and then two bottles of the Doctor's port and some cheroots. When the party were seated, it was observed that the table held also a small metal tub of water, with a small

shelf around the rim on which were ranged a number of cocoanut shells, seemingly linked together by a cord.

And now that the most famous of orang-outans, or miases, was seen close at hand, and in his natural aspect, the visitors remarked, with exchange of surprised glances, that he differed, in many startling particulars, from the wild members of his species observed by them on the Simunjon. Doctor Hedland noticed their looks, and could not repress a complacent chuckle, as—after a cup of the wine in amicable pledge—he arose and placed a caressing hand on Oshonsee's nearer shoulder.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, with spectacles pushed up on forehead, "I wish to avail myself of the only opportunity I am ever likely to have in Borneo, for explaining to educated men, of my own race, why I place so high a value and bestow so much exclusive study upon a specimen of natural history that vulgar rumor has represented to be no more than a common *mias pappan*. I propose to show to you, so far as I can and with as few technical terms as possible, that, while the animal is an anthropomorphous ape, he is so far beyond the most intelligent type of tailless simiæ yet known to European science, and so far short of any actual human assimilation, that he must be a hybrid of species not yet included in the hundred-and-thirty different monkey kinds at present known to man."

This exordium had in it a certain tone of covert dogmatical defiance, that made even the Colonel uncomfortable lest his friend should drift into some ludicrous extravagance at the next stage.

"But before going further in this vein," proceeded the speaker, clasping his hands behind him, "let me premise that I do not really believe this creature belongs to Borneo. Makota pretends to have procured him for me from a district belonging to himself beyond the Madi



Mountains, whither no European has yet penetrated. He has assured me that the animal was carried to the sea, and then brought down the coast, at his command, by the Bajows, or sea-gypsies. I suspect, however, that he clings to this representation, because, when expressing to him my wish to secure a large mias, on my first acquaintance with him in Bruni, I particularized the Borneon species. I am sure in my own mind that Oshonsee came from Sumatra, where his species is said to attain higher stature, and to walk erect on the ground more frequently, than on this island. Probably Makota persists in his assertion because he cannot understand the scientific aspect of the matter, and suspects that I question him from a secret fear of my own that the animal is not veritably Borneon. I hope to get the full truth from him eventually, as it is very essential to my purpose. Hence I keep on good terms with the fellow; have made him many presents; and, above all, did not interpose, as I might have done, only a short time ago, when our friend, Pa Jenna, allowed his daughter, Amina, to go up to the Sadong with the Pangeran as his wife—her older sister, Inda, being already a wife to the Pangeran Budrudeen. It is to my interest, as a man of science, to retain the good will of Makota, whatever the new politicians of Kuchin may think of it."

"They do not think of it at all, Hedland; as I have so often assured you. Or, at any rate, not in an unamiable way," retorted the Colonel, stanchly. Mr. Williamson smiled.

"Well, it shall be precisely as they please," was the curt rejoinder.

The naturalist took the strangely passive Oshonsee by a wrist, and made him rise from the bench and stand erect.

"Set the clock," ordered the master, in Malayan.

With a shuffling step, as though fearful of slipping,

the mias advanced to the metallic tub on the table, tilted one of the cocoanut shells from the rim into the water, with a finger, and returned.

"That is a prahu clock, such as is used for keeping watches at sea. There are a dozen of those shells, each with a fine hole in the bottom to secure the filling of the shell with water, by its own weight, in exactly an hour. You have seen how it is set, and that the shells are tied to each other by certain lengths of cord. In one hour the shell that Oshonsee has floated will sink. In so doing it will strike the bottom of the tub with a noise, and also pull the next shell from the rim into the water, by its cord, for the next hour. And so the clock will run, as accurately as any chronometer, for twelve hours. It would not be difficult to mark the shells with a scale of the sixty minutes, and so have them registered by water, also."

As a curiosity, in itself, the Malayan time-keeper deserved some attention; yet the Doctor had not intended it to receive the chief notice in the episode of its employment.

"I see," said Mr. Williamson, "that your satyrus, besides being extraordinarily long in his legs, does not walk on the sides of his soles, in the usual manner of his kind. He and the Rajah's 'Betsy' move like animals of wholly different species."

"Ah, you observed that!" resumed the naturalist, in a gratified tone. "He certainly does tread on his knuckles yet when moving on all-fours; but you must perceive that his knees turn out less than those of the common *pithecus satyrus*. And in his upright movement, without support, you must have noticed, also, a firmness of tension in the action of the hip-joint, as though the femur had the *ligamentum teres* by which the human leg is braced for walking. Remark, too, that

his thumbs turn less into the palms than with the wild mias. Now all these approximations to human traits have been developed since the animal came under my training."

"But his extraordinary length of leg can hardly be an educational result, sir?" intimated Mr. Effingham.

Doctor Hedland took the remark very graciously, and answered, with animation—

"To a certain degree—yes! By accustoming him to an erect attitude I have appreciably modified the original oblique articulation of his lower extremities. It remains true yet, however, sir, that the legs are longer than those of any ape familiar to science. But I have some comparative measurements to give you of an even more curious suggestiveness."

By this time the man of science was warmly into his favorite subject, and, with hand again upon a hairy shoulder of the well-trained mias, looked, in the flickering light, like a fantastic necromancer placing a spell upon his familiar demon. In white linen blouse and nether garments; his black beard, lank hair, inky eyebrows and skull-cap made more intensely sombre by contrast, and giving a startling distinctiveness to the long, florid face, lustrous with moisture, and glasses flashing high on his lofty forehead; he was an ominous figure in group with the great ape. While the three spectators; their own countenances barely within the wavering circle of the lamp-rays, and gloom all round and above them; might have fancied themselves present at a forbidden incantation in some secret cavern of the Equatorial wilderness.

"It is my conclusion," went on the Doctor, "from all that I have studied of Buffon, Cuvier, Owen, the new man, Darwin, and others; from all my inquiries of Malays and Dyaks, and from all that I have been

able to observe for myself, that at least four species of miasas can be found on this island and in Sumatra. Makota knows only the larger or Mias Pappan, and the smaller, or Mias Rombi. Pa Jenna and some of the Dyaks Darrat, or native peasants, have assured me of the existence of a third species, or Mias Kassar, around the head waters of the river Coti, just east of the Anga-Anga mountains. The probable fourth species, of the *simia Abellii*, is undoubtedly the Sumatran.

"Now the question is, to which species does this mias here belong? By his stature he should be a Pappan, yet his height, of five feet, is more, by over six inches, than that of the largest orang-outan ever before captured. The Pappans—called by Owen *simia Wurmbii*—have callosities on either side of the face; which this mias has not; neither has the Rombi, nor Kassar. The Pappan's hair is blackish-brown on the body and black on the face; Oshonsee's hair, as you see, is brownish-red throughout—like that of the supposed Sumatran mias. The Kassar (*simia Morio*), once erroneously taken for the female of the Pappan, has small teeth, and no ridges rising from the front of the head, as has the Pappan.

"Oshonsee's teeth are like man's, and he shows no frontal ridges. Notice his nose; there is the septum, or partition of the nostrils, very much alike in man and ape; but the outer curve of his nostrils, you see, is not confluent with the cheek, as in all known Borneon miasas. The query arises: do the stature of the tallest conceivable Pappan, the coat and face of the Rombi, and the teeth and forehead of the Kassar come together in the reported *simia Abellii* of Sumatra; and has the Sumatran mias also the nose and long legs of Oshonsee? I lean to that supposition, because this animal in our presence cannot be either a Pappan, or a Rombi, or a Kassar."

The scientist paused for a long breath, and Colonel Daryl spoke :

"Haven't you spoken of him as a hybrid, Doctor ?"

"I have. But I believe him to be a hybrid of species not yet found in Borneo. His excess of height, alone, not to mention a lack of proportionate width of extended arms, shows that he can be no Pappan."

"Is the gain of stature by the legs, only ?" inquired Mr. Williamson.

"I may say yes to that. From hip to heel he measures two feet ten inches ; or one foot less than a tall man, and six inches more than the largest known Pappan."

"I really cannot understand, Dr. Hedland, what you are making him out to be," observed the American merchant.

"I am by no means sure," was the frank answer, "that I know that, exactly, myself. But allow me, gentlemen, to give you the general measurements of this animal, which, excepting his stature, legs and circumference of head, are about the same as those of the full-grown great mias Pappan. With them I'll give the corresponding average human proportions, for suggestion's sake. In breadth across outstretched arms, from finger-tip to finger-tip, the mias is seven feet, nine inches ; man is two feet less, or twelve inches less by each arm. In lengths of feet and hands mias and man are about alike—twelve inches for foot, and an inch or two less for hand. Across the shoulders, again, they do not differ much, the mias measurement being one foot, six inches. Under the arms the mias circumference is three feet, to the three to four feet of man ; and around the ribs he is three and three-quarters, or near the human average.

"When we come to the neck, even as with his legs,

Oshonsee differs more from his own known species than he does from mankind. A large mias Pappan measures two feet, four inches, around the neck; man perhaps a foot less; and Oshonsee, one foot, nine. From forehead to chin, the Pappan, nine and three-quarter inches; man eight and a half inches; Oshonsee, a fraction below nine inches. Across face below eyes, the Pappan (including callosities), thirteen inches; man, ten inches, and Oshonsee the same. Ear to ear, over top of head, the Pappan, nine and a-half inches; man, fourteen and a quarter inches; Oshonsee, twelve and a quarter inches. From ear to ear behind the head, the Pappan nine and three-quarter inches; man, ten and a half inches; Oshonsee, not quite ten inches. The brain capacity of the Pappan is from twenty-six to twenty-seven cubic inches, and that of Oshonsee thirty—as near as I can judge. You'll remember the leg measurements, which I gave before; the Pappan, of the largest known size, two feet, four inches; a tall man, three feet, ten inches; Oshonsee, two feet, ten inches. In comparing length of legs, however, I have given you the measure of a Pappan certainly from four to five inches taller than the one made the standard of my general comparison. Hence, Oshonsee's disproportion is so marked in this respect, that if, being a mias Pappan, the breadth across his extended arms were proportionate to his stature, that breadth should be not much less than ten feet, or four feet more than man's; whereas it is, as I have said, seven feet, nine inches.

"In short, the mias before us is *not* a Pappan, nor a Rombi, nor a Kassar. He belongs to neither the *simia Wurmbii*, nor the *simia Morio*. Are the *simiæ Abellii*, or Dr. Clarke Abel's miasas, a new species, and of *Sumatra*? If so, is Oshonsee a Sumatran ape? He is

not a Borneon, unless this island contains a species of his race wholly unknown to science."

Not caring, apparently, to hear any amateur comments on this nice point of the subject, Doctor Hedland hastened to draw from one of his pockets a small bamboo tube, and handed it to the quadrumanous phenomenon.

"Oshonsee, the gentlemen want fire for their segars," he said, in Malayan.

Taking the article in both hands, the mias drew from the tube a cube of lead, with a hollow in the top filled with tinder. Then he struck the tube down, sharply, over the lead again; as sharply withdrew it; and handed the cube to his master with the tinder a-light.

"They say," remarked the sage, with a grim smile, handing the fire around to the party, "that the lowest order of human intelligence is superior to the highest development of simian brain, if only in the simple matter of making fire. Give the mias permanent need of fire, and he'll learn how to kindle it fast enough. Oshonsee can handle this curious little native kindler quite as adroitly as I can myself; and I question if he doesn't understand its philosophy as well. Some of the Malay and Dyak fire-makers are really puzzling; not to speak of the production of combustion by the rubbing of sticks together, or by boring into a hard wooden block with a pointed club. The metal tube and piston, bringing a spark by compression of air, always bothered me; and so does the Dyak method of laying tinder upon a bit of broken crockery, and striking fire into it with bamboo."

Following this frank confession of his crudity in natural philosophy with a call to his Dyak, Kalong, the Doctor briefly ordered that native mute to convey Oshonsee to bed; and while yet the three auditors of

the lecture were in a subdued stir at the abruptness of the movement, the Dyak led the unresisting mias down from the table, and disappeared with him through a trap in the floor not many paces from where they were sitting.

"I wanted to get back again to our proper English, gentlemen," the Doctor explained, though in a lowered voice; and resumed his own chair, vigorously mopping his face. There was an interval of wine-sipping, and then he went on:

"You all understand now, I presume, what are my reasons for making such a 'hobby,' as Mr. Brooke is pleased to call it, of an animal that even Mr. Effingham's promising youngster has found amusing."

"And the lad's father begs leave to apologize to you, sir, unreservedly, for that impertinence," exclaimed Mr. Effingham, earnestly.

"And I, sir, have to apologize, for my own hastiness of manner in allowing a child's remark to make me discourteous to ladies, no less than to yourself."

A general light laugh followed this conciliatory reference to an episode of which all who were present had heard, and then the naturalist remounted his hobby in phenomenal good humor.

"On that extemporized standing-desk, to our right, is a book in which I put down each day's observations of what I may call Oshonsee's systematic intellectual development. In a few months hence I shall take the creature with me to Europe, and then make public my theory respecting him. In strict confidence, between ourselves, I am firmly convinced that, in this same animal, I have nothing less than an unmistakable clue to discoveries likely to overturn some of the longest-accepted fundamental principles of biology, anthropology, geology—and even Theology!—I'm afraid so!—Unless



I am egregiously in error, this mias goes a long way to disprove Lyell's conclusion as to the extinction of species, and does completely confute Buffon's axiom, that 'that which is the most constant and unalterable in nature is the type or form of each species.' If the mias is what I grow more and more confident that he is, we are on the verge of proof that there has been no extinction of species since the beginning of the world, and may regard it as already demonstrated, that the types and forms of species *do* alter, and run consecutively into each other—"

Darwin's theory of the origin of species, and the accessions of Lyell and others to it, being yet many years off, the auditors of this bold hazard of judgment were rather shocked, as by an extravagance of obvious monomania, than pleased as under a revelation of scientific discovery.

"—For I mean to assert," proceeded the sage, drawing back from the table, and leaning forward to emphasize what he said by pounding with his right fist on his left palm—"I mean to assert that the species to which Oshonsee belongs—whether in some not hitherto explored recess of Borneo, or, as is more likely, in Sumatra—is, by at least two important stages, a nearer approach to human form and type than science has hitherto deemed possible of existence in the world. In form and attributes it is about equidistant from man and from the most man-like example of the Asiatic quadrumana ever before observed.

"I tell you, gentlemen, this mias, or mias-hybrid perhaps, practically bridges the interval between men and simiæ. Between his anatomy and that of our own species there is scarcely as much difference as between the skeletons of Asiatic and African elephants; and his structure varies from that of the Pappan of Borneo, or

any conceivable Borneon hybrid, chiefly in differences which we may imagine possible to have been effected by changing conditions of life through two or three generations.

“Take the human beings of some savage tribe, of lowest intellectual order ; compel them to live in trees, for safety or subsistence ; oblige their every ordinary movement to be made in a bending posture, to clear the boughs perpetually over their heads ; make it their constant necessity to clasp with their feet the boughs upon which they stand ; make their readiest and only safe means of travel the clasping of high twigs with both hands and the swinging of the body’s whole weight from tree to tree—cut these wretches off, absolutely, from sight or influence of any higher order of men—and how many generations of them, think you, would be required to produce a race with lower limbs dwarfed and perverted to obliquity, knees turned outward and foot-soles and great-toes turned inward ; with arms elongated disproportionately by continual perpendicular tension in traveling ; and necks crowded down by incessant stooping, dodging and crouching ? Add to this the intellectual degeneracy no less sure a result of the blank monotony of such a life ; and the consequent decay of the physical mediums of intellectual expression ; and the creatures would only need hair-coatings—which many a civilized man is already curiously afflicted with, below the shaving-line, as any physician can tell you—to be orang-outans !

“On the other hand, train a few generations of selected anthropomorphous apes to live upon the ground, use their hands and feet like men, find variety of mental excitement in everything challenging their notice, wear clothing, develop imitative and imaginative powers from contact with educated mankind, and acquire the social

instinct of pride—and how far removed, do you suppose, their final type would be from man ?”

“Now, really, Hedland,” struck in the Colonel, “you are proving the converse of what I take to be your proposition, as well as the proposition itself. By your reasoning, Oshonsee may as well be a degenerate Man as a regenerate Ape.”

“So he might,” returned the naturalist, his black eyes shining with excitement,” if it were Thinkable that human beings could ever be reduced and limited to the condition requisite for their degradation to apedom. No known race has voluntarily assumed such conditions, and it is Unthinkable that the compulsion thereto could ever be practiced by superior human-kind. Therefore, the ape-Man has, probably, never existed. The process of realizing the man-Ape, however, is Thinkable. We may readily imagine circumstances of country, climate, the adjacency of benevolent mankind, and steady physical regeneracy, at least, therefrom, to account for the evolution of the species of an Oshonsee from that of the Borneon Pappan, or the African chimpanzee, or that other and greatest ape of all, said to have been discovered, just now, by missionaries, in Guinea.”

“You think, then, Doctor Hedland, that, in this species, you have found the link between man and monkey,” remarked Mr. Williamson, doubting his own ears.

“I am sure,” reiterated the Doctor, emphasizing with his fist again, “that the mias procured for me by Makota is either a hybrid mixture of Borneon, Pappan, Rombi and Kassar ; or, possibly, a true Sumatran ape of a new species ; or, more probably, perhaps, a Sumatran hybrid. I am also sure that, whatever island or class he belongs to, he is, structurally and intellectually, an advance over at least half of the interval hitherto believed to be clearly existent between the highest type of simia and

the lowest type of humanity. If I am right, my proposition proves that Buffon is wrong, and that the types and forms of species *are* alterable. By implication it shows, also, that Lyell is, probably, as mistaken in his theory of the extinction of certain species ; since, if, by evolution of one into another, different species can progressively modify their types and forms, it is easy to believe that no one species may ever go totally out of existence."

"This sounds like a startling discovery, undoubtedly," said Mr. Effingham, with intense interest ; "but are you not assuming too much human similitude for your orang-outan, from his purely animal unlikeness to the types of his family with which you are familiar ?"

"Why, you have heard the measurements of his head, sir, as compared with those of man's and the Pappan's. They prove an intellectual development more than ape, if less than man. You have seen him walk upright, unsupported ; though shuffling because the smooth surface of the table is yet insecure to feet more familiar with grass, tree-bark, or rough bamboo floors. If he yet stands on his knuckles, like all miases, and has a protuberant jaw and chin, I shall soon train him to spread his toes (nether fingers, if you choose,) as he is already learning to walk on his soles, regularly ; and I could pick you out thousands of prognathous skulls from among human beings of the lower agricultural classes and city slums of Europe."

The prahu clock had, before now, reminded them of the flight of time by the tapping of a flooded cocoanut-shell on the bottom of its tub and the splash of another in the water, and the gentlemen sat more upright in their chairs, preparatory to a dispersion. The Doctor was becoming husky from so much speaking, and hurried to his peroration :

"I am educating Oshonsee to human ways as rapidly as possible, in the not illogical hope that the process may develop, more to my satisfaction, his unquestionable sensibility to some past human associations. You have seen that I am accustoming him to human dress; he eats the same food with me, using plate, cup and spoon; and I shall soon have him taught to hold and smoke a pipe. I think his affection for me increases through this method of treatment, and that he makes proportionately plainer to me every day the meaning of some of his peculiarities. Ever since he first came into my possession the sound of any word in English has frenzied him beyond control, and made him chatter his 'O-shon-see! O-shón-see!' like a mad creature. When my friend, here, Colonel Daryl, puts on his sword, the animal goes into a paroxysm of terror. From all of which I am sure that English-speaking men, with swords, have at some time been pursuers of Oshonsee in his native wilds. That might have been in Sumatra, when English ships have been there. His demonstration with the stick against Mr. Dodge, to-day, does not altogether explain itself to my mind; for, under all his frenzy at the man's English, I detected something also very like a kind of hysterical glee. But you've had enough for one lecture, gentlemen, and if I have not already justified myself to your intelligences for my high estimate of the importance of this animal to science, volumes more might not avail."

In taking leave for the night, with Mr. Williamson; as he did soon after; the American merchant thanked his host in all hearty sincerity, and spoke to him of that last trophy in the head-house which had seemed to him so curious. The naturalist confessed that his repugnance to the place had prevented his particular notice of the object in question, but promised to ex-

amine it soon ; and—Colonel Daryl agreeing to accompany them back to Kuchin on the *Wellevreden* next day—the Rajah's aide and Mr. Effingham withdrew, under pilotage of the reappearing Kalong, to their quarters in Pa Jenna's house.

The two remaining persons lingered over their cigars and wine in a conversation naturally turning back to their common experiences in other years and scenes ; the Colonel informing his friend of what Mrs. Effingham had told him of the deaths and sorrows since he was a husband and widower in the one hour.

"Man's lot has not much changed since the days of Tacitus, when *spes et præmia in ambiguo ; certa, funera et luctus*," quoted the Doctor, sympathetically.

The prahu clock tapped for midnight, and the exhausted lamps sputtered out, one after another, while old days were yet being recalled ; and the talkers were even tempted out of doors and beyond the bridge, for a noiseless walk on the moonlighted veranda, in list slippers, before seeking their beds.

Scarcely, however, was the ghostly tramp begun, when a figure, without coat and having a handkerchief tied about the head, came tripping fantastically from the shadow of one of the houses.

"Bless me, it's Dodge !" muttered Hedland, halting in amazement.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," enunciated that spectre of his earlier self, somewhat desolately. "I could not attend the monkey lecture. Slight indisposition. Dyak hospitality. I would ask you, however, Doctor Hedland, if you are yet open to liberal negotiations on behalf of my respected principal, Mr. Barnum ?"

"I answered you on that point, sir, at Singapore," said the Doctor, in a mood to be rather amused than angered by the semi-somnambulist's pertinacity ; "and

I'll say to you now, young man, that you'll do credit to yourself and your country by an immediate return to your chamber. Good night to you—it is one o'clock."

"One o'clock!" echoed Mr. Dodge, turning in a large circle to retrace his steps,—“by the feeling of my head it must be nearer half-past Tuak.”

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## CHAPTER XI.

### UNDER THE DURION TREE.

MISS ANKEROO's spiritual inheritance from the Puritan forefathers of her native New England made it impossible for her to be either quiescent or conservative, under what the select little circle of civilized Kuchin society was allowed to know of the latest scientific assumption. Refusing to judge it from any other than the theological point of view, she insisted that its acceptance, in any degree, meant nothing less than a complete renunciation of the Biblical theory of man's special creation in the Divine likeness, and his individual responsibility.

"If we are all to turn atheistic materialists at last, let us at least be honest with ourselves," she said, at the breakfast-table, on the morning after the return of the Simunjon party. "The meaning of all this speculation about the man-ward development of apes is just this: that the Almighty did not create Man as Man, but left him to be a subsequent evolution from progressive elements, which, in the first days of the Universe, may have been but atoms of the atoms gathered from space to form a slowly rounding world. Men being but highly developed brutes, brutes may as well be but highly developed vegetables or fishes; and vegetables, or fishes,

but ultimate animations of land and sea primeval coagulations. To allow one conclusion, is to approve the logic compelling final belief in all; and to believe in any, is to absolve all that is spiritual, moral and intellectual in humanity from any immediate responsibility, to a specifically creating God, and hold it accountable only to the local conventions of the last materialistic development of what may originally have been but so many particles of sand! A nice man this Doctor Hedland must be, to give his unfortunate villagers Christian instructions on Sunday, and then ask three of his educated fellow-beings to credit that a deformed ourang-outan proves, by its very monstrosities, that its race is a natural incipience of ours! And he must talk in French before the creature, because some past painful mental association—yes! nothing less than *mental* association!—makes the frightful animal frantic at the sound of English!

“*Est ce que la tête tourne à cet homme?*” asked Miss Ankeroo, in withering practical satire upon the Doctor’s Gallic resort—“is the man’s head turned by this hateful monkey, that he sets himself above Buffon, Saint Hilaire, Cuvier, Owen, Lyell and all the other great naturalists and geologists of the world? Down-right atheism is just what all such stuff practically means—an absolute denial of the whole Biblical story of the Creation, and a resolution of all that is either good or bad in the human soul into the mere compulsory effects of the unavoidable circumstances of a growth from the brute condition. There can be no divine Father to be especially prayed to by human beings in such a system; and I’d have more respect for this crazy Doctor, if he came out at once and said, frankly, that his monkey abolishes the Supreme Being of revealed religion.”



When Miss Ankeroo took a lively interest in any subject, and particularly if it trenched upon religious tenets, her style of remark was wont to be rather declamatory ; perhaps from some of her earlier scholastic habituations. Probably her mood was more serious and her judgment more sweeping on this occasion than were those of some of the other people in Kuchin to whom the same topic had been similarly commended. At the Rajah's, for instance, an amiably whimsical postulation of a characteristically sardonic motive for the grim philosopher's theory about Oshonsee, induced more apparent amusement than reprobation. Nevertheless, what the latest comers from the Dyak village felt themselves at liberty to divulge, in detail, of that which they had seen and heard there, left in certain reflective minds an under-current of unspoken thought by no means wholly unsympathetic with the lady's radical treatment of the matter.

But the first missionary spirit in Sarāwak troubled herself little to know whether her sentiments in this relation were echoed, or not. Having spoken her own mind, she contemptuously dismissed the whole heretical fantasy from further contemplation, and gave renewed energy to her daily infant-school, and projected Sunday meeting for native girls and women.

In the evening Mr. Dodge was to start, by trading schooner, on his return to Singapore, and, in a few hours before the time of departure, he and Miss Ankeroo chanced to be left by themselves in the general room : he looking over the latest-received number of the *Straits Times*, and she, at a table, prosecuting her tireless study of Marsden. The miniature academy had been dismissed ; Berner and the servile staff were preparing dinner in the outer buildings ; Mr. Effingham wrote letters in his private chamber ; Mrs. Effing-

ham had withdrawn with her needlework to the veranda, and sounds of youthful voices, at intervals, were wafted up from the garden with the rustle of leaves, and hum of bees, and odor of sweet blossoms.

In the shaded light by which he was trying to read his newspaper, Mr. Dodge found the whole effect of the domestic situation so perilous of undesirable slumber, that, after several futile efforts to master an article upon the reported engagement of American ships in the atrocious Coolie trade between China and Peru, he allowed the weekly sheet to settle quietly into his lap, and gazed, for wakefulness, at the fair student's half-bowed profile.

"I really beg your pardon, Miss Ankeroo," he said, when caught at it. "I should have gone to sleep if I had looked at anything else."

"And no wonder—over such newspapers as there are in this part of the world!" remarked the practical lady, closing her book for the moment. "I feel sometimes, myself, as though I would almost give my eyes to see the *Boston Advertiser* once more."

"But this isn't so bad, for a new paper, in a place like Singapore," pleaded the adopted citizen of that ambitious port, referring to his so lately unreadable sheet. "Our friend, Belmore, out here," (with a motion of his head toward the garden) "should have taken you to the new *Times* offices, while he was escorting all of you to see the lions of the town. The proprietors are going to establish a spacious public news-room, to be supplied with files of all the principal journals and commercial magazines in the world. They talk, too, of printing and binding books and doing lithographic work."

"Importing their workmen from Europe?"

"Oh, no; not at all. They employ Malays, China-

men, Portuguese, Klings, Javanese, and even Hindoos; and, really, the way such printers can 'set up' English without understanding a dozen words of it, is curious to see. When you are all in Singapore, again, on your way home, I'll do myself the honor of showing your party to the *Times* quarters—that is, if my services are acceptable and the Lieutenant visit there again."

"Is the *Times* your only paper?" inquired Cousin Sadie, calmly regardless of the personal reference.

"There is the old *Free Press* a dozen years older. Rajah Brooke writes in it occasionally; so it has been looked upon, in a way, as his organ. That may start the *Times* against him, some day. But newspapers are the same the world over, Miss Ankeroo. Just think of one of them publishing a rumor that Mr. Effingham's *Comanche* has gone up to China as a slaver, after Coolies! I wonder if young Belmore has seen that, yet?"

"I'm sure I can't say. It's too ridiculous for any one's notice. But, Mr. Dodge," said Miss Ankeroo, with more alertness of manner, "I can't help observing that you refer very often to this young man. Perhaps Mr. Effingham has not told you, that Colonel Daryl knew my cousin Julia's family well, in his youth, when he and this monkeyfied Dr. Hedland were on a visit to the United States together. To tell the whole truth, the Colonel was a great admirer of a sister of Mrs. Effingham, now dead.—We are so few here, in this wild place, who speak the same language and can associate with each other, that I see no sense in having any mystification amongst ourselves.—Well, at Batavia we became acquainted with Mr. Belmore; and he happened to be at Singapore, too, convalescing from a slight sunstroke; and here, in Borneo, the chapter of accidents makes us find his uncle, the Colonel. It is an exceptional, Gypsy-

fied kind of life we are all leading ; the very houses are more like tents than like permanent habitations ; and, of course, what English-speaking people there are in such a community must naturally be more or less like one family."

This long speech was designed to restrain at least one temporary member of the limited community in question, from judging immediate social aspects as though they had been presented by the normal good society of a Christian country. The gentleman from Singapore fully appreciated the feminine tact of its inspiration, and his shrewd hazel eyes lighted with a certain humorous perception, also.

"Nothing can be clearer than that," he said, with an assenting nod. "I know how it is with myself, yet, in Singapore : any one coming to 'The United Straits' with straight English on his tongue, is immediately a cousin, at least, in my affections. So it's a sunstroke, is it, that keeps our young sailor-friend so long off his ship?"

"I've understood," returned the lady primly, "that Mr. Belmore had what they call the 'coast fever,' three or four years ago, when his vessel was at Tripoli. He has never been perfectly strong since, and I suppose his sunstroke, in the Java Sea, may be attributed to that."

Mr. Dodge raised himself in his chair, to glance with wider range, for a moment, through the handiest window ; but whether to ascertain within how close an earshot Mrs. Effingham was sitting, or to assure himself that the audible talkers in the garden were not approaching, did not seem clear.

"Even sailors must expect to be sunstruck sometimes, I suppose," he observed ; "but I needn't ask if it ever occurs to you, at all, that the Lieutenant may be daughter-struck."

Miss Ankeroo's spectacles concentrated upon his face in a searching focus, and the trim educator of youth tapped the bridge of her shapely little nose with a professional wooden lead-pencil.

"Do you know, Mr. Dodge," said she, musingly, "I fancy, at times, that I can detect a gleam of meaning in what you say? Do you really think—"

"No ma'm, not at all," struck in the possible mischief-maker, in haste to redeem himself: "I never had a dozen thoughts in all my life, but think the visual line that girds me round, the world's extreme.—Pollock's 'Course of Time.' Did you ever read Pollock, Miss Ankeroo?—Because, if you ever did—don't!"

"I do declare!" exclaimed Cousin Sadie, rising impatiently from her chair and tucking the dictionary under a plump left arm. "What is the use of ever trying to talk sense to a man! If you could join my Dyak Sunday Bible class, sir, I might teach you to be serious for once!"

He had a genuine desire to propitiate this quick-minded, yellow-haired, comely little Yankee woman. She had been an object of real, homelike pleasantness to his sight from the hour when he first set eyes upon her; and now, as she stood there, on the mat by the table, so coolly neat in her close-fitting, practical dress of brown Hollands; a very becoming flush of momentary temper on her wholesome face; he would have given anything not to have started her off. Yet—such is the power of trivial mental habit—he could *not* help saying:

"'Sinner, turn; why will you 'Dyak?'"

A door opened and shut sharply, in token of Miss Ankeroo's unspeakably disdainful retirement: leaving Mr. Dodge ample leisure to repent, in solitude, and then betake himself to preparation for the dinner that was to preface his embarkation for Singapore.

But other conversation, indistinct murmurs whereof had partly suggested the one already given, went on yet in the garden ; where, seated, at colloquial distance, upon a rustic bamboo settee, in the shade of the durion tree, Miss Effingham and Lieutenant Belmore enjoyed the rising afternoon breeze together.

It seems that there should be opportunity to give a pretty picture here. No setting could have been more suggestive to the artistic instinct, more grateful to the artistic eye, than the palm-roofed house and its creeper-loaded palisade inclosure ; the former lifted into a pavilion-like effect by its supporting natural colonnade, and showing against a background of lofty, umbrella-shaped tree-tops, rock-patched mountain jungle and fleece of dappled sky, like some primitive ark stranded half way up its vernaly regenerated Ararat ; the latter shutting out waterside declivity, squalid Malayan town, and the sweep of circumjacent wilderness, from within living green walls to a spacious quadrangular valley of yellow paths, sumptuous banks of flowers strange and familiar, and occasional graceful tree-ferns, fruit palms and elm-like altitudes of rustling verdure, seen only in the Tropics.

Half in the dense, cool shadows of gigantic *Nypa*, majestic durion, or delicate mangosteen ; half in the full, mellow light of an Equatorial afternoon ; the cosmopolitan rose, jessamine, veronica and lily shared their fertile beds with chumpaka, kenangee, and other odorous, brilliant plants of an eternal summer. Ferns of every size and shape, from the low clump of emerald fans to the great pandanus shaft of leaves large enough for sails, made flower-lighted groves to the eye at every turn ; and across floral bank and foot-path, from stem of palm to bough of fruit-tree, swung luxuriant ropes of the milky jantawon creeper. The choicest natural

growths of the soil had been reinforced here by treasures from the fine Botanical Garden of Singapore, under the enthusiastic skill of the negro, Ambrose ; and the quick result in that climate of the Equator was a feast of color and palmated form possible only in the teeming lands of the sun.

Scarcely satisfactory could be any picture in words of a scene so combining civilized design and rank wildness that the abruptness of the association imparted an effect of strangeness to ordinarily familiar objects, and made unaccustomed features the stranger from the juxtaposition. Pictorial efforts in language must always be more confusing than definitely graphic to the imagination, when dealing with sights, or forms, greatly unlike whatsoever the minds appealed to can recall of their own past perceptions. It is by graphic strokes of the familiar, even in his most foreign delineations, that the successful word-painter conveys a clear and compact image of that which he describes ; and where, both elementally and consummately, all is practically strange, the receptive intelligence can perceive but a vague generalization of effect in which there is little informing soul of realizing detail.

Applying this rule to literature descriptive of persons, the inference is, that the vividest pen-picture of an individual can reproduce to the mental eye only the superficialities of feature, form and dress ; for each human being has characteristic details of expression, manner and complete aspect in some wise different from those of any other mortal. These differences in which all distinctive individuality of character exists, can be illustrated to the reader by no suggestions of familiar comparison, any more than the distinguishing details of leaf and branch in one oak-tree can be imaginatively realized with exactness by reference to any or all other oak-trees.

If it is impossible for a painter to make an accurate picture literally from even the most minutely elaborate description of remotely foreign landscapes wholly unknown to his observation, it is equally impracticable for an artist to draw exactly the most masterly example of human character-portrayal from print. Both painter and draughtsman must idealize more, or less, to supply the inevitable deficiency of comprehensible graphic definiteness on the part of the writer, and, to that extent, make the pictures their own. Thus, the cleverest book-illustrations, whether of Travel or Romance, owe as much to the artist's imaginations as to the author's delineations; and even the romancer himself, if he chances to be a draughtsman also, can seldom draw from his own descriptions a picture coming anywhere near what he would have it particularly represent.

To this day Borneo is so much a land of anomalous mystery for the civilized world, save only in a mere segment of its vast circumference of coast, that even literary voyagers assuming to be the most familiar with the few ports and provinces accessible to Europeans, halt curiously in all their attempts to describe such a characteristic view, for instance, as is presented by a Borneon forest. The reason is, that such a forest rarely suggests any one single familiarity of usual Tropical description that can be seized upon to help either writer or reader to an associatively expressible idea of its novel effect to the eye. Palm and jungle are but indefinite sky and groundwork of a scene infinite in its striking diversities from forests beheld elsewhere in the Tropics themselves, and which can be represented by no familiar types of delineation. A story like the present one, having its principal action in a country so scarcely describable, can achieve little more exactness of pictorial illustration than may exist



in its fidelity of general local color. As for its actors, it is a question whether or not they have all thus far interpreted themselves with sufficient definiteness of detail to be clear individual existences in the reader's apprehension.

Now here, within sight of us at this moment—made strange by the surrounding of such a landscape, and making it the stranger by their presence—are Mrs. Effingham, sitting at her needlework on the veranda, under the palm eaves—a graceful bending figure robed in dark barege; Ambrose, in straw hat and brown linen, bowing his glistening black face to the weeding of a bed near the palisade-opening toward the river, with Cherubino beside him in the usual cap and checks, putting maddening inquiries for the cause of every movement; and, on the bamboo sofa in the shade of the wild durion tree, the young naval officer in gold-laced cap, blue camlet coat, sword-belt and white trousers, and the daughter of the house in fleecy pink, with her black curls gathered back by a ribbon into one rippling mass beneath the farther curve of a Leghorn "Gypsy" hat. Of these, the mute abstracted needleworker on the veranda should have shown for herself, by this time, a sufficiently suggestive personality; even the small-boy may, perhaps, be distinctively developed as a positive irritant; but how much more than a larger boy has been seen in the invalided lieutenant of the *Oressy*, and how much more than a pretty school-girl in his fair companion? Indeed the two have yet to be found working out their own illustrations, from outline to full figure, and here, in this garden in Borneo, let them begin it.

"Every day my Uncle is more urgent that I shall return to duty," were the words the young man was saying, as a previously somewhat desultory talk went on,

"and I have coaxed the Rajah to allow me to go with him on the Bruni expedition, as a volunteer, so that I may have at least a fortnight longer on this delightful island. After that, I really must go back to Singapore, I suppose, to look for my ship."

With hands clasped, the one arm hanging and the other across the back of the seat, he sat with face toward her and a pathetically deploring expression upon it. Sitting slightly forward, measuring a fan mechanically between finger-tips in her lap, her charming head turned far enough in his direction for ingenuous communion of eyes, she heard and saw his regret with unaffected sympathy.

"We shall all be so sorry to have you go," she said. "Mamma and you get along so well together, and Papa and Cousin Sadie take your kindness about their Singapore mails and other things so much as a matter of course, that we shall be fairly homesick without you."

"I don't want you to think me conceited, Miss Effingham," returned he; "but, upon my word, you know, I hope the event will go a little hard with *you*, particularly."

"Oh, I shall be more than sorry," cried the girl, without the least coquettish pretense of reserve in the matter. "You have been so good to us, so thoughtful for us in every way, in this strange country, that it will not seem half so pleasant and safe to me when you are gone. How could it?"

Belmore was not distinctly conscious of having been able to exercise any marked protective power in the case; but it was very grateful to his masculine instinct that feminine helplessness should so innocently credit him with it. He did not detect quite what he coveted, however, in her unhesitating gratitude.

"I wonder how long you'd be sorry if we never

should meet again?" he went on, with a weak relapse into some of his old boyishness. "After this little picnic of ours, to-morrow, I shall turn fighting-character once more, and smell gunpowder. There is no doubt, they say, that the rebel pangeran up at Bruni—Usop, I believe, his outlandish name is—will give our ships a warm reception. I may be killed, you know."

A momentary, undefinable change passed over Miss Effingham's sensitive countenance; but before her watchful observer could fairly catch it she shocked him with a little peal of laughter.

"I don't believe it, Mr. Belmore," was her comment, with a sportive shake of the head.

"May I ask why?" (With some dignity.)

"Because I feel sure that if you thought so, yourself, you wouldn't go."

She laughed again, and, after an instant's blushing impulse of resentment, Belmore frankly gave way to merriment also.

"Dear me! I'm afraid you're too right," he confessed, with another blush. "Perhaps if I knew that there was actually a bullet billeted for me at Bruni, I shouldn't be quite so brave. But you ought not to be so cruel to a poor fellow's little vanity, Miss Effingham, when you must know, very well, that if I am particularly willing to live just now, it is because I want to see you again."

"Then there really will not be much danger where you are going—will there?" asked Abretta, the least possible deeper tint rising to her cheeks, and her manner the least bit fluttered.

"Oh, I may only lose an arm, or some trifle of that kind," the lieutenant began; but he was far too soft-hearted to work long upon any one's feelings, even in such a case as this, and closed his pretended forebodings

with a laugh designed to drive away the gravity beginning to show in the expressive black eyes meeting his cloudless blue ones.

"You are too kind to us to wish us to be unhappy about you," answered the young lady, responding rather to his manner than to his words.

"I hope I am. Only—only—you see, it's natural for one like myself to want his friends to care a little for what happens to him. You can scarcely imagine, Miss Effingham, how new and pleasant my experiences have been to me since I met your family in Java," he continued, with increasing earnestness and a fall in his voice. "Losing both of my parents while I was only a boy yet, and going into the navy as soon afterward as possible, I am quite a savage in my ignorance of home-life and gentle society. Uncle Will has never given me much encouragement to cultivate what social opportunities there are for an officer of my grade in foreign ports. He tells me that, until I am at least a captain, I shall only be tolerated from general respect for the service, and should feel too much pride in our respectable descent to enjoy that kind of notice. There never was a more benevolently unsordid nature than his, in most things; but he is extraordinarily bitter over the heartlessness of society, all the world round, for poor gentlemen. Of course I have been greatly influenced by him, and have fought shy of anything like social patronage. This is why my acquaintance here with you, and your father and mother and cousin, has been a perfect novelty, as well as a delight to me. Your father plainly don't care a pin whether I'm an admiral or a boatswain, and your mother makes me feel all the time as though I wanted her to know everything about me that I know myself. Then there's Miss Ankeroo, who lets me get books and things for her from Singa-

pore, when I know that she'd treat me like a forward boy if I was not in her good graces to a special degree. I sha'n't say what it has been to me to know you, yourself, Miss Effingham; because we've been two young folks together, and, for one, I am bold enough to say that it's beyond any happiness I ever dreamed could be possible; but don't you see how naturally I hate to tear myself away now, and long to believe that you'll all be sorry to have me go?"

Abretta listened to this honest expression with a sympathy showing undisguised in her look of responsive interest; yet when it was her impulse to answer with the free warmth of a sister to a brother, some instinctive embarrassment suddenly turned her speech to awkwardness:

"It is natural, I think, to—to—like those who like us," she said, uneasily twirling her fan, and looking down. In a moment, however, youth's impatience with sensations it cannot understand made her raise her eyes fearlessly again to his, and she added: "There is not one of us, Mr. Belmore, who will not be anxious every hour while you are at Bruni. I don't see why my being a girl should make me ashamed of good human feeling, and I'll say, for myself, that I wish you were not going where there is to be any fighting." Before he could put into words what the brightening of his face intimated, she hurried to a diversion: "But will you have your uncle with you?"

"No, he will remain here until the Expedition has done its work, and then he expects to meet me at Singapore."

"He must be a very kind, good man, at heart, from what you have told us of him," proceeded Miss Effingham, with some remaining precipitancy of tone. "I thought him cold and inclined to what I took for a very

pronounced military hauteur, when he first came here with the Rajah. Who could wonder at it, though, when he mistook Mamma for my poor Aunt Caroline?"

"There, you see, is another reason why I should feel particularly drawn toward you all, Miss Effingham—that curious romance of Uncle Will's with your family, so many years ago," suggested the young officer, with renewed animation. "It must have been a pretty serious matter to affect the whole life of a man like him. I'm sure our elders don't let you and me into half the seriousness of it. There's an old story, I've heard, about his jumping recklessly off a boat in the river, before he left the States, to save somebody's life; and while that would be very like him in a general way, there is a suggestion in the story, as I remember it, that he would just as soon have lost his own life as not. Besides, he seems to me to have grown four or five years older since he came up here from Singapore with Mr. Wise. I think that the meeting with your mother, Miss Effingham, has been a saddening revival of some especially bitter memory for him."

"Why, you know, he had not heard before that Aunt Caroline was dead," said Abretta.

"And your Aunt—oh, I am sure she could not have been one to trifle with the feelings of such a man!"

"The ladies of our family have always been ladies, Mr. Belmore," Abretta reminded him, with offended grandiloquence.

"Beg your pardon—I shall never doubt that. If I thought otherwise; knowing as I do what a lifelong martyr from some early great unhappiness my Uncle has been;" he added, involuntarily straightening and flushing, "I could not have any very kind thoughts for the people or the country associated with a wrong to my best living friend—my second father!"

The long-lashed girlish eyes in the shade of the "Gypsy" hat dilated as he spoke, and the short upper-lip gave the faintest suggestion of a curl. The youthful pair were separately English and American at some possible points of thought, and none the less so because the Englishman was descended from an American great-grandmother.

"As my Aunt was incapable of knowingly injuring any one, and is dead," remarked Miss Effingham, tapping her delicate chin with the fan, and casting a look toward where her mother now stood on the veranda, "I think we may suppose that you need not be prejudiced against our country on her account. If your Uncle, who seems so noble in some respects, can allow himself to give way to the usual English injustice to America, and be a blighted character all his life, because an American lady either refused him her hand, or did not give him enough encouragement to ask for it, he must be weaker than I have ever thought a high-minded man and especially a brave soldier, could be."

"Probably we are both of us too young to judge a man like my Uncle, Miss Effingham," intimated the nephew, with lofty coldness.

"That may be true, sir. I do not pretend to any particular competence for estimating character; but I know what I admire, and the grandest Englishman, to my eyes, that I have ever seen, is the Rajah."

The poor young sailor's heart was already sick within him at this first little ruffle in their ideal friendship—as it had been to him—and the last fine touch of feminine temper failed to cut when he saw the pathetic quaver of lip and eyelid by which it was incongruously accompanied.

"Now I have offended you, great goose that I'm always making of myself," he pleaded, penitentially.

"There's Mamma coming to meet us," the girl said, rising.

"Only one minute more!" he exclaimed, rising also, and placing himself between her and the approaching matron, with his back to the latter. "I can't stand it to have you angry with me—I'd sooner ask your pardon on my knees! After the pic-nic to-morrow we may never meet again. Who knows? Now won't you just say it's all right again, before your mother comes?"

Those black eyes which he so admired evaded his challenge for an instant, and then impulsively met it with a bright smile.

"Cousin Sadie would call us a pair of stupids!" she said, blushing and laughing very prettily together; and Belmore knew that it was "all right again."

"My dear, is it not time for you to be preparing for dinner?" asked Mrs. Effingham, coming up to them in her usual tranquil, unhurried way.

"That's a hint for me, too; isn't it?" said the young man. "I never know when to leave when I am here."

"And must you go now? Can't you dine with us, Mr. Belmore?"

"A thousand thanks; but I'm pledged to Uncle Will to-day. Be good enough, won't you, Mrs. Effingham? to tell Mr. Dodge that I'll row out to the schooner and bid him good-by. Until the pic-nic, then, ladies, adieu!"

He lifted his cap, caught the younger lady's glance for an instant as a final reassurance, and, with a bow, turned down the path to the river.

And mother and daughter watched him as he went; two figures looking ethentially picturesque and artistic in the softening shadow of the durion; while the upright elastic form going from them in the beating



sunlight was as luminous, over flower-banks and through palm-leaves, by contrast, as a hasty young day, leaving twilight and its veiled stars behind him.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PIC-NIC AT THE FORT.

IF all of the houses erected for Europeans on the hills and knolls about Kuchin, during the first three or four years of the English Rajahship, had been occupied by the full families of their owners, the Christian society of the town would not have lacked a sufficiently proportionate feminine element to assure and maintain the usual refined sociabilities of civilized life. But such was not the case. A majority of the new, Swiss-cottage-like structures were scarcely more than the lodgings of members of the Rajah's staff; or the bachelor-halls of English, or Dutch, traders who had been attracted from Singapore, Java, or even India, by the rising commercial fame of Sarāwak; or the business-offices of agents of some of the more enterprising general shippers of the Archipelago. To these residents the place had yet somewhat the temporary character of an encampment, and the married ones postponed the calling of their wives and children thither until they could, at any rate, be more sure of the permanence of their own stay. Nevertheless, a few of the more sanguine and positive white comers, from ports not far away, brought their families with them, and their households contained the only English-speaking members of the gentler sex to whom those arriving later could look for womanly countenance. If the American

ladies had been less capable than they were of finding much compensation for this peculiar social situation in its suggestive novelty, their experience of life in Borneo, limited as it was to be, would have been intolerably constrained and lonely. But they had gone thither with an intelligent appreciation of the exceptional conditions to be encountered ; chose rather to submit to them in any supposable phase than be separated from husband and father ; and were quite willing to bear their utmost strangeness for the sake of looking on, for a while, at the progress of one of the most remarkable passages in modern history.

When, therefore, the local social outlook was found to be exactly what these fair visitors might have expected, they adapted themselves cheerfully to its limitations. Mr. Effingham's early acquaintance with two or three of the Europeans with families led presently to such amenities between his and their ladies as were practicable in a community where the river was the most eligible way to the house of one's nearest civilized neighbor. Perhaps once a week Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, or Mrs. Effingham and Miss Ankeroo, were rowed in a mat-canopied sampan, under guardianship of the phlegmatic Berner, for an afternoon call upon the Mertons, or the Von Camps (as they may be named for present purposes) ; or received like aquatic courtesies from the dames and damsels of those friendly houses in their own home. If the visiting-list was soon exhausted, it had, for that very reason, a charm of its own ; and the roundabout navigation involved, by reason of there being no sign of such a thing as either street or road in the whole province of Sarāwak, would have made a wider range of inter-visitation scarcely desirable under a Borneon sun.

The "pic-nic" suggested by Mr. Belmore to signalize

his last day in Kuchin, prior to the Bruni expedition, was to include Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Merton, and Mr. and Mrs. Von Camp, who, with the Effinghams and himself (Cousin Sadie declining) would make a party congenial, if small. Miss Merton being at once juvenile and unavoidable, it was also decided to include Master Cherubino for her casual neutralization ; and the objective point of the watery journey was to be an old Malay fort on the river-bank, about two miles down the turn of the stream below the town, where, in the days of the Sarebas and Sakarran pirates, many a savage battle had been fought.

When, on the afternoon appointed for this simple festival, the private boats of the three families were marshaled opposite the Effingham house, for a start, it was observed that the Lieutenant, all attired in snowy duck, had brought a boat much in style like an English wherry, with an awning of striped blue-and-white cloth over the middle, on movable iron rods.

"I've borrowed it of a Company's light cruiser down below, at the anchorage," he explained, even before being asked ; "for, as I'm a sailor, you know, I want to do a little rowing, myself."

The other craft were canoes with peaked canopies of matting over two midship seats, and high stems and sterns, at each of which stood a lithe Dyak waterman with a paddle.

"You see, I can take the two little people with me, if they can be trusted in that way," continued this obliging young man. "Though, to be sure," he added, as though suddenly struck by the idea, "I suppose it would be safer if some one else should be with us."

"I should say, that the less load you have, the less will be your chance for another sunstroke, Mr. Belmore," observed Mr. Effingham, dryly.

"And I would advise you, sir, to take our lightest weight with you, at any rate," said stout and amiable Mr. Von Camp, who saw, as they all did, what he wanted.

"Well, I never could talk my way to anything dexterously," laughed the young Englishman, in some confusion. "The plain fact is, I do want Miss Effingham to let me be her boatman this time."

"Honestly said, lad!" cried Mr. Merton, a little, light-haired exile from Manchester, attired, like the other elders, in a thin blue suit and straw hat. "If the young lady can resist that, I'm mistaken."

"And she's so light," chorused Mrs. Von Camp and Mrs. Merton, with admirable good nature.

"I suppose all four of the children must go together, for once," assented Mrs. Effingham, looking smilingly at her husband; and, as he graciously nodded, and the sailor extended a hand, Abretta demurely stepped into the wherry with the small people.

In any country of polite usages the scheme of transit necessitated in this excursion by water would have been ludicrous; for the several married pairs embarked each in its respective native boat; all three of the husbands carrying fire-arms with them, as though duck-shooting might be a purpose of the unsociably distributed party. Berner, with the hampers and two aboriginal subordinates, went ahead in a separate canoe to assure practicable ingress for them at the designated landing; the wherry led the family procession, because its oarsman was to be the professional guide, and then followed, in line, the other boats.

But in the scenery of a wilderness, where the overwhelming preponderance and massive complications of inanimate Nature make the native man comparatively as insignificant as the commonest brute of his own forest, and the human intruder, from without, little more

imposing than a mere automaton of petty incongruity, the less ostentation of civilized state there is in the conventional forms observed by casual Christian invaders, the less unfortunately conspicuous is the suggestion of so many minnows assuming importance upon their advent to an unexplored ocean.

The appropriateness of the spectacle presented by the foreign water-party under consideration was in its modest acceptance of appearances in keeping with the silent spirit of the scene ; the very hiding of the dresses of civilization under the tent-like awnings of mats on the canoes being a happy concession to the consistency of Nature's eternal harmony. The Dyak figures at the up-curling prows and almost vertical sterns of the native boats,—in conical hats of plaited rattan, and sleeveless striped frocks, belted at waist with red sarongs tied scarf-wise,—were in chromatic as well as bodily consonance with the picture all round ; and while the white-clad, temporarily hatless young English rower and his wherry certainly jarred upon the esthetic sense, the forms of children—always, like flowers, consistent in any hues or modes of dress with any vernal clime—and of the girl, in her graceful broad hat and neutral-tinted muslin,—softened even them into a kind of allowably fantastic relief to the scenic monotone.

To splash and prismatic spray of British oar and Borneon paddle, the course of the little voyage was past the riverside campons of the Chinese and Malayan populace and through a swarm of watercraft great and small in the anchorage overlooked by the Rajah's house. Near the *Weltevreden* was the English corvette destined to start with the ruler of Sarawak for Bruni on the morrow, and from the several small boats plying busily back and forth between it and the government wharf more than one naval officer waved a hand to Belmore.

"They are my coming shipmates, you know," observed that gentleman to Miss Effingham.

But tide-washed town, and picturesque fleet, and rolling green heights on either side with bamboo Swiss-cottages among the palms, were soon left behind. Between narrowing banks of dense jungle, mighty *Nypas* and snake-rooted mangroves, the little flotilla went on down the watery valley, in the grateful shadow of hills showing every tint that sunlight can produce on interposing verdure. Even in this nearness to familiar human habitation and protection, there was a solitary wildness in the view on every hand, a suggestiveness of unimaginable savage mystery in this mere covert verge of vast and unknown Borneo, that disposed the strange voyagers more to wrapt contemplation than to speech.

Perhaps, however, the never leg-wearied Cherubino did not come wholly under this rule ; for, after a series of unsmiling climbing and stumbling revolutions around the doll-like Miss Merton in the middle of the boat, during which he cross-examined her as to why she wore each article of dress or ornament that he could indicate with a moistened forefinger, the inquiring child suddenly realized that his older companions particularly desired to remain quiet, and, accordingly, found himself irresistibly impelled to address them. With one of those abrupt changes of attention from one object to another so often astonishing the nerves of elderly childless observers of children, the boy discontinued an attempt to look Miss Merton out of countenance with his nose almost touching hers, in order to lurch startlingly to the side of the boat and stare intensely at the shore.

"Why, *I* don't see any monkeys !" he cried, with a shrill emphasis on the personal pronoun, as though the

presence of a multitude of indigenous simiæ in the overhanging trees had been specially announced by somebody else.

"Look into the water, and you 'll see one," muttered the indignantly disenchanted Lieutenant.

In childlike unconsciousness of the sarcasm intended by this piece of advice, the literal Cherub forthwith folded so long a section of his upper-person so far over the wherry's edge in search of the predicted animal, that his sister sprang toward him with a cry of alarm, and his affrighted adviser "caught a crab" with his oars in a spasmodic effort to row and rescue simultaneously.

"Oh, 'Bino, how disagreeable you can be!" was the sisterly expression of feeling, as the active little fellow, summarily drawn back by his waistband, braced himself perpendicularly again across the boat, in the shape of a spiked check triangle.

"Then why didn't they let Nellie Merton and me go in the boat with Berner?" asked the Cherub, in a tone of reproachful inquiry. "But I know why, 'Bretta," he added, before any one else could speak—"Mr. Belmore took us along because he wanted you in his boat, I'll bet you!"

What rebuke is ever adequate for frenzying words of this preternaturally regardless description from the mercilessly guileless lips of unpurchasable childhood? Miss Effingham attempted none, but turned dangerously sparkling eyes and burning cheeks away from all who could see them. The Lieutenant, rowing suddenly harder, as for his life, fixed a stony look upon the top of Miss Merton's straw "flat," and murmured something wistful of deep-sea soundings for a "detestable little beggar." The small-boy whistled indefinitely for a moment over the ruin he had wrought; and, then, finding a nail amongst the numerous other necessities of

life in one of his pockets, was blighted into blessed quietude, for nearly five minutes, by the despairing hopelessness of obtaining a hammer to drive it into the handiest wooden surface.

Where, at last, a landing was to be effected, the river indented the shore in a softly surging pool, blackening into vague dimness of outline in the shadow of dense overhanging foliage. A tongue of land, carrying mangroves, jungle and wild pepper bushes, or vines, to its very tip, traversed the arrested waters for a short distance and was washed on the other side by a brook-like tributary stream, winding through thicket and forest as far as the sunlight could be seen upon it. Between the extremity of the little cape and the converging opposite bank, a great "boom" of tree-trunks, lashed together with rattan and secured by ropes of cocoa fibre, had once obstructed the Sarāwak against the invading prahus of head-hunting Sea-Dyaks ; while the six pounders and swivels of a fort situated to command either side of the headland were designed no less to repel possible internal assailants from up the river, than the Illanaons, or Giloloans, or Sakarrans, sallying in from the ocean.

Debarking at an opening that had been cut through the jungle growth by the parang-latoks of Berner's native pioneers, the boating visitors made their way, between trees fairly webbed over by creepers, into what had once been a stronghold of the bandhara Muda Hassim's Malayan fighters. It was a quadrangular clearing in the thicket, fifty feet across, inclosed to about the height of a man's head in stout piles, against which the weedy turf and earth dug from the centre had been packed in a smooth slant, save where shallow embrasures were left for partly imbedding the guns. Less than half a dozen years of abandonment had turned this dismantled fortification of the headland woods into



a symmetrically terraced hollow of matted grass, weed and ground-vine, giving a grateful spring to the foot. Encompassing the sides of the shelving green square were palms, all varying in altitudes and umbrageous contours, between which the water gleamed from three points and the darkening vistas of the inland wood were discernible at the fourth.

Mats from the boats were spread upon the grassy slopes, and Berner and his men actually carried their canoe from the water into the fort, where it served at once for cupboard, wine-cellar and table. No one, however, was immediately inclined to sit. The three married gentlemen made early excuses to stroll out of a former rear passage, or sally-port, with their guns, on the chance of finding something interesting to shoot; the children lost no time in clambering to one of the embrasures, and Lieutenant Belmore, left not reluctantly to be the squire of dames, led the ladies by an easy ascent to one of the merlons of the old battlement, where, in safe view of Cherubino and Miss Nellie, a favorable sight of adjacent and lower objects might be obtained.

Mrs. Merton and Mrs. Von Camp had seen the place before; but to the Effinghams this was their first near acquaintance with a true Tropical wilderness. Abretta and her mother gazed with eager interest at the dim forest-opening so close at hand, and the older lady remarked that it was curious to find a fort thus backing upon a covert in which legions of enemies might crawl safely to its very walls.

"Ah, that is because the whole fighting genius of Borneo is seagoing," answered the sailor. "On land, both the Malays and the Dyaks Laut are comically miserable warriors; they have no tactics as soldiers, know nothing of military engineering, and European

troops would have only to mow them down with grape-shot and musketry; but put twenty to fifty of them into each of those prahus of theirs, give them their sumpitans, spear-hooks, krisses and noisy tom-toms, and they are formidable foes for either ship becalmed or sleeping waterside village. A fort to repel them needs only to be on guard toward the sea, and difficult enough of access from thence to prevent any compact rush of the landing pirates. In the jungle, amongst the trees, between this and the water, in front and on both sides, pointed bamboo sticks, called patobongs, or ranjows, were planted thickly to cut the feet of advancing enemies. Sometimes, too, holes, like those tiger-pits we saw out of Singapore, are dug for the entrapment of the besiegers, covered carefully with weeds and having sharp stakes set upright at the bottom. But then, in a great majority of cases, if the piratical ruffians know that there is any kind of a fort in readiness for them, and they cannot pass it by water, not much is to be feared from their attacks. I daresay that, with the 'boom' there used to be in the river, a few awkward shots between the trees, from the guns in these battlements, were enough to send fifty pirate prahus rowing back to sea."

"I have often wondered," said Abretta, "how these pirates, in such boats and with such weapons, could ever capture large commercial vessels with arms on board."

"Generally, they have succeeded by night-surprises, or by pouncing treacherously upon ships disabled by storm, or wreck," returned the Lieutenant. "The two English sailors whose release we are going up to Bruni to demand, were carried off from a wreck on the northern coast by some of Pangeran Usop's miscreants. Along the whole three thousand miles of this immense island's coast the shore is virtually one great water-

jungle, in which the pirate craft can lie securely hidden and from which they can dart out at any passing prey. If they find the latter prepared and too strong for them, they may fire a shot or so with their antiquated bow-chasers, or swivels ; but, generally, they row right away against the wind, and so, of course, cannot be overtaken by sail. Rajah Brooke's *Royalist* was fired on, one night, as she went up to Bruni."

"No more such work as that, since our great Rajah and Captain Keppel gave them a taste of English gunpowder last year and the year before," exclaimed Mrs. Merton, patriotically.

"It certainly did them a world of good, Mrs. Merton ; but it's to be feared that they'll require more, yet, before those Arab shereef leaders of theirs realize that their day is finally over."

"If the Rajah would only catch and execute a few of those same shereefs," suggested Mrs. Von Camp.

"Has Mr. Brooke ever ordered the execution of any one, Mr. Belmore?" inquired Abretta.

"No.—Or, that is, not directly, I believe," replied the young man. "He has in co-operation with him, you know, the native magistrates called the Bandhara, or officer of State, the Patingi, or officer of War, and the Tumangong, or chief of Admiralty affairs. Until he can complete a code of his own, he governs by what is known as the Oudong-Oudong, or old written Native law. Cases have come up under this law two or three times, when, by the judgment of the magistrates, death was the penalty. Not feeling justified in setting aside the law, Mr. Brooke allowed it to take its course, and the culprits were walked into the jungle behind your present charming home, Miss Effingham—that was while it was the Government House—and there krissed to death."

"Horrible!" murmured Miss Effingham, with a shudder.

"I should not have told you that, perhaps," said Belmore, compunctiously. "But let me add, that the prisoners were atrocious, irreclaimable wretches, and that the punishment is really very merciful. The kris is placed with the point over the heart, and a single sharp blow on the hilt is said to produce death instantaneously."

"We seem to have drifted into an unpleasant branch of the subject—chiefly through your too personal question, my dear," interposed Mrs. Effingham. "Are not those our gentlemen below?"

From the base of the green wall upon which they were standing there was a slight descent to the edge of the main woodland. Into the latter Mr. Effingham and his companions had penetrated as far as high military boots and reasonably vigorous aggressiveness of limb might assure progression; but even the parang-latoks of the attendant Dyaks could assist such laborious travel only to a very limited extent. If mere jungle gave way to the keen edges and powerful leverage of these weapons, like grass under scythes, it was not so easy to cut avenues between mighty trees, enormous tree-bushes, and dense brakes of gigantic reeds, all in such close proximity to each other, and so wound round and round with endless ropes of creepers, that only a large body of woodmen could have opened farther passage through them. When it is necessary to clear a space in a Borneon forest, no ordinary tree can be brought down singly. After chopping partly through a multitude of trunks with their peculiar little adzes, the Dyaks select the tallest and stoutest tree to be found on the outer edge of the designed clearing, and make its resistless fall the means of bringing down the

whole creaper-ensnarled system of lesser woods. So it was that the three gentlemen got no deeper in their sylvan stroll than to be more or less distinctly visible, yet, to the group on the neglected battlement. While that group was descending to rejoin them through the primitive sally-port, they went on with the conversation that had begun at their enforced halt.

"To see the birds and beasts belonging here," Mr. Von Camp was saying, from his general experience as an Archipelago traveler, "one must come at about sunrise, or near sunset. Excepting the wild hogs, and, possibly, the cucans, or Malayan lemurs, the beasts keep silent and out of sight for the main part of the day, especially in the forest-edges likely to have human visitors. At morning and evening, however, the birds and monkeys set up a terrible hubbub, and can be seen in flocks and troupes among the high branches."

"There are no orang-outans, I believe, in the whole Sarāwak valley," Mr. Merton observed; "yet they are plentiful to the west of us, in Sambas, and to the east, along the Sadong."

"The reason for that was explained to me after I had seen the amazing creatures in the trees of Simunjon," said Mr. Effingham. "The Malays of Songi village, on a branch of the Sadong, told me that the mias is found only in forests where the land is marshy as well as level. The forests on the Simunjon river, a branch of the Sadong, and over the whole twenty miles between that and the seacoast, are low and swampy; in fact the same conditions prevail through that whole mias country, for a hundred miles north and east of Sadong. In the Sarāwak valley the land is chiefly dry and hilly. The animal, as I have been informed, also, dislikes rising grounds. There are scattered hills in his forests on which the Dyak villagers cultivate fruit-

trees, and these he ascends in the night-time to steal his favorite unripe durions. But only under stress for food will he have anything to do with high lands."

"It is curious," philosophized Mr. Von Camp, "that the great man-apes of Asia and Africa have coats of the same hues as the complexions of the human beings around them. In Africa they are black; in Borneo and Sumatra they are reddish yellow, like the Dyaks, or brownish black, like the Malays. If I remember rightly, in South America the same rule holds good."

"You and Dr. Hedland should compare notes, Mr. Von Camp," said Mr. Effingham.

"Ah, by the way, you have seen the Doctor's famous prize. What did you think of the creature?"

"Oshonsee is a great, a wonderful curiosity. I never before saw anything in brute form so humiliatingly like our species."

The ladies and their naval escort now came picking their way with some difficulty to the shadowy game-preserve, and at once indulged in much pleasant banter upon the failure of the gun-bearers to distinguish themselves as sportsmen. Then followed an hour of such very limited rambling as was practicable over ground so stubbly and amongst growths so slightly penetrable. Lieutenant Belmore gallantly exhausted his utmost local information to entertain the fair patrons of his pic-nic plot with objects previously known to him. The parang-latok of one of the Dyak peasants was examined, and shown to be something like a long razor, tapering from tip to haft and bent to an angle with the hilt. To cut crops, or jungle, and to sever a pig at one blow, this sharp instrument was equally adapted; differing from the parang-ihlang, or Dyak war-sword, principally, in being rounded at the point like a knife-blade, and having the angular, or razor-like, junction with the

handle. Through intervals of other trees, Sago and Areca palms could also be pointed out in the distance ; the latter showing a handsome blossom, and yielding an egg-shaped nut whereof the pulp is used in betel. An object resembling a Titanic inverted bush, its branches all bare and sticking into the ground, and its roots elevated high in the air, with leaves upon them, was explained as a fig-tree. The only floral displays in any way brilliant, were those of a slender shaft, perhaps thirty feet high and bushy at the top, with crimson stars blooming in thick clusters all the way up the trunk ; and of some genus of parasitical plant, hanging from a low bough in long, swaying spikes of purple-spotted orange-colored flowers. These were novel and gorgeous enough in themselves, but far from being sufficient to realize the popular idea of an Equatorial forest's splendor of blossom.

Miss Effingham ingenuously exhibited her disappointment at this shortcoming, and Mr. Von Camp replied :

"There, my dear young lady," said he, "is where the world's imagination persists in being wrong. In India, in South America, in Mexico, in the West Indies, and, I dare say, in the southern part of your own country, the flowers of the forest are far more numerous and lovely than any thus far seen in this so-called Garden of the Equator ; while in a given number of cultivated miles of either American, or English, or German soil, you may find such riches of blooming plants as the most luxuriant wilderness never presents. It is laborious human cultivation that makes flower, as well as fruit, an appreciable blessing to man. Why, look at fruit, now," continued the Anglicized Dutch philosopher, gazing round at his little audience. "In a civilized land a homeless man can find in summer woods and fields the berries, or grapes, or apples, or pears, or what

not, to be food for him in variety. But here, in this region of endless summer, what does the needy native traveler choose to eat amongst all the fruits and edible growths of his vast forests? Nothing, I assure you, but 'palm cabbages,' which he makes wholesome with a little salt! Everything else for which this climate is famous, in the eatable—and even potable—line; from coffee, and nutmegs, and figs, and bananas, and mangosteens, up to cocoanuts, bread-fruit and durions; must be subjected to systematic human cultivation before even the natives care to partake of it."

"Is the bread-fruit found on this island?" inquired Mrs. Effingham.

"I think not, madame. It is best known as coming from Amboyna, a little island south of Ceram in the eastern Moluccas. In talking of 'this climate,'" added Mr. Von Camp, "I mean that of the whole East Indian Archipelago."

The ramble of the company was extended far enough across the little headland for a view some distance up the inlet entering on the farther side and winding into the wooded obscurities of the island. In patches of sunshine showing about the stream before it reached the darker arches of the leaning trees of either bank, brilliant flashes of color could be discerned traversing the white air, and might have been mistaken for small birds had not Mr. Von Camp maintained that they were ornithopterous, or bird-winged, butterflies. No boat of white men had ever attempted to go up this tributary thread of water yet; and how far it penetrated, and whether the wild hogs, deer and tiger-cats of the region came to it at night, were questions the gentlemen with the guns would have been pleased to solve if time and the occasion had been more favorable.

Upon the return to the embowered fort it was found





that Berner had gone nearly into apoplexy between efforts to assure proper temperatures for the claret and sherry, and, simultaneously, keep due watch and ward over Nellie Merton and his juvenile master. Once, only, had he ventured to turn his back wholly upon the miniature flirtation in the embrasure, while giving the final touches to his canoe-sideboard; and during that brief interval the comforting Cherub had succeeded in plunging headlong from his height to the ground beyond, in a proud young endeavor to destroy Miss Merton's nerves by standing on one foot upon the extremest crumbling verge of the parapet. A custom of not crying in such crises, lest parental or other elderly cognizance should tend to the lessening of immediate future enjoyments of the same kind, made the contused lad able to refrain from alarming noises in this instance, and the appearance of his head obliquely girded with the far more agitated Swiss butler's handkerchief was the first notification to his guardians and their friends that he had once more escaped the violent death so alert to attend the simplest acrobatic diversions of children with whom it is hard for the world to part.

There was a light luncheon, with the wine, on the mats spread over the grass. Berner had in store chicken and other cold viands, and the materials for salads; but, as dinner was to be eaten at home, so soon, fruit was the refreshment chiefly in demand.

"By the way, I've got a bit of a curiosity to show you all," remarked Mr. Merton, receiving from one of his boatmen something rolled in leaves. Throwing aside the latter he exhibited an object resembling a withered orange. "That," he continued, handing it to be passed around, "is a fruit once so common in Borneo that it gave the island its native name—Pulo

Kalamantan. It is the Kalamantan, now found only in the far interior, I believe, and said to be intolerably sour eating."

"It is thought by some authorities to be the aboriginal form of the durion; a wilder species, I mean, than the wild durion of the coast," Mr. Von Camp said, not willing to be eclipsed in a field he had so lately thought principally his own.

"Have you learned how to eat durions, yet, Mrs. Effingham?" asked Belmore.

"No," said the lady, looking amused. "Peter brought one to the house soon after our arrival and—we have never cared for another experience."

The two other matrons and their husbands laughed. They knew how terrible is the odor of the great fruit when first opened—and also how easily European palates can learn to delight in the durion taste.

"It must be confessed that the preliminary aroma is a little trying," conceded the slightly disconcerted young man: "yet people who would think it grossly vulgar to partake of plain onions may become enthusiastic durion-eaters. There are several such at the Rajah's table; and, really, you know, when you come to try those positively beautiful ovals of creamy pulp, in their five satiny-white sections, they do compensate for the preceding shock to the nostrils."

"And these very durions must be improved by cultivation before they are fit for any one's taste," said Mr. Von Camp, reverting to his hobby. "So it is with the Amboyna bread-fruit. Bake it, in its cultivated state, and it eats like batter, or Yorkshire, pudding; but in its wild growth the seeds—about as large as chestnuts—are the best part of it. I've heard that it is the same with the nut-fruit of Brazil."

Assuredly the doings and conversations of these

excursionists to the old Malayan fort were eccentric for a pic-nic ; yet, in being characteristic of a little band of educated people lingering in such a way on the shore of a Borneon river, and naturally excited to greatest interest by things belonging or relating to the unwonted scenes around them, they did not affect even the projector of the pastime disappointingly. If few of the customary sentimental graces of pic-nicking were practicable, the whole tendency of the innovation was to make all the partakers seem and act like members of the one family, drawn more intimately together from the very unwontedness of everything about the affair. Hence the naval officer was warranted at least in a general filial and fraternal assumption, as congenial to his inclinations as it would have been impracticable within more conventional circumstances. To crown all for him, the bruised condition of Cherubino led to the placing of that imperishable lad under the particular care of Berner for the homeward voyage, and little Miss Merton had the inspiration to plead successfully a place with her parents. This left Miss Effingham to the exclusive oarsmanship of the Lieutenant—what he had been secretly pondering to bring about all the afternoon.

Thus it happened, that when the re-embarkation took place, not only were youth and maiden alone in the wherry ; but, as, by a little adroit management on the part of the former, Berner's canoe was started first, the wherry, by another artless touch of a similar policy, was made to linger until the last.

"Sha'n't we have this awning down now, Miss Effingham?" queried the schemer, in a tone of undisguised satisfaction, as he suddenly rested on his oars in the wake of the parental boat. "The hills keep off the sun, you see, and you have your parasol. We can then get a so much better view of everything."

Abretta had a shy consciousness of there being some art in the whole present arrangement, and looked girlishly startled at the cessation of movement attending his proposition.

"Oh, yes : I sha'n't mind it. But do, please be quick, or they will all leave us behind," she said, uneasily.

"We can overtake them whenever we please," was his bland answer, as he proceeded to remove their canopy in very leisurely style. But the instinctive perturbation in those innocent black eyes was too much for his pretense of audacity, and, upon resuming the oars, he humbled himself in frank confession.

"Don't be unhappy because I've maneuvered a little for one, last *tête-à-tête*," was his plaintive appeal, the while he made no more exertion than was necessary to keep the boat in its softly rippling course. "It provokes me to think that I hadn't the courage to say at once to your mother, when we started this afternoon, that my true purpose in the whole boating arrangement was to have you, especially, to myself, for a while. There can be no earthly sense in all this cowardice and pretense over an absolutely harmless and natural impulse of friendship before a long separation. I'm honest enough now, at any rate, to tell you the full truth, and if you can't forgive it, why, then, so much the worse for me."

They were face to face ; and, as the young man leaned toward her from the thwart, in his earnestness ; resting upon his oars so long as the least impetus of the last mechanical, noiseless stroke remained ; she drew back closer to her end of the boat and cast another uneasy look after the canoes.

"I've never practiced any deception with my mother, Mr. Belmore," she began, with ominous dignity, "and cannot be pleased that any one should have done so.

You may rest assured, too, that if, in her judgment, there were any good reasons why we should not be left to ourselves for a short time, you could not have invented the means of deceiving her into assent."

"You can't tell me that better than I know it myself!" he retorted, penitently. "I've said that I feel shamefaced enough over the way I've plotted for what I never could have gained if you, and your mother and father—both—did not regard me as too much of a boy to be minded! And I'm so much a mere, moon-struck kind of tiresome youngster to you, yourself, Miss Effingham," he continued with a sudden, resentful pull at the oars again—"I'm so childish, in your estimation, that you have not the remotest idea why I should have any dread of anybody's opposition to my monopoly of you for a half-hour's parting talk. I've no very distinct theory of my own about it, so far as that goes; but this I know, and confess—I simply could not go away from Sarāwak without a good-by to you without witnesses; and I could not resist an overwhelming, unreasoning impression that I *must* use artifice to get you into my boat alone."

If the speaker had possessed any clear sense of what feeling it was that made him so gratuitously timid and designing in the first place, and then drove him into excuses which were but so many egregious self-accusations, he could not have thus freely revealed the unmistakable workings of that feeling to the girl by whom it had been inspired. For, in very truth, both of these wholesome and fresh young natures were as innocently ignorant of passion as the morning dew is of the midday thunder-shower. They only knew that there was both a pleasure and a torment in their being together: a pleasure explaining itself easily enough by an infinity of familiar sensations, but a torment all the more perturbingly unintelligible because it seemed to arise chiefly

from a perpetual instinctive eagerness not to be pleased ! As the association had gone on, in the exceptional circumstances of common sojourning in an uncivilized foreign country, it had changed phase, gradually and subtly, from the placid harmony of a congenial youthful companionship to an obscurely disquieted nearer attraction, in which was a certain irritable repulsion also. At once far happier than before, and, for the first time, vaguely unhappy, too, in each other's society, the ingenuous girl and the not much more sophisticated youth became mutually fretting and bewildering by a continual jar of seeming cross-purposes in this second stage of their friendship. She developed an alertness of opposition as foreign to her past manner as it was inexplicable to herself in the present, and he took up a habit of feeling dimly injured by her almost every word and look, and thinking that he must practice a sort of craven stealthiness in his every manifestation of a preference previously exhibited without a fear to everybody.

It must be added, however, that in becoming ashamed—he knew not at all why—to show others than Miss Effingham that he was particularly fond of her society, the English sailor unwittingly drew nearer to a knowledge of the true feeling growing between them than Abretta had yet come. She experienced timidity at his approaches only from seeing that he, himself, was beginning to show something like fear in them. Not altogether at ease in the case, she yet could not understand why she should feel uneasy ; nor, particularly, why a companion whom her family and friends had never shown the slightest sign of opposing, should suddenly adopt an equivocation of manner as though both he and she were surrounded by inimical characters.

“ I do not at all see, Mr. Belmore,” she said, in reply to his last speech, “ why I, or anybody else, must either

regard you as a 'boy,' or object to your exercise of the common social privileges of a gentleman. Everybody belonging to me is glad to know that you are so sorry to leave us, and sorry for the occasion of such gladness. I am sure no one would dream of preventing your saying good-by to each one of us in your own way; and Mamma, especially, has always so plainly shown her high opinion of you, that it seems to me ungenerous in us to appear to be evading her in any way.—No, I am not offended. Why should I be? You say you really do not understand yourself, and I am sure I do not understand you.—But please do not stop rowing; we can talk as well after we get home."

Palpable anger shone in Belmore's face, and he savagely tugged at his oars for several rushing strokes, as though disposed to take the lady severely at her word. But this was only the exasperated impulse of a moment, and then he was leaving the boat to take care of itself again.

"My farewell to you, Miss Effingham, must be spoken before we leave this boat," he said, with dictatorial sharpness. "Yesterday we laughed bravely at the humorous idea of my coming to grief in the Bruni cannonade; but, for all that, I should not like my friends to take my going into a battle as lightly as though I had gone to a ball. Now here is the whole secret of my scheming to have you to myself for a few moments. I want to ask of you a great favor.—Oh, you needn't look so troubled again; it is quite harmless, even if you are pleased to refuse it.—Your hair is gathered in a ribbon. Will you give me that ribbon as a keepsake, and give it to me now?"

In the alternating glow and pallor of Abretta's countenance at this unexpected request, so almost imperiously addressed to her, there was at first the flutter of

an impulse of maidenly alarm. Her eyes fell as much under his changed tone as under the unaccustomed spirit of his searching gaze. Then, with characteristically quick recovery of natural composure, she quietly unloosed the ribbon from her lustrous fall of jet-black locks, and, meeting the young man's look with one unshrinking and frankly kind, handed him the simple keepsake without a word.

As unaffectedly and bravely he pressed her hand before releasing it. This was their real good-by, and both felt it too genuinely for any less generous self-consciousness. The sailor folded the ribbon deliberately and placed it in his breast; he drew the oars through the water slowly, and his features betrayed no sign of unusual emotion; but when, at last, he spoke again, there was a faint tremor in the lowered tone:

"I thank you more than I can say."

"And now you *will* row a little faster?" she insinuated, though ever so much more gently than before.

"Yes; I could part from you now without another word!"

So the wherry moved on more steadily, though not with a swiftness or sound to offend the majestic silent solitariness of the shadowy vale of water. It made a strange little floating picture in that Titanic frame of mountains lessening downward all around, to inner rims of jungle-netted shore, wherefrom mighty arabesques of interlocking roots reached deep into the darkling tide. Abretta, grave and thoughtful, leaned daintily from the stern-sheets to trail one white finger-tip idly in the mystic stream, as unwitting of the occupation as of the opened parasol fallen to her opposite side. The oarsman, swaying as lightly as slowly to the short, smooth curve and dip of the oars, projected a shade, coming and going, at his companion's feet.



"This being in Borneo seems all like a dream to me," were the girl's next words; "I cannot yet make it real to myself."

"It will be only too much a lost reality for me, after to-day," responded Belmore.

"Every scene here, and every sentiment it suggests, seem to me different enough from all that I have ever before known, to belong to a totally different world; and they appear particularly incompatible with anything so practical and passionate as war."

"So they might to me, Miss Effingham, if I had not often seen the *Cressy's* guns thundering shot into scenes as little warlike in their apparent sentiment."

"You have been in battle, then?"

"If you can call it a battle. My ship was at Commodore Napier's capture of Acre, near the close of the Syrian war, five years ago. I'm not very proud of that war, as an Englishman, although I was only a boyish middy then."

"It was one of the 'Eastern Question' troubles, wasn't it?"

"That same old bother. Mehemet Ali, the most enlightened Egyptian since the Pharaohs, was to be driven out of Syria, and his magnificent soldier, Ibrahim pacha, overwhelmed, because the cowardly Turks, with three times as many troops and ships, could not take care of their own province. So, my country, and Austria and Prussia, must needs combine to restore the 'balance of power.' As it had been before, at Lebanon, and Sidon and Beyrout, so it was at Acre. There were the English and Austrian ships, marshaled abreast of the old gray walls by the blue burgee of our uncouth but brave old Commodore, raining shot and shell on mosque and minaret for the sake of a parcel of infidel dogs whom the great Ibrahim had driven before him,

time and again, like sheep. No, I'm not at all proud of having been in such a war as that, Miss Effingham! If only the French had taken part on the other side, as we thought and hoped they would, we should have felt some credit in our work. As it was, the business was like firing into some venerable church! We could see Mount Carmel in the distance, and the monks there must have heard our sacrilegious guns."

"Such a war, in such a cause, affects the imagination like a profanation of the Bible," said Abretta, stirred by the names of holy places.

"Even more than you'd think," rejoined Belmore; "for Mehemet Ali has some of the highest Christian qualities, if he is a Mahometan. Think of civilized powers fighting for the Turk against a ruler who has given to humane science the beneficent Medical School and Hospital at Cairo, and made the famous French superintendent of them, Dr. Clot, a Bey, without asking him to change his religion!"

"Is he the celebrated Clot Bey, then?"

"No other. The only Christian, too, ever made a Bey, without change of creed."

"Was it in Syria you had the fever?" asked Abretta.

The question was only innocently a suggestion from the mention of the illustrious Plague curer of the East, but the Lieutenant had a perpetual guilty suspicion that his American friends were skeptical about his invalid experiences.

"Tripoli was my sick-bay," returned he, with an uneasy laugh; "though it seems so hard for people to believe either in that, or in the sunstroke giving me my present holiday. I only hope that none of you will feel conscience-stricken if anything happens to me at Bruni."

"Oh, do not joke about that again!" exclaimed his

hearer, with an earnestness of look and emphasis expressing much more than her words—indeed far more than she was conscious of betraying.

The eloquently grateful flash of the young sailor's blue eyes made her aware of his quick appreciation, and called a charming color once again to cheeks on which rose and lily had else remained more equally matched.

Little farther was said while the wherry drew near to Kuchin ; prahus and smaller craft now showing here and there around them, and human figures appearing occasionally on the banks. They were re-entering the world of unrhythmical prose, and the poetic spell of harmonious isolation was as a soft, sweet song checked at the earliest breath of dissonance.

But a graciously beautifying influence yet remained from what was lost for all that came after, and the two young voyagers felt no painful jar in emerging from one into the other. It was a fairer common world to look upon than ever, if only because the bolder revisitant brought back to it the ribbon from a queen's hair, and the gentler a tremulous instinctive thrill as from having subtly neared a king. The light beating hazily down the engirding Borneon peaks and cliffs, from the last glittering crown thrown off by a sinking sun around their palm-fringed temples ; ship, and junk, and prahu—tidal rock and wave-enamored stooping tree—held motionless by their own watery phantoms in it ; even savage town and ruder jungled shore softening to graceful undulation and benign accord under the beadless ripened wine of air—such was the glory of the world to eyes learning a new vision.

Their good-by had been spoken without words. Only the faint ripple of the boat sounded in the last brief reach between the anchorage of the waiting ship-of-war

and the destination where the sailor must turn back from dove-eyed Peace to put on the grim harness of battle. With grudging slowness he swept and dipped the yet too hastening oars, his hungry gaze perfecting the last picture he wished to bear away with him—a figure of exquisite youthful womanly loveliness, with face half-averted and rested upon uplifted hand, and eyes downcast in guileless maiden revery—her shadow coming after her over the passing water, like a reflective silence following a beautiful thought.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### WHAT HAPPENED IN AUGUST.

THE Rajah of Sarāwak unquestionably possessed experience and abilities to become a military character of no mean order, had his moral genius involved the least ambition for such an attainment. What Macaulay, with true sedentary flavor, denominates “the vulgar courage of the common soldier,” was his in a conspicuous degree; and on every occasion when war had no practicable alternative for him in Borneo he proved invincible as a commander. It was, then, no constitutionally effeminate shrinking from the fierce arbitrament of the sword that restrained him from investing the whole romance of his Oriental career with the heroic glitter of armed conquest. A more manly exemplar of his race; a braver, higher-minded, loftier-spirited Anglo-Saxon; never bore the banner of civilization to the walls of hostile barbarism.

Had he chosen to avail himself of the opportunity when Muda Hassim, vizier and chief provincial gover-

nor of the Sultan of Borneo proper, gladly resigned to him the supreme command against a rebellion that the whole sultanate was powerless to subdue, he might easily have established a militant dictatorship of the island, equivalent to that of the Dutch in Java. Later, the seditious jealousy of Makota offered him yet readier means of turning Borneo into a second Hindostan, with himself to preside over another merciless and rapacious East India Company.

But the first Englishman to sail up the pirate-haunted Sarāwak, and that, too, with no more imposing pomp of outward circumstance than his own private yacht, contemned the thought of grasping as a conqueror the vast, dim region whose simple-hearted children had so early hailed and implicitly trusted him as their Great one, their Tuan Besar. The spirit he wished to emulate was that in which Sir Stamford Raffles sought to regenerate the down-trodden Javanese, thirty years before, during the temporary British occupation of Batavia. He could draw the sword to put down wasting and destroying civil war, and keep it unsheathed in the cause of common humanity while his native land lent him one corvette and a gunboat to chastise the pitiless pirates and slavers of a pestilent coast; but after that he wished to leave it wholly in the hands of his country.

From her he desired personal countenance and aid only so far as they would make him stronger, without military conquest, to awe an oligarchy of Malay oppressors into some respect for Christian justice, and raise thousands—ultimately millions—of the true owners of the soil, from slavery to freedom. To this end he advocated a British occupation of the little island of Labuan, off the coast not far north of the mouth of Borneo river, whence piracy and slaving

could, alike, be held in check, and the legitimate commercial opportunities of the situation controlled.

With this motive he accepted an appointment as English Agent to the court of Bruni, to negotiate and maintain a treaty, securing English sailors from imprisonment and enslavement by treacherous Borneon wreckers. And, in the highest sentiment of unselfishness, he was even willing to relinquish his Rajahship itself to the Queen's government, and be himself a mere lieutenant, if thereby that government could be the more effectually persuaded to help, for once, in gathering a land to Gospel-light without an established ministry of cannon.

A rehearsal of these historical facts is requisite for a just understanding of the temper in which Rajah Brooke found himself once more upon the deck of a British ship of war, in August, 1845, to approve acts of sovereign war as the only means of compelling Mahometan Borneo to respect the rights of mankind. All forms of expostulation had been unavailing to deliver two of the seamen of a wrecked merchantman from the slave-pen of the Pangeran Usop ; for the imbecile Sultan bewailed to the English Agent, and Rear-Admiral, and his own bandhara, Muda Hassim, that he had no power over that audacious prince ; and the latter responded to the British demand by retiring to his combined home and fortress on the hill above the city, and pointing his guns at the squadron in the river.

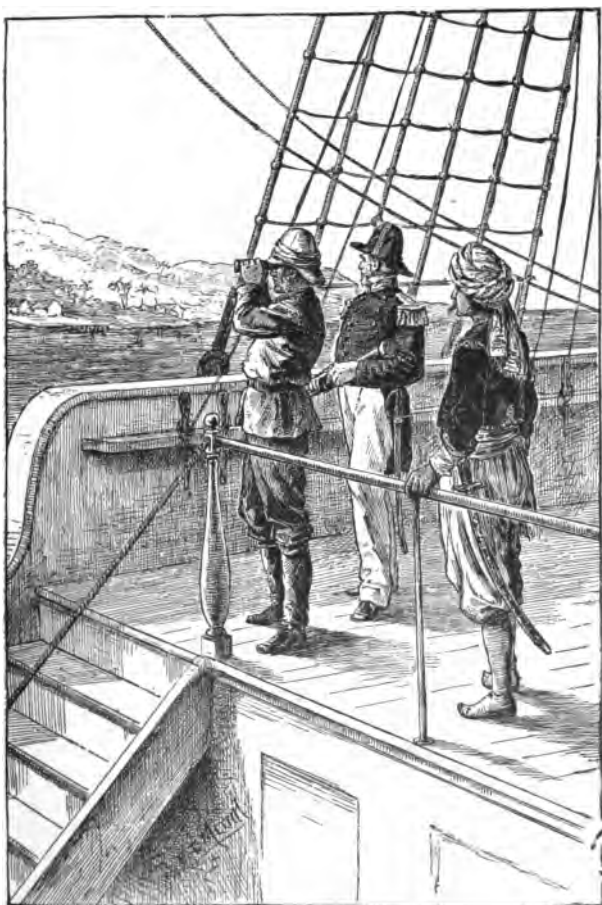
Sir Thomas Cochrane's whole fleet was before Bruni ; the *Vixen*, abreast of the recalcitrant pangeran's citadel ; then the *Agincourt*, the *Pluto*, the *Nemesis*, the *Wolverine*, the *Driver*, and others. For the first time in history Pulo Kalamantan beheld within her coastline a really formidable demonstration—not by the East India Company, but—by the nation whose relentless

power had made a trading corporation invincible over the millions of Hindostan. Town and palace both looked covertly forth upon the ominous naval pageant with a dismay too fearful for any of the popular congregation in the public places, or on the shore, that would have been natural in a civilized port thus visited. Since the arrival of the strangers even the floating market had disappeared. So unwonted, indeed, was the aspect of depopulation in Bruni when the ships took their positions, that suspicions of treachery were rife in the squadron ; and when, during the night before the ultimatum of Usop, the marine officer of the *Vixen*, Mr. R——, cried out in a nightmare, the whole line of vessels was thrown into a panic, under an impression that the Malays were characteristically coming on in the darkness.

If any two Englishmen of contemporaneous fame should have been qualified by uncommonness of respective public careers to sympathize with each other, they were Cochrane and Brooke : for if the latter had been able to enlist his country's influence and aid only after much futile appeal, the former knew the bitterness of having been, for a time, actually driven into resentful exile ; and restored, at last, not over-graciously.

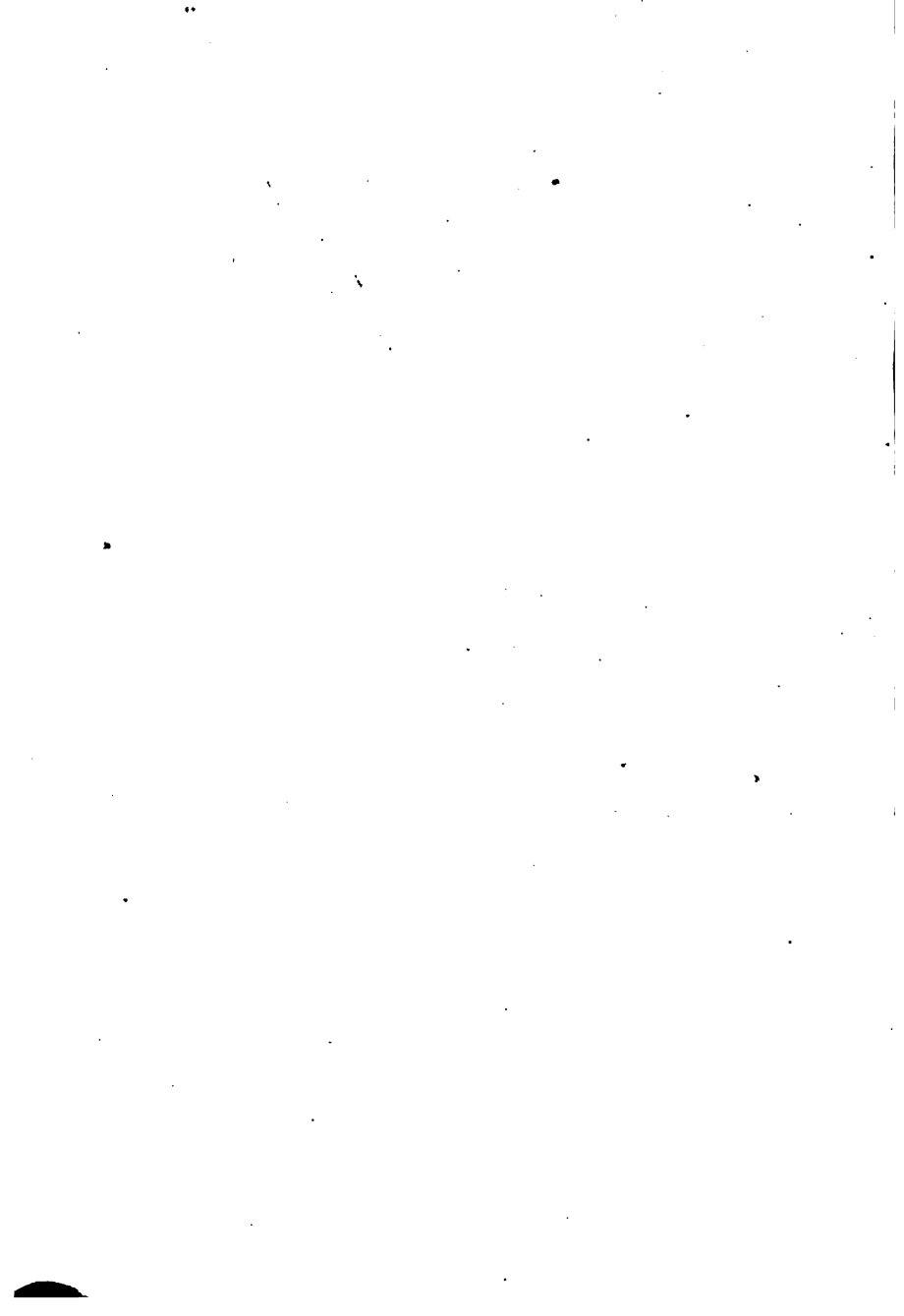
And the Rajah and the Rear-Admiral did understand each other well. On the August afternoon now reached by our story they stood together on the poop-deck of the leading man-of-war, anxiously watching the fortified house on the hill ; their only immediate companion a very handsome young Malay prince in gold-laced turban and crimson velvet jacket, blue silk sarong and Turkish trousers and boots—the Pangeran Budrudeen.

Usop's final answer was to be given at two o'clock. That hour was now distant only a few minutes, and the guns of the British ships were all loaded and aimed in



**THE ADMIRAL, THE RAJAH, AND THE HANDSOME YOUNG MALAY PRINCE STOOD TOGETHER ON THE QUARTER-DECK.—p. 214.**





readiness for any event. The sun-bronzed Admiral, in full naval uniform, and the Rajah, in sun-helmet, sword-belted blue blouse, and military boots over his blue trousers, kept their glasses upon the house, over the stockade and within the long veranda of which the red jackets and feathered turbans of a host of Kadien Dyaks could be seen.

"The fool is bent upon his own destruction, I believe," said Brooke, at last, lowering his glass with something like a sigh. "It is unmistakable that he means fight."

"For my own part, I have never questioned that issue since our last visit to the palace," assented his English companion. "The black fellow means fight and nothing else, and I have no hesitation in saying, that the sooner it begins the better I shall be suited."

"Usop is not alone in this folly, I am sure," rejoined the Rajah. "It must be as you say, my good friend," he added, turning to the young Malay and speaking in his tongue: "this is Makota's doing, and means more than we see here."

"Makota, the Serpent!" exclaimed Budrudeen, fiercely emphasizing a name popularly bestowed upon that personage. "He is the prompter of Usop in this; and it is his treachery, too, that has led Shereef Houseman, of Malludu, to defy the Sultan and yourself once more. What cares the traitor for treaties! He hates you and your country, Rajah; he hates my brother, Muda Hassim, and myself, because you are our friend; and the war he dares not undertake, himself, against us, he persuades others to wage."

"He is the rascal, too," put in the Admiral, in the same language, "whom you, Rajah, and Keppel, let slip through your fingers when he was your prisoner."

"Would you have had me hold him as a slave, Sir

Thomas? His execution would have been my only alternative, in Borneo."

"War is war," insisted the veteran; "and when your enemy is a traitor to his own sovereign, as well as to yourself, he takes his life in his hands if he fights against you."

"The Sultan would not have spared Makota," said Budrudeen.

"But he was not avowedly acting against the Sultan. It was against myself—the foreigner—he professed to take part," argued the Rajah, frankly. "He said to his followers: 'Look at Hindostan and Java; they will show you what the European sirani mean by their friendship for Asiatic princes. This Tuan Brooke has deceived Muda Hassim, and even our Lord who Rules—the Sultan—into giving him and his Europeans a foothold in Pulo Kalamantan; but I—Makota the Learned—am wise enough to see that this English rajahship means a second Java for us. This is why I must seem to be an enemy even of the Sultan himself, for the sake of our country.' Such is the man's sophistry, and I know well that he only assumes it as a cloak for nefarious, selfish conspiracy; but how am I to prove this? Upon its face, the pretense has only too much justification in the history of European progress in the East Indies; and, so long as I cannot, by positive evidence convict Makota of being the mere unscrupulous bandit he certainly is, how can I treat him as a criminal consistently with the spirit of peaceful Christian friendship for his unhappy country that I have so persistently asserted since my first landing at Kuchin?"

Curiously enough, this magnanimous speech found far deeper appreciation with the Malay than with the speaker's brother Englishman. Budrudeen's keen black eyes softened to a positively affectionate look of admira-

tion, while the Rear-Admiral's whole manner exhibited impatience.

"I know of but one practical way of dealing with mad dogs," said the sailor, "however their rabies may have been originally produced. For your own commonest safety you must kill as many of them as possible, and particularly the one whose bite carries the most infection amongst the others. What am I here for, now, with my ships, but to enable you to punish the dogs bitten by this same mad Makota?"

"But not to revenge any private wrongs of the Rajah of Sarāwak," retorted the Rajah, quickly. "With you, Admiral, as with gallant Keppel, I am not a Rajah of Borneo—only an English citizen; or, in the present case, only an agent of Great Britain: serving practically as a volunteer against pirates whose extirpation is the duty of all Christendom. In no grievance of my own shall I ever invoke armed aid; when it comes to that my career in Borneo will be ended."

"Tuan Besar loves Pulo Kalamantan so well, that he cannot hate even Usop and Makota," said the swarthy young prince, whose generous heart—barbarian, that he was—could understand the high sentiment of the Christian Rajah.

"Then, small comfort you will get from the present ministry at home, Mr. Brooke," answered Cochrane. "I understand your principles thoroughly, and honor them; but the tactics of 'John Company,' and of the Dutch at Batavia, are the only ones valued in Europe when the East Indies are in question. You and I have common reason to know how much an Englishman in public place amounts to with his Government, when he is in any trouble that gunpowder is not called to remove."

At this moment the smoke and flash of a gun from

Usop's lofty stockade brought the colloquy to an abrupt conclusion, and a six-pound ball, passing between the topmasts of the *Vixen*, announced that the intrenched rebel Pangeran accepted the dread issue of arms. As, however, no second roar of defiance immediately followed, Sir Thomas hesitated before giving decisive orders to his first lieutenant, who had approached him on the quarter-deck. The drums had beaten to quarters, the men were at their guns, all was ready to signal the remainder of the squadron as needed; and, while the two chieftains on the poop kept their glasses leveled at the headquarters of the enemy, Budrudeen hastily descended to a war-prahu filled with the Sultan's body-guard, that had put off from the palace wharf at the ominous report of the cannon.

"Is that Malay to be wholly trusted?" asked the Admiral, with a glance at the retiring prahu.

"Budrudeen is true as steel," was the terse response.

Under the searching glare of a mid-day sun, Bruni and her barbaric surroundings had already an aspect of savage desolation in the silent pause between the first, uncertain note of hostility and the inevitably coming storm. Usually at this hour of the day all the intricate waterways of the tide-meshed pauper Venice were alive with boats; on the river-front swarmed the craft of the noisy, floating market; prahus of trade and war populated the broad stretch of the harbor, and human shapes, peaceful or warlike, moved between the huge buildings of State on the surrounding hillsides. Now the whole minor boating life had flown to hasty covert in the jungle of the banks above the town; the prahus had withdrawn beyond the ruined stone fort; pile-lifted hovel and dingy white palace, alike, gave signs of habitation only by some furtive, fantastic apparition peering through roof-flap, or draped window; and the

sole human potency of the scene appeared to have concentrated finally in the gun-bristling eyrie of the rebellious prince, and the stately line of tall British men-of-war restraining their thunder for the sound of another shot.

"Are we to expect a flag of truce, or a broadside, next?" muttered the Admiral.

"I have no hope of anything peaceful now," replied the Rajah, closing his glass; "otherwise Budrudeen, or Muda Hassim, would signal us from the palace. That first gun was a characteristic bit of bravado. We shall not have to wait long for the others."

After casting one more look of thoughtful scrutiny over the suggestive prospect, the last speaker descended slowly to the main deck, his aspect of troubled abstraction securing him from address by any of the various officers at their posts until he had reached the entrance to the gun-room. A young man, in uniform, emerging from thence, saluted him as they met, and his brow cleared at the bright, familiar glance encountering his own.

"Is this work too slow for you, Mr. Belmore?" inquired the Rajah, laying a hand kindly on the volunteer's shoulder.

"I have certainly known shore-batteries to be livelier than this one, sir, even in the East," responded Belmore. Then added, with increased animation: "But we may have some music when it comes to landing, I take it, sir. These Dyaks, they tell me, can make a fight of it sometimes, when you have to go at them up hill."

"The poor, deluded creatures are but sorry foes for English sailors. However, you may have enough fighting, my young friend, before we return to Sarāwak; and I trust, Mr. Belmore, that, for your Uncle's sake,

if not for your own, you will be led into no foolhardiness. Bear in mind, that this kind Uncle has little more than yourself to fill his heart in this world."

"And I love him, sir, like a son."

"As you may well do, for he has a father's tenderest affection for you."

Here a deafening roar burst upon their ears, accompanied by a significant, hurtling flurry of the air in the rigging over their heads; followed instantly by shrill words of command and an answering prodigious crash from the ports of their own vessel. Battle was upon them at last; and, waving permission for the eager lieutenant to repair to his duty, the Rajah returned to the companionship of the Admiral.

Then ensued the anomalous spectacle of a frigate and a single house of a town engaging in a hot cannonade; the while the town itself and the imperial government of which it was the capital were supposably in sympathy with the besieging force, though too weak to take immediate part against their seditious prince. From the guns planted on the stockade of the hillside seat-of-war, and, at first, even from the field-pieces on the high veranda, a fire was maintained with some steadiness for a time: but, in the usual awkward style of a savage country, the whole battery had an elevation of muzzles impracticable for any serious effect below the yards of the vessel assailed, and its iron hail was the most futile of defenses against the British gunnery.

This roaring exchange, reverberated in mighty rolling cadences by the background of sullen mountains, was not much more than leisurely practice for the blue-jackets of the *Vixen*. Soon, through rifts in the great veil of pungent smoke, several breaches could be discerned in the stockade; and, finally, dropping off, one by one, the intractable cannon in the air were heard no

more. Lessening her own fire, thereat, to an occasional precautionary shot, the frigate signaled her nearer consorts to co-operate for a land-assault, and, with the celerity of civilized discipline, a number of boats were presently pulling to the shore with a strong detail of marines for the completion of the afternoon's work.

The passage of this storming-party, in which Lieutenant Belmore held a subordinate command, was through an end of the cowed city, to the foot of the steep ascent to Usop's house. From the decks of the squadron excited eyes looked after the boats entering the network of fishing-huts and Malay dwellings, while now and then the *Vixen's* gun-deck spoke a stern warning to the barbarian who should dare to meditate an ambush. But the battle was over. Charging up the difficult acclivity, with a cheer, the followers of the First Lieutenant and Belmore found no heroic foemen to oppose them. Taking advantage of the smoke, the misguided Pangeran had retreated, with his Kadiens into the further mountain-range, and in a few moments, dumbly crouching Bruni, the craven Sultan's secretly-watching court, and the people of the conquering ships, beheld a pillar of fire arising from the doomed stronghold of the fugitive prince.

Immediately successive events on the scene of this summary vengeance for a disregarded humane Treaty require but general mention here. The Sultan's barge came out to the squadron with Muda Hassim, Budrudeen, and the high officers of the palace, to bear the congratulations of the Iang de per Tuam to Tuan Besar and the invincible sea-warriors of the Great Queen. Sampans and canoes reappeared so swiftly in the waters of the town that they might have risen there from hiding in the mud. The floating market, animated with chattering yellow crones and nymphs



in the gayest of plaited conical hats, again danced on the river, and sought custom from the foreign ships. The townspeople—Malays, Dyaks and Chinamen—emerged from their recent terror-stricken lurkings into a fantastic holiday-celebration, with gongs and tomtoms; and at night there was an illumination with Chinese lanterns, and an exhibition of the “Mancha,” or native sword-dance, at the palace, in honor of the victory.

Usop’s punishment, however, was but a part of the mission of the ships. In Malludu Bay, the pirate-chief, Shereef Houseman, had forgotten the pretense of reform forced upon his fears by the signal chastisements of his brother-shereefs, Muller and Sahib, on the Sarebas and Sakarran rivers, and now boasted of his renewed sanguinary atrocities upon trading prahus along the coast, and insolently denounced the Rajah and Sultan as “old women.” To bring this blatant villain to repentance was the next work for the retributive squadron; and, accordingly, anchors were weighed to the good old naval tune of “Nancy Dawson,” and, raising clouds of snowy canvas, the British guardians of the deep moved on to its accomplishment, under a ragged salute of honor from the crazy guns of the Sultan’s stockade forts.

On the nineteenth of August ensued the battle of Malludu, in which Cochrane’s force of five hundred and fifty blue-jackets and marines, in twenty-four boats, destroyed two piratical forts and a fleet of “bankongs,” or war-prahus, and totally routed a thousand of the Shereef’s Sea-Dyaks. The ships could approach only near enough to engage the land-batteries, which they soon knocked into ruins; but up the gloomy, palm-arched reaches of water, where the pirate craft lurked behind “booms” constructed to entangle as well as

obstruct all intruders, the pinnaces, cutters and gigs of the squadron had to make their way in more equal contest. Cutlassing through the rattan lashings of whole groves prone in the dark stream, and through thickets of wiry branch and thorny leaf, the musketeers in the boats advanced but slowly under showers of poisoned little darts from Upas-dipped "sumpitans," and with frequent desperate passages at arms with the half-clad savage spearsmen of rallying prahus. Nevertheless, break through they did, without casualties graver than flesh-wounds, and finally landed in good order on the edge of a partly-cleared jungle, where the Shereef and the flower of his army were rallying for a last stand. Lighted by the blaze of a score of burning pirate boats in the wreck of the "boom," the fighting-men of civilization; torn and bleeding as some of them were; gave one menacing glance at the swarm of wild, yelling figures in the shadowy covert before them, and then plunged forward with a hoarse hurrah.

Rajah Brooke was on his course back to Bruni before this closing onset occurred; a messenger, by swift-flying prahu, from Budrudeen, having apprised him of the sudden reappearance of Usop and his band on one of the hills overlooking the capital, and besought him to return immediately with at least one vessel. Too politic to hesitate about complying with this prayer of the noblest, stanchest Malayan friend he had found in Borneo, the Christian ruler of Sarāwak, assured that the victory of Malludu Bay was gained, returned at once, on the *Driver*, to the newly threatened town.

Justly incensed at the obdurate fatuity of the rebel Pangeran, he would willingly have taken part in the conclusive overthrow of that enemy, more cruel than the storm, to shipwrecked men. But this was not to be. Usop, cunningly suspicious of what the messenger-

prahu purported, made his descent before the foreign help could come, and gave battle to gallant Budrudeen and three hundred loyal Kadiens of his own Mahometan tribe of Dyaks, amid the blackened ruins of the house once his castle. It was a fierce, supreme struggle for the princely traitor, and success for him would have meant the downfall of the reigning sultanate and his own seizure of the musnud.

In vain, however, was his fury against a brother-prince, who, as history records, "fought like a European." At the end of an hour such of his followers as had not fallen victims to the "head-hunters" were scattered in flight once more among the palms and jungle of the mountains; his own hairbreadth escape to the coast and to Kimanis, and subsequent death by the krisses of betrayers there, become the legend even now heard by Borneon travelers.

Tidings of this decisive action intercepted the *Driver* before her arrival, and she came up to the city at last, not far in advance of the whole squadron from Malludu, amid the tumultuous rejoicings of a populace intoxicated with victory, and a river on which every conceivable form of native craft was decked with endless waving symbols of barbarian joy.

The Rajah and Budrudeen met on the Sultan's barge, and the former, taking off his own signet-ring, placed it upon a finger of the latter.

"Wear that, brave Pangeran," said the Christian prince, "in token of your fidelity to your sovereign, your good faith with my country, and your friendship to me."

The handsome young hero, the Bayard of native Borneon history, pressed the gift to his forehead, and bowed his turbaned head in more than ceremonial form.

"It shall never leave me, Tuan Besar, until I send it back to show that Budrudeen has died for you!" he exclaimed, with an intensity of feeling scarcely more unlike the habits of his dark and cynical race than was his every historic act.

Bruni heard the news of Shereef Houseman's destruction with an access of delight; and the palace, whatever its secret diplomatic sentiment as to these succeeding triumphs in the field by Muda Hassim's friends, neglected no means of showing courtly honor to the Agent and sailors of England. When Cochrane's squadron came up, at nightfall, it found illuminations and festal water-parties prevailing again, and the primitive forts saluted once more with hospitable clamor.

In the Sultan's audience-chamber, or "surow," during a "Talambong," or spear-dance, where naval uniforms were thick among the strange native court-dresses, the Rajah of Sarāwak found opportunity to ask of one of the captains a question as to the fatalities at Malludu.

"What noble English lives has this last victory cost us?"

"One, only, that I know of, Rajah. Many, of course, are more or less severely wounded; but only poor Gibbard, of the *Wolverine*, was killed. He and another young dare-devil, I hear, could not be restrained from rushing on ahead of the line in the jungle-fight, and the brave fellow was cut down in an ambuscade."

"Even one such life was a heavy cost for us, in a war with such an enemy," said the Rajah, sadly. "But the other—did he escape?"

"He is badly wounded; on the *Vixen*."

"Do you recall his name?"

"He was a volunteer with Sir Thomas. I think I heard him called Belmore."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A CRISIS FOR OSHONSEE.

It is probably because the whole visible system of vital Change has underlying it the inseparable principle of Death, that the human imagination seizes so eagerly upon any suggestion of unchangeableness in Nature, to invest it at once with a grandeur and beatitude far surpassing every charm of things familiarly mutable. This it does from no power to conceive an absolute immutability of existence for anything earthly, but by a wild impulse of that instinctive recoil from thought of mortal dissolution which finds, at least, a lulling sophistry for the fancy, in whatever of the great world's exceptional aspects make less obvious to mortal senses the inexorable limitation of all earthly being. The profoundest sentiment of mankind for Ocean and Mountain is stirred by the seeming exemption of those mighty objects from Time's obliteration; the grandest rivers may run dry, but there is the Sea as it was at the Creation; earthquakes may rend continents, and even swallow hills, but the peak in the clouds towers yet as in the immemorial Beginning. Thus, in a manner, the common imagination worships the deadliest battle-field of the Tempest, the treacherous temple of the cruel Avalanche, for their superficial temporizing with its blind hunger for whatsoever seemeth not in itself to be passing away.

So, too, the idea of a perpetual verdure for wood and field fascinates untrusting fancy like a possibility of all that finite reason can realize of unending life. Though the actual voyager to climates without either Winter or

Autumn, may describe ever so literally the savage desolateness of Nature running rank with the fadeless vegetation untended by man, the average reader catches first therefrom the impression of a comparative immortality for objects of wordly growth, and is unconsciously influenced by its subtle charm to imagine an Eden unfated by an Adam's fall.

The tendency to this instinctive idealization works strongly in a civilized man at his earliest experience of a forest in the Tropics. There, at last, he sees the wooded wilderness primeval, to which the ages have been but an unbroken summer, and all mundane history a noiseless gathering of life unto life. Centuries, coming and going, have witnessed only vaster complications of that illimitable embowerment of every massive and slender, graceful and fantastic form an imperishable vitality of columned brown and umbrageous green can take. No visible death, nor illustrated principle of it, is there ; for if trunk, or bough, or prodigious leaf, has ever fallen from weight of too much newly-crowding life, or from the energy of its own teeming roots to press forth fresher heads, or even by the hand of savage man—its shape was quickly lost in the luxuriantly-springing network of its own ever-bourgeoising parasites. Nature is there without her wonted symbol of the withering leaf ; without the naked branch and snowy shroud of winter ; and the unaccustomed human heart gives a great throb at the suggestion.

But the supernal spell is only for a moment ; and then, while the mind struggles vainly to combat it, arises a sensation that is not fear, nor dislike, nor troubled admiration ; but a mixture of all. As the bristling elf-locks of a savage, to the trained silken tresses of a Christian maid ; as the dissonant chaos of a brain gone mad, to the harmonious beauty of a re-

fined intellect ; so is this elfishly-entangled, riotous luxuriance of Nature in her wilderness of endless summer, to that gentler, tenderly-humanized aspect of herself in which her orderly bridal glory of half the year is the lovelier to man for her Autumnal fading and Wintry semblance of his own decline.

A feeling of perturbed desolation steals over the spectator of a scene of neglected life that seems deathless because its God has left it. Nothing in all its choking wealth of vernal monstrosities and infinitudes of dim green recesses intimates familiar use or refuge for Man, save as, in spirit like the brute, he may crouch in its harsh jungle to strike down an unwary foe, or, in yet grosser brute-likeness, disport, a hideous, hairy parody, amongst the twining arches of the darkening leafy dome.

There is, distinctively, an effect of Unblessedness in such a spectacle, for him who strives in vain to find in it some sympathy with civilized humanity ; and this was peculiarly realized by Doctor Hedland, while, on an afternoon in September, he stood some distance within a forest near the Malay village of Songi, grasping a gun with both hands, in recovery from the firing position.

Booted and bloused for the jungle ; his great Panama hat pushed far back, and his countenance wearing an expression of mingled perplexity and irritation ; the naturalist kept his gaze yet fixed upon a point in the lofty branches of some gigantic interlocking wild durion trees, at which, scarcely a moment before, his weapon had been leveled. Near him, stooping in the thicket, were his native servant, Kalong, and a Sibnowan Dyak in the bark turban and "chawat," or waist-cloth, of his class ; both armed with spears and staring intently upward, like their master. The latter's unexpected immobility continuing, Kalong finally looked toward him, and returned on a shrill whisper :

“Orang-outan, Tuan !”

Hedland’s peculiar gaze dropped to the man’s inquiring face for a moment ; then, without aim, the gun was pointed aloft and instantly discharged. After a brief interval of intense silence the durion leaves above rattled and rustled, as from the slow movement of some heavy bird ; a higher branch seemed to bend into them, and, in its recoil, brought into momentary full view a huge, hairy, frightfully man-like shape, hanging by one long arm. Though the movement had little appearance of haste, so smoothly swift was it, in reality, that only a glimpse was caught of the broad, dusky face, long, shaggy locks, and yellowish-red body, before the second arm had extended to an adjacent bough and the sinister figure vanished into another concealing height of dense foliage.

“The mias has escaped,” remarked the Englishman, indifferently, handing his piece to the wondering servant. “You may carry the gun back to the house—you and that other man—and await me there.”

Never before had these firm believers in the supernatural gifts of Pa Jenna’s mighty Tuan witnessed a failure of that weapon to conquer its selected prey, and they obeyed the sententious command with a mute exchange of surprised looks.

Left to himself, the missing marksman threw one more glance toward the gloomy altitude where his sardonic game had so deliberately swung from cover to cover, and, as he pulled his broad hat down over his contracted brows, gave a slight stamp upon the matted sod.

“I can never shoot another of them while I live !” he muttered, almost with a groan. “Heaven only knows whether they are brutes or men !”

The aimless firing of his gun had not so much as



brought down one twig or leaf from the tenacious perennial canopy ; no cry, or flutter, of bird, nor ruffle of beast or serpent, had followed the echoing report. In such shadowy density of growth upon growth, branch lapping branch, and thick vines by the thousands of feet binding all together in one vast trellis, no winged or creeping creature of that Borneon wild, save butterfly and beetle, could be stirred by any petty human uproar to emerge from its hiding, between the morning and evening choruses of the forest. Only the grim "man-of-the-wood" made all hours his own, and even his startling guttural strivings of speech were not heard at noonday.

With elbows braced before him, the moody solitary of science strode into the jungle at a sharp angle to the path that had been taken by his attendants, and forced his way through thickets breast-high, and over fragments of fallen rock from the hills beyond, with the confidence and directness of one accustomed to the place. No long experience of this mode of travel, however, was necessary to bring him out, with scarcely an interval of lessened shade, into the full sunlight of an opening made by a crystal stream, whose either bank sloped far enough at that point from the divided forest to break a luminous gap in the arch of palms. This was the tortuous little Songi river, winding its stealthy way toward the Sadong, and one of the innumerable snake-like links between one deeper stream and another, whereby prahus, coming in from the sea, were enabled to reach the most secluded villages of the woods. Seating himself on a rock deeply-cushioned with minutely-leaved parasites, Doctor Hedland drew a heavy breath, and, bending his chin to the support of meeting fingertips, gave way to sombre revery.

"Unblessedness" was the only name he could give

to the sensation so often oppressing him in these latter days. To the first exhilaration of pride in an assumed unparalleled scientific discovery, had succeeded a confusion of mental contradictions and moral uncertainties disordering a whole lifetime's intellectual balance. He apprehended that his spiritual, as well as reasoning, nature had lost all firm poise. The education of universities, and travel, and years of comprehensive observation, revolted from the conviction that a few months in these Borneon wildernesses had forced upon him; yet, despite every effort to be stubbornly skeptical, it was impressed upon his reason, beyond hope of evasion, that he had found awful living disproof of God's creation of Man in His own Image!

Was he not the first civilized finder of a creature at once brute and human, though of the same species with the mocking woodland monster that he had *not dared* to fire upon a while ago? Could he deny the testimony of his every intellectual faculty, that he now shrunk from the slaughter of a mias as from Murder, though before this, and in these very forests, he had ruthlessly brought many a man-of-the-woods groaning and bleeding to the ground!

What preposterousness, however, to deem murder a crime outside of social conventions; since, if mankind is really but a higher evolution of Apedom, the ape must logically be but an evolution from yet lower Brutedom—and that, perhaps, from inert matter: and to shoot a man having no conventional human relations, could be no more, in itself, a Sin, than the slaying of a bird. What, indeed, was Christian society, with its positive definitions of the things Man might and might not do without offending against man's God, but a supercilious conspiracy of intellectually-advanced apes, who assumed for themselves a special Divine creation,

in order selfishly to protect their own interests while giving over to destruction the dumb progenitors of all themselves could ever be ?

Was there really any philosophical truth in anything Human ? Was not the whole moral system of distinctively Human life a vainglorious fiction ; well enough for those who could win fortune and glory in it, but the very idiocy of needless and crownless crucifixion for him who suffered poverty and obscurity in sacrificing himself to its prescription, for the hope of something exceptional to all other animate creation after death ?

Thus the unhinged thoughts of this lonely sitter beside an Equatorial forest-stream went wandering on from one confusing, desolating speculation to another ; enlarging disbelief without supplying positive faith for any new creed, and degrading the distracted thinker's manhood without elevating aught to help its redemption.

Evening was at hand when the naturalist aroused himself from this fit of gloomy abstraction, and, with arms folded and look cast down, paced slowly along the bank toward the cottage occupied by him while in that region. Soon after his settlement in Pa Jenna's village he had selected the Songi neighborhood as most eligible for his occasional excursions in pursuit of the native fauna chiefly attracting his interest, and caused a habitation of one room to be constructed there, for his use, on the bank between the river's confluence with the Sadong and an interval of the forest where the Malay town rested on stumps in a marsh. At this point recurred the swampy country of the mias, extending thence, northwestward, through the flat woods of the Simunjon and Sadong, to the seashore. Here, also, could be found the curious lemur, *tardigrampus*; called the "Cucan" by the natives ; tiger-cats, squir-

rels, and even an occasional specimen of *Nasalis larvatus*, or great long-nosed monkey; the green and yellow flying tree-frog, and many magnificent varieties of butterfly, including a rarely beautiful one of the ornithopterous class, whose coat of black velvet has a collar of vivid crimson and wing-bands of brilliant green dots.

To journey to this region from the Sarāwak valley wholly by water,—instead of traveling partly by land, as the Effingham and Williamson party had done,—involved a circuitousness of route that would have been too lavish in time and distance for a man of business. But Doctor Hedland delighted in prahu-sailing beneath lofty roofs of leaves and branches, and had patience for as many tortuosities of way as led him by such weird channels. In a matting-cabined little craft managed only by Kalong, he was wont to make his excursions up the Sarāwak to the Morotaba; by the latter to the Sadong; and down that to the brook-like Songi.

As already intimated, his shelter during these visits was a cottage sequestered on the waterside; a square basket, as it were, of bamboo poles matted together by strips of the same giant reed: inclosed in a portico of similar poles and basketed railings; the steep roof of *Nypa* "ataps" hooding the whole. It stood a short distance back from the stream, where the prahu was moored, in the lighter shade of a clump of creeper-covered trees, with a short ladder of four steps between floor and ground; rude benches under the portico held the dead birds and small game awaiting Kalong's articulating, or embalming, treatment, and in the one chamber of the airy interior were a hammock, several inverted native "Tambok" baskets for chairs, a larger one for a table, and the guns, hampers, nets and butte-cards of the owner.

Into this structure the Doctor betook himself at the

close of his meditative walk, and there Kalong and his assistant presently served him with a true hunter's meal of turtle's eggs, salt fish and tea. Listlessly tossing the Panama hat into a corner, and donning his spectacles, he mechanically availed himself of one of the improvised chairs and silently partook of the simple fare. This done, he motioned for the strange Dyak to remove the primitive table-appointments, and, upon the ultimate withdrawal of that assistant-servitor, addressed himself briefly to Kalong :

"Is Oshonsee yet in the durion?"

"Yes, Tuan. He has been there since mid-day."

"You have cleaned my gun and pistols?"

"Yes, Tuan ; as you told me."

"Then you and your comrade may go up to Songi, and need not return until morning."

The civilized Dyak knew his master's positive ways too well to make any other response than a low salaam ; and, gliding out of the room and house in noiseless obedience, was seen no more.

Assured that he was again alone, Doctor Hedland drew from a pocket the black skull-cap and put it on. A Judge about to pronounce sentence of death could not have performed this operation over a countenance more solemn. Next he took down, in succession, from pegs in the wattled wall, a double-barreled fowling-piece and a pair of heavy pistols, and carefully loaded them all. Returning the gun and one of the smaller weapons to their places, he held the remaining pistol closely to his eyes for a moment, then sharply cocked it and went hurriedly forth, carrying it, swinging, in his right hand. A few steps from the portico brought him beneath a tall durion tree, whence, with pistol thrust behind him, he looked up into the dense mass of leafage far above.

A pale, dying light rested upon the whole scene. The coming-on of the wet-monsoon made the sky hazy, so that sunset lost every tint in an obscuring film and left nature without a shadow. Silence no longer reigned, but in place thereof the cavernous forest-depths gave forth fitful rustles and dreary, wandering sounds, more isolating to human sensibilities than any blank of voiceless solitude could have been. Rasping chatters, hoarse single notes, distant screaming peals, crooning, clucking bursts, so abruptly sharp that they seemed to be in the jungle nearest at hand—came at irregular intervals from the encompassing wilderness. Only two strains of the inarticulate tumult had any steadiness of continuity or alternation; the resonant double gong-beat of a great, hawk-like species of pigeon, and the moaning howl of some creature of the lower monkey tribes. Now and then the dimming water-course splashed with the unseen plunge of aquatic nondescript.

“Oshonsee!” called his master.

At the summons there was a visible stir in the lofty durion’s thickest spread of foliage, and then, with an unhurried swing from branch to trunk, by an arm, the docile ape began descending as a practiced human climber might have done. The sinewy nether limbs pressed only close enough upon the smooth scaly bark to give the knees firmness; the clasping arms tightened, or relaxed, in graduation of the whole movement, and Oshonsee came to the ground as lightly as though he had flown. Though wearing no clothing save a “chawat” at the waist, and showing his natural coat of dusky golden hair, he had yet a perplexing suggestiveness of humanity, as he stood there in man’s upright attitude, that might well awaken something akin to fear in any civilized beholder. His face, on which

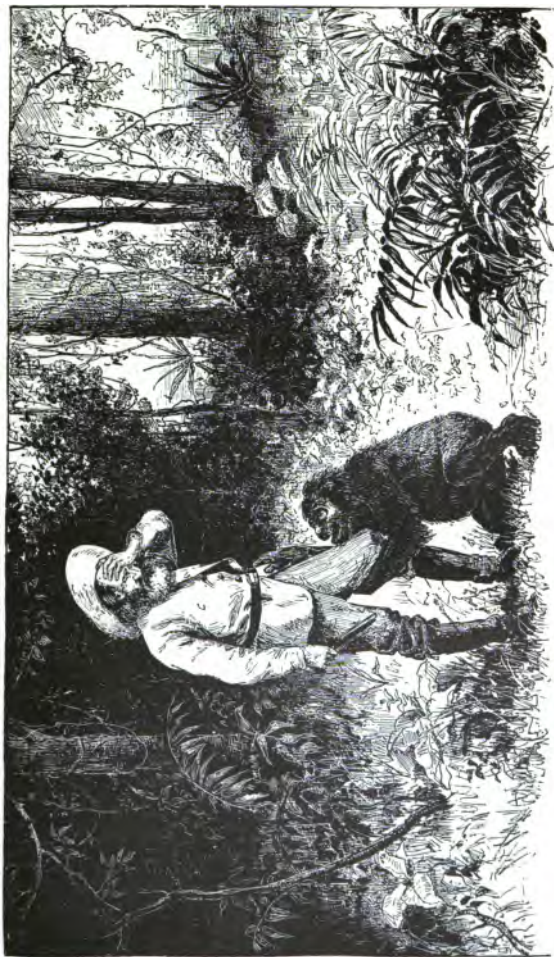
the short, silky down was thin enough to reveal a light flesh beneath, had features of no essentially brutal cast, excepting only the straight mouth and heavy, protruding jaw, and the eyes, large and inquiring, glittered darkly beneath an upright semi-coronet of chestnut locks, open at the temples.

As the ape advanced toward him from the foot of the tree, treading confidently erect on the sod, Hedland involuntarily drew backward two or three steps, and pointed at the house with his disengaged hand. In customary prompt obedience Oshonsee turned in that direction and moved a step thitherward; but only to face again upon his inscrutable master with indescribable quickness and fall groveling, shivering and moaning at his feet. Instinct had warned the poor creature of his danger, and the change of position was accomplished with such celerity, that the pistol swiftly aimed at the back of his head exploded harmlessly above it. Crash upon crash of echoes came back from the grim woods around, with a momentary accession of every discordant voice from bough and jungle. The man dropped his smoking weapon, as though it had turned into a snake; and the ape, spasmodically clasping his ankles, pressed a hairy cheek piteously against his trembling knees.

"Lord forgive me!" came in hoarse accents from the whitened lips of the naturalist.

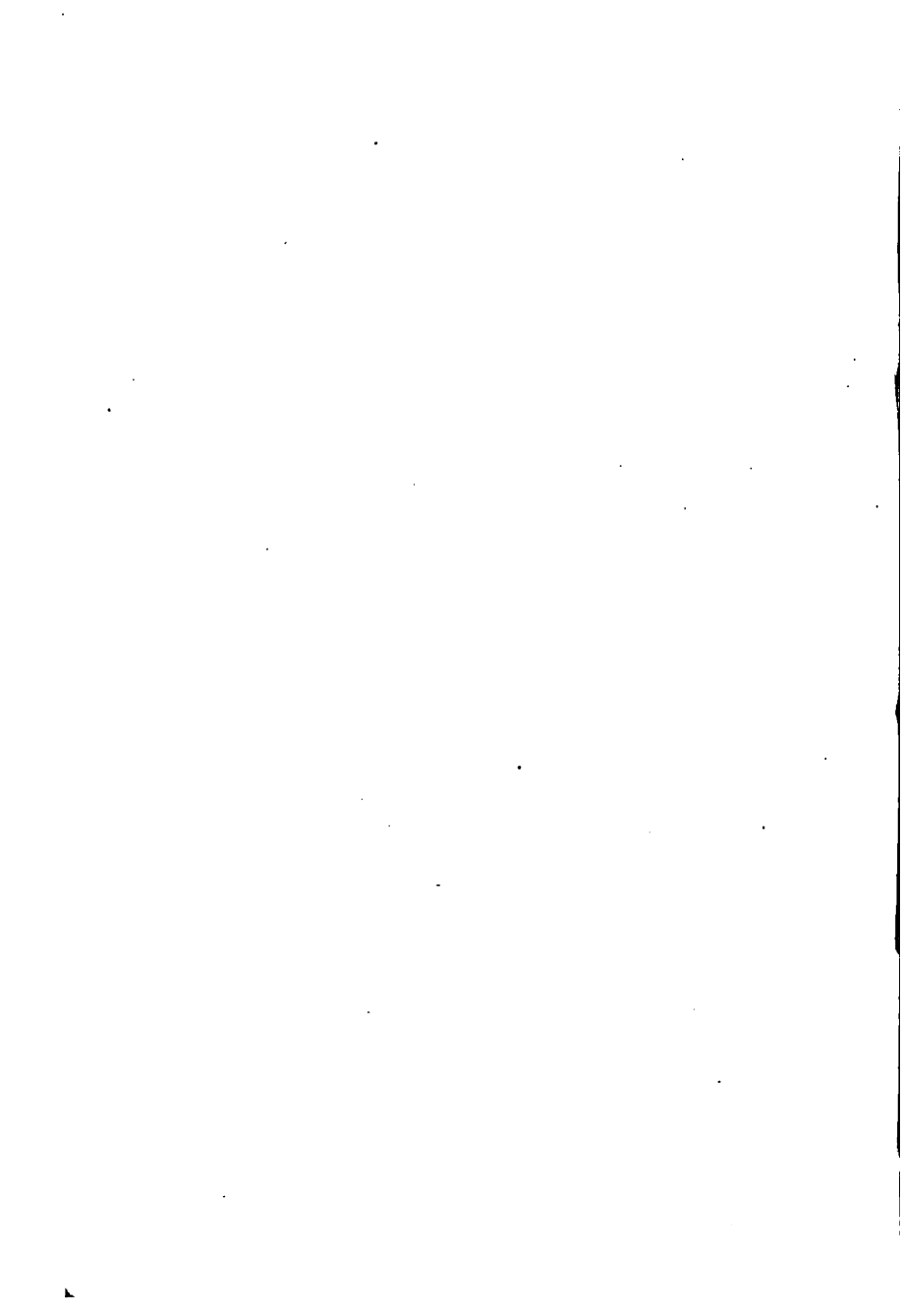
Presently he stooped to the crouching figure, and, having, by strong but gently exerted force, released his feet, patted the wailing creature's shoulder and finally lifted him to a sitting position.

"I was half mad, my poor—Heaven knows WHAT you are!" he muttered, caressing the now upturned hairy face as though it had been a child's. "Be you Brute or Man, it was the devil's own dastard prompt-



"LORD, FORGIVE ME!" CAME IN HOARSE ACCENTS FROM THE WHITENED LIPS OF THE  
NATURALIST.—*p. 236.*





ing that I should murder you—poor, faithful wretch !—to escape the torments of a mind miserably craven to the truths you shame it with.—Up, now, brave fellow, and your durion feast shall be followed by a taste of arrack. Do you hear, Oshonsee ?—arrack !”

This last word, at least, Oshonsee seemed to understand and find magically reassuring ; for he leaped to his feet at the utterance, and advanced so rapidly to the cottage that the conscience-stricken Doctor was left many steps behind.

On the portico, now retaining but a faint light, a long blouse, like a gown, was put upon the ape, to protect him from the chiller air of evening ; after which at his master’s command he brought two pipes from the room, a tobacco pouch, the “*besi-api*,” or fire-making tube, and the Panama hat. It was amongst his latest accomplishments to light and smoke a pipe, and when the naturalist had filled the two bowls this gentle monster struck fire for his own as well as the other, and retired with it, puffing, to a mat within the doorway. Then ensued a fulfillment of the “arrack” promise. Going also into the room, the unquestionably human member of the pair took down a case bottle of Javanese arrack from a hanging hamper, poured a small quantity of the liquor into a leathern cup, and placed the latter in an eagerly outstretched hand of the ape. No drunkard would have quaffed the gift with keener avidity ; no words of acknowledgment could have been more bibulously appreciative than the chattering “O-shon-see ! O-shon-see ! O-shon-see !” of the squatting figure on the mat.

Taking no draught himself, nor speaking again, Doctor Hedland returned to the portico, smoking furiously, and began pacing forward and backward, there, in a condition of obvious nervous excitement. He wished

to walk off the sensation of having awakened at some unrevealing hour of feverish dawn from a sick man's panting dream. He wanted to reconcile himself finally and unflinchingly to his inexorable duty as a faithful follower of fearless science, lead it to what it might. No cowardice be his, henceforth, at working to a decisive solution the awful problem involved in the nature of the phenomenal Living Thing he had that day been frenzied to murder.

Pipe in mouth, Oshonsee was a shape growing less and less distinct on the mat, though not an immediately motionless nor a silent one, with knees drawn nearly up to his chin, and long arms lapped around them, he swayed rockingly from side to side, crooning like a sleepy nurse whose lullaby has sunk into a mere tuneless trail of soothing sound. This went on until the extinguished pipe dropped to the floor, when, with an abrupt cessation of the crooning, the ape fell over on his side and was quite motionless.

When the night was black in a starless maturity, Hedland stopped suddenly in his weary tramp, at sight of a faintly luminous appearance down the river, where the narrow stream bent, in its sylvan course, around a little cape of palms and jungle, before entering upon its straighter and broader reach to the Sadong. The effect was like that of a fire concealed by the cape, its light showing around the bend in growing brightness, but soon two or three flickering dots of flame came into view in a broader illumination, apparently moving forward in the air a few feet above the water.

Not waiting to see more at the moment, the naturalist hastened softly into his house and cautiously bent over the deeply slumbering Oshonsee. A brief period of intent listening satisfied him that the sleep was profound; after which, stepping noiselessly across the

prostrate form, he quickly possessed himself of the second pistol, and, thrusting it into the breast of his blouse, went out from the dark and silent chamber and portico to the rapidly lightening waterside.

A score of twinkling flames now shone over the glimmering stream in an approaching stealthy train, and if the spectator on the bank had not been prepared for the lustrous visitation he might have been more wary about exposing his figure to its intensifying radiance. For these floating tufts of fire, coming on with such spectral movement, soon defined themselves as the torches of half as many prahus, paddled without sound by wild-looking, half-naked figures. When the midnight watches on ships traversing the Malay Archipelago beheld these lights passing silently between the islets of any rocky cluster, from the savage Sooloos to the fairy-like Tambelans, they knew that the Bajows, or "Sea-Gypsies," of the Borneon coast were gathering for some mysterious migration. Dr. Hedland was aware that he looked upon a flotilla of this strange remnant of lost Dyak tribes, who live wholly in their slight prahus for years; the combined glare, shadow, partly-revealed human shapes and indistinctly-illuminated boats delighted his artistic sensibilities; and when the foremost ghostly craft glided like a smoothly-swimming thing to the side of his own deserted little vessel, he stepped forward to greet one who leaped ashore, with an expression of admiration.

"What a picture you are making of it, most brilliant of the princes of darkness," he said, extending his hand.

The man standing before him in the ruddy torchlight, pressing a small, cold palm to his in civilized salutation, wore the turban, semi-Turkish garments and native "sarong" of a Malay, though without the usual gold embroidery of a pangeran's attire.

"If the wise Tuan Hedland is pleased," returned this comer, "it is happiness enough for the poor prince without a country whom he has allowed to come to him like a hunted fugitive in the night."

All of the prahus were now motionless on the darkly gleaming water; their elevated flames at bow and stern casting a mellow glow upon the figures on the nearer bank, the forest edges of the farther one, and the grouped Bajow crews, whose wet oars, metal spear-heads, and brazen ornaments on necks, arms and waists, caught ever-varying sparkles.

"Ah, my friend Makota; did I not warn you and Usop of what would come from that mad work at Bruni?" said the naturalist, shaking his head.

"That is past. Allah willed it."

"But you were not there, Pangeran."

"Usop's cause was mine—to make war, endless war, against all who come to Pulo Kalamantan with lying promises on their tongues and death in their friendship."

"And the end of it is, that Usop runs away to Kimanis, and I hear of you, once more, hiding with your old comrade, Shereef Sahib, in the ruins of Patusen," rejoined Hedland, impatiently.

"For a time, Tuan; only for a time," answered the Malay, in a passionately repressed voice. "Makota's day shall come yet. The leeches of Malacca drop off when they have drunk enough blood, and then a child's naked foot may crush them."

"I'm afraid the leeches will take flesh and bone, too, if you Pangerans break many more English treaties," growled the Englishman. "But my letter to you by Pa Jenna was not on affairs of State," he continued, in a friendlier tone. "You had told me to send for you to meet me at Songi when I would, and as Pa Jenna

heard that his daughter, Amina, was with you in Patusen, I took advantage of his going there, to hold you to your pledge."

"And I am here, Tuan Hedland; though I—Makota!—must steal hither by night, with such guards as these, and be out of the Sadong before the dawn, lest the prahus of Muda Hassim, or Budrudeen, should track me down like a skulking Bugis trader!" The clenched hands and drawn lips of the dark-faced Mahometan bespoke a wrath beyond the power of words.

"You have manfully justified my confidence in you," acknowledged the Doctor, soothingly; "and the fact that even the Bajows remain your friends while the Sultan joins your foes, is proof, in itself, that you are yet a power. And now to the purpose of our meeting.—Shall we go to the house?"

"There is no time. I must be in haste to return," said the fugitive Pangeran; who stood with one foot advanced in an oddly constrained attitude.

"Then here be it," was the coolly philosophical assent. "What I have to say to you, Makota, does not require many words. You have deceived me about the mias; not from any unfriendly motive, I believe, but because you have thought that the value of the creature to me depended upon his belonging to this island. With all the superiority of intelligence that I know you to possess over any Malay I have ever met before, you seem to be incorrigible in this misapprehension. I tell you now, for the last time, that it matters not to me whether the ape is Sumatran, or Borneon; and I tell you, also, that it is useless for you to insist upon the old story. He did not come from beyond the Madi mountains, as you have represented; for it is proved to me at last that his species has been known in the Sarāwak valley within six years. Yet that is not a

mias country ; so, what miases have been there must have been brought from elsewhere in captivity. Neither I nor any other European can tell what animals may be found in the far interior of your land ;—but it is my conviction that Oshonsee is no ape of Borneo.”

“Tuan Hedland is neither Malay, nor Dyak, nor Chinese ; but here he is in Pulo Kalamantan,” hinted his auditor, with a peculiar smile.

“And that Pangeran would be worse than a fool who sought to convince his friend that I could be of the same land with Asiatic men,” said the contemptuous naturalist. “Trifle with me no longer, Makota,” he continued, more peremptorily ; “for, as you have been told, I now possess proof positive, that the species of this mias has been known in a part of the Sarāwak region where it was impossible for it to have been native. Six years ago, Sejulah, a young Dyak of Pa Jenna’s village, loved a girl of that place, and was scorned because he had not yet brought in a head to show his prowess. Even at that time the business of head-hunting had become difficult ; for, between the sultan’s army with you and Muda Hassim in Sarāwak, and the rebels of Siniawin, the amateur seeker after such a prize stood an excellent chance of losing his own skull.

“But Sejulah did bring in a head, one day ; and, without question, it was smoked, and danced over, and hung up in the village head-house, by his simple-minded brother savages. There it remained, long after the rejoicings and marriage, until, a short time ago, it attracted the notice of a civilized friend of mine as having a look different from the other heads. Then I was persuaded to go once more into the hideous place and scrutinize the head for myself. By the Orang-Kaya’s authority I had it brought down for me from

the rafters, though Sejulah sought, even by force, to prevent; and I found it to be the head of a mias.\*— But such a mias, Pangeran Makota, as neither you nor I ever saw before Oshonsee. It is a head such as his; neither Pappan, nor Rombi, nor Kassar, nor any other Borneon type; some foreign and hybrid creature, I could swear, and probably female. I believe firmly, from every appearance, that it is the head of the mother of the mias you procured for me; and the shame-stricken Sejulah has confessed that he killed the creature, with his spear, at the foot of Tubbang mountain, close to his own village!

"It is useless, after this, Makota, for you to attempt farther deception with me. I know that Oshonsee came not from the Madi mountains, and that his race could not have originated in this Island at all. You can tell me the whole truth if you choose, and it is essential to a great interest of my Science that you shall no longer withhold it. By our friendship I charge you, for the last time, to say all that you really know of the history of this strange creature."

The slender figure of the Malay remained motionless in the torchlight, while the stalwart frame of the earnest Englishman swayed with many an emphatic gesture.

"I have deceived you," said Makota, slowly and without emotion, "but only through knowing no more than yourself about the birthplace of the mias. My hunters brought the creature to me in Kuchin on their return from a long hunt after pheasants. It was so young then that it was put to suckle with the female mias that Muda Hassim afterwards gave to the English rajah. My people may have found it anywhere between Kuchin and the Batang Lupar. I told you the Madi

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\* This whole passage is historical.



mountains, because you knew that the mias was not a Pappan of Sambas, or Simunjon, and I did not, myself, know where such as he certainly belonged. By the beard of the Prophet! I swear that I can tell you no more."

Always willing to credit this most intellectual of the native princes of Borneo proper with much more respectable moral qualities than ever found credence at Kuchin, the disappointed Doctor doubted not that he had now heard all the truth attainable, and paced back and forth in abstracted thought, for a moment, before speaking again.

"I am bound to believe you, Pangeran; for your misapprehensive deception has not been even so much as I could have wished," he said at last. "This ape must now remain an inexplicable mystery to the last, I suppose—a mere accidental monster, and probably the last of an untraceable species. None the less, though,—half a Man! I'll maintain that, if the whole world laughs at me!" This part of his remarks might as well have been in English, for all that his stolid hearer understood thereof, and he appreciated the fact sufficiently to change the exhausted theme:

"Makota, I have none of the superhuman powers your people of this Island insist upon attributing to Rajah Brooke and all his countrymen; but it may be possible for me to befriend you, if you will be wise. A relative of a man whom I greatly love was wounded at Malludu, and the man has sent me a message to visit Kuchin and give him the benefit of my skill as a physician. I shall go, and it will be congenial to the real friendship I feel for you, to be a negotiator there on your behalf. You are well aware that I have no particular personal affection for the Rajah of Sarāwak; nevertheless, I see plainly that it is the most futile folly for you to remain his enemy. In fighting him you are

contending not only with your own Sultan, but also with the whole might of the great English nation. You see what Usop and the Shereefs have paid for their childish whistling against the wind. Be wiser in this, as in all else, than they, and let me mediate between yourself and Tuan Besar for your restoration to loyalty, to your true princely estate, and to the confidence of civilized men."

Standing yet in that constrained attitude, the swarthy Mahometan turned up his face, in the glinting light, to that of his taller counsellor, with a look of concentrated hatred upon it more frank than any expression it had previously shown.

"You shall bear him a message from Makota: one he has already heard," he said, slowly and significantly.

"What is it?"

"Let him look to his friends!"

"I do not understand that."

"Tuan Besar will understand."

"I shall say nothing, then, Pangeran. Obscure menaces are neither for Christian men to carry nor to heed. You refuse my good offices and choose to keep your own way. So be it."

"Has Tuan Hedland any farther command for his poor, mad friend?"

"No. We may part now."

Quickly drawing back the foot he had kept so stubbornly advanced, the Malay lightly stooped: then arose as lithely with some object in his extended hand:

"You dropped this, Tuan, coming out to meet the pursued and friendless Makota!"

Mechanically the naturalist received the proffered pistol—that which he had discharged earlier in the evening, and which had caught the keen eye of the Pangeran at the latter's first step on the bank. Not

until his ironical visitor had slipped noiselessly back into the cabined prahu and waved a taciturn farewell, did he fully realize that he had been suspected of possible treachery.

"The hair-brained idiot!" he wrathfully muttered, with a passing indignant impulse to fire the other pistol into the air, as a resentful taunt; "does he think me as much an assassin as his heathen self?"

Not the faintest sound had come from the light-giving prahus during the whole characteristic interview; and now, when the one bearing Makota shot out, with its flaring torches, to take the lead down the forest-walled stream, they successively resumed motion, as stealthily devoid of so much hint to the ear as even plash of oar. Most insidious of all the midnight prowlers of East Indian seas, whether in depredatory approach or mocking flight, those Bajow rowers could propel their ghostly craft in a stillness as absolute as that kept by their tongues. The luminous circle of fiery radiance drew away from the bank and the figure upon it; receding down the narrow stream through continual pale apparitions and cloudy disappearances of arching tree-boughs and flitting jungle, until the floating central bits of fire went, dwindling, one by one, out of sight, and once more there was but a spectral gleam around the bend of the river.

Doctor Hedland remained watching the barbaric spectacle to this point; and then turned his back sharply upon it, in something like the vaguely protesting spirit of a man moving from one side to the other upon his bed, at half-waking release from an ungracious dream. The blank darkness in which he was left had a more desolate effect of complete isolation, from his feeling that even the semblance of his friendship with the sullen Malay had ended. Not his the fault, nor the loss; yet,

in a certain perverse way, he had warmly admired the indomitable traitor prince, and felt the lonelier in the world through knowing that even a hollow pretense on Makota's side could be trusted no more.

It was, therefore, rather heavy-heartedly that he groped his way back to the cottage ; though, perhaps, with an even more softened sentiment than before for the yet profoundly sleeping dumb familiar of his savage exile. Only the measured breathing of the Ape, in the thick gloom, gave evidence of a companioning presence within that pigmy shrine of vaunting human Knowledge, on the black verge of an untrodden world ; but, without—where all was one vast, veiling sylvan temple to an unknown God—the Pagan priesthood of the palms rustled fitfully a wordless incantation to unlighted skies, and the myriad uninterpretable voices of the trackless wild resounded like a choral dithyramb of the Lost.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### AT MR. MERTON'S TABLE.

IN any part of the habitable globe the most useful of roving titles for a man to wear is that of "Captain," and it might have been Mr. Merton's, in Kuchin, had he chosen to cherish the professional identity of his first appearance in the East Indies.

It was as commander and part owner of a fine Indian man that he became acquainted, at Singapore, with the noted Captain Van der Beck, whose greatly successful transformation into planter and shipper on the island of Ceram suggested to our English mariner that he,

also, might profit by speculative individual adventure in the Archipelago. With no very definite idea of the particular island he should ultimately select for his own purpose, nor in what special products he should interest himself, he impulsively decided to dispose of his ownership in the Indiaman, purchase a smaller vessel, and compete in the coasting trade between the Straits Settlements and Celebes until opportunity of more ambitious investment should offer.

Bringing out his wife from her English home to Singapore, at that time a lively new centre, yet, of commercial enterprise, from the prosperous impetus given to it by Sir Stamford Raffles' earlier exaltation of British prestige in the Java Sea, Captain Merton forthwith entered upon his project. In a schooner too well armed and manned to dread piratical interference, unless wrecked, he cruised from port to port as far as the Banda Sea, and then back; always alert for any such local eligibility of power and thrift as Van der Beck had discovered. He returned with the conviction that there was only one thus eligible opening in the whole Archipelago, and that the Dutch skipper had availed himself of it.

Not caring after that to prosecute his trading rivalry with the energetic Bugis, nor yet willing to go home discomfited to England, he summarily sold his schooner, and presently obtained an interest in an experimental cotton plantation owned by a Dutch gentleman named Von Camp, in the province of Bantam, Java. The subsequent sale of this plantation, at a supposably larger profit than might have accrued from farther amateur working, was followed by the re-appearance of the Mertons in Singapore, accompanied by the Von Camps. Upon becoming a landed proprietor Mr. Merton had chosen to drop his title, and it was

as "little Merton from Manchester" that his compatriots of the Straits finally knew him, in his various enterprises with Mr. Von Camp.

When Rajah Brooke had made Kuchin a place of mark to the whole world, the two friends were among the first of Europeans to risk a residence there; and so they come into the present story; both, indeed, at this telling, being concerned with Mr. Effingham in projects to establish Chinese coal-mining on the Simunjon, and build in Singapore a factory for the preparation of Borneo sago.

Our American family and these new acquaintances having already been seen in friendly company together, the foregoing sketch of a typical speculative career in the Malayan Indies of forty years ago may serve to give more distinct individual interest to the Mertons as the hosts of a little dinner-party, whereat the Von Camps and the Effinghams were invited to meet the Rajah, Mr. Williamson and—Doctor Hedland!

Kuchin had exhausted itself in every public device of celebration at Tuan Besar's victorious return from Bruni and Malludu. A triumphant escort of prahus for H. M. S. *Driver*, from the mouth of the Sarawak to the Rajah's wharf; salutes, illuminations with torches and Chinese lanterns, and a picturesque native ceremony of heroic welcome by two charming daughters of the magistrate known as the Tumangong, had been successive forms of joyous greeting to an idolized ruler; and then to the patriotism of the foreign residents were left such hospitable private demonstrations as might be consistent with the fact that a young English officer had been brought back severely wounded to the Rajah's house.

Mr. Merton waited only long enough to be assured that the stricken youth was convalescing, to announce

his modest entertainment. It was impracticable in a cottage like his to attempt any banquet on a grand scale, even had the social availabilities of the place been such as to yield due proportions of the sexes in a large party. Accordingly, after an invitation to the Rajah, his immediate staff and guests, of whom but the first, his aide, and the Doctor could return acceptances, he besought the company of the two families most likely to be congenial in the circumstances. Indeed, although it was now generally understood that the savage blow from a "parang-ihlang" suffered by Mr. Belmore had not fractured the skull, as was at first feared, a peculiar regard for both the Lieutenant and his Uncle constrained the Rajah to abstain yet awhile from any social attentions not of the quietest order.

Hence, the gathering of eleven people, in the Mertons' family-room, preparatory to the dining, had any aspect but that of a State affair; and there was much pleasantries amongst them at the difficulties they had all experienced in trying, on different occasions, to maintain the hospitable forms of civilized society amidst the many awkward limitations of their present Gipsy kind of life. As for the dresses of the occasion, they, too, partook of its enforced simplicity; the ladies wearing plain summer silks and no ornaments beyond a few natural flowers in their hair, and the gentlemen looking practical in loose black coats and nether appointments, and white waistcoats.

Coming thither from the usual daily session of his court of justice, in which, with the native magistracy ranged on either side of his chair, he awarded reparation to the wronged and punishment to the guilty, the Rajah brought with him no other slightest sign of his princely rank than the handkerchief almost perpetually

in his hand ; and this characteristic Orientalism was so obviously without immediate consciousness on his part, that it seemed rather an oversight than a mannerism. After the first salutations he chatted with the ladies, in groups or singly, upon such light local topics, or latest bits of news from Europe, as they might be supposed to care about, becoming taciturn only when anything in the general conversation threatened to make the Bruni expedition a subject of special reference.

No man ever won a great position in the world with less pride over its conventional heroism and more jealousy of its genuine moral integrity than James Brooke. In the public duties of his anomalous Christian government of a Mahometan principality he could assume the stateliest air of an absolute potentate, and convey an impression of all the militant power of his rank ; but when associating informally with people of his own race, it was his wish to be simply an unaffected English gentleman, engaged in an as yet undecided humanely regenerative mission ; and it gave him more humiliation than complacency to be reminded of his occasional compulsion to the sword.

It is difficult to idealize such a character in any effective degree for abstract literary presentation ; yet even as but an untitled member of a little party of educated exiles from civilization gathered socially in a Borneon house of bamboo, Mr. Brooke had a distinctive and suggestive dignity of aspect by which the commonest observation would have recognized him as one possessed of an eminent personal history. The high forehead, delicate temples, spirited sensibility of nostril, and firm curve of shapely chin ; the eyes, at once keen and benevolent, and twinkling with a latency of ingenuous humor ; the mouth, as refinedly unsensuous as it was decisively manly ; combined in an intellectual ex-



pression both lofty and propitiatory; to which the erect bearing and graceful ease of movement induced by years of familiar quiet command and ennobling physical freedom, were the harmonious completion of a personality the more impressively distinguished, from appearing to gain without factitious appeal an instinctive general concession of tacit deference to it.

The Mertons and their friends inferred that the arrival of Doctor Hedland at the government house, to consult with the official surgeon, Doctor Treacher, in the case of the wounded lieutenant, had been followed by some form of reconciliation between the Rajah and his old comrade; but they were somewhat surprised to observe such evidence of fully restored friendship as their acceptance of a social invitation together. The naturalist was prepared to be regarded with some inquisitive curiosity, and in greeting the Effinghams took occasion to offer both an apology and an explanation.

"With all due appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Merton's polite hospitality, madame," he said, when presented to Mrs. Effingham, "I might not have been able to combat my unsocial tendencies sufficiently to avail myself of it to-day, but for the particular temptation of the opportunity to modify that unfavorable estimation in which you and the other ladies of your household must have held me since our first meeting."

"Do not mention that, sir," she responded, with a smile. "The circumstances were so exceptional, and your provocation was so great, that you might justly have expected our feelings to be more apologetic for ourselves than inimical to you."

"That is certainly a magnanimous way of putting it, Mrs. Effingham, and I thank you," the Doctor remarked, with a bow and an answering smile; "but as I am back here again with old friends on my good behavior, I de-

sire to confess frankly that I am not the kind of man with whom many can get along agreeably, unless by making a very generous allowance for the irritabilities of a temper that has not improved by average contact with the world. We are so few white Christians, altogether, in this outlandish wilderness of heathendom, that I am fairly sick of trying to find a comfort in hostile independence, and believe that it is good philosophy to avow my mistake and resume the bondage of mutual social obligation! I said to my old friend, Mr. Brooke, beside the sick-bed of our gallant young patient: 'You are such an exceptionally unsatisfactory person, Rajah, to attempt to force into the attitude of an enemy, that I renounce the delusive experiment.' His incredibly pitiless answer was—as we shook hands—that he had never doubted my experience of untold torments in trying vainly to persuade myself that I cared no longer for our early friendship, and that there had never been a moment since our parting at Singapore when he would have been afraid to count upon me as, in reality, one of the stanchest friends he could find in the world!"

Everybody in the room was compelled to hear this unreserved confidence; for the speaker seemed purposely to make all his confidants by particularly loud and deliberate speaking. Mr. Brooke laughed at the quotation from himself, and intimated that no one else who knew the terrible Doctor had ever been the least bit more credulous of his enmity.

"It is enviable, sir, to be the subject of such incredulity," said Mrs. Effingham, recovering from her momentary embarrassment at seeming to be the interlocutor in a public confession.

"I don't know about that, madame," returned Hedland, resuming his usual tone and manner. "There are times when a human being of average spirit would

like to be credited with a good, honest power of hating."

"It does not seem possible to me that real hatred can ever supplant real love," remarked the lady. "Doubtless a course of bitterly hostile thought, and even action, may result from affection repelled, or betrayed; but the very passion of such bitterness arises from the affronted love yet underlying it. Jealousy's utmost extravagance is not yet hatred; for hate and love cannot exist simultaneously in the same heart, and the revengeful antagonism created by a sense of injustice in a loving nature is very different from the instinctive antipathy actuating all real hatred."

"Which I take to be a considerate way of saying that I have been simply jealous of my friend Brooke—and perhaps you're right," said the Doctor, maliciously enjoying the confession of the fair philosopher at his blunt personal application of her theory. "At any rate, madame, I hope that I have now made my peace with yourself and all other friends in Kuchin. I knew, when I entered this room, that everybody here was wondering how the Rajah and myself appeared to be upon such good terms, and it seemed to me that my sensible course was to confess in public at once, and have the fool's play over."

Mrs. Effingham greeted this characteristic summing-up of the whole matter with a pleasant little laugh.

"I call that true moral courage, as well as excellent common sense. May I ask you now, as you have referred to your patient, how Mr. Belmore is getting on?"

"As well as the slow healing of a wound will allow, in this latitude."

"His Uncle is with him?"

"Yes; since two days ago. The Colonel was stop-

ping in Sambas, as you have heard, I suppose, on his way to Singapore, when Mr. Brooke's messenger overtook him with news of his nephew's mishap. He at once dispatched runners to me, and then came back here himself by prahu."

"We deeply sympathize with him in his anxiety," said Mrs. Effingham. "When it was first reported that Mr. Belmore's injury was dangerous our house was as sad as though he had belonged to it. Both Mr. Effingham and myself have acquired a very warm regard for the young man."

While this conversation was progressing, the Rajah had been drawn into a lively debate of the great Borneo coal question by Messieurs Merton, Von Camp, and Effingham, the joint local business-enterprises of those gentlemen enlisting his heartiest approval; Mr. Williamson had undertaken to describe to Mrs. Von Camp, Miss Ankeroo and the taciturn Abretta, how the edible birds'-nests were found and gathered in caves along the coast; and Mrs. Merton was absent upon an inquest of the final preparations for dinner.

The plan of the Merton mansion included no halls nor other spaces between apartments. The door from the veranda opened immediately upon the family-room, and one directly opposite to it in the partition of the latter gave access to the dining-room; the dormitories being divided and doored from either end of each of the two main interiors. When, therefore, upon summons of a Portuguese butler, the principal guest offered an arm to his hostess, and the others paired in due processional order thereafter, an effect of comedy was produced by the abruptness with which all emerged against the very backs of the chairs they were to occupy at table.

But none of the embarrassments of civilized hospitality in a savage country involved any humiliation for the

givers of the entertainment, inasmuch as they were common to the domestic experience of every European family in Borneo ; and the more unlike every detail and episode was to that which would have been exigent in a Christian land, the fresher was its zest as a characteristic barbarous sauce piquant. With all, too, the Merton dinner, beginning with an unexceptionable soup and ending with such a variety of fruits as few princely boards can show, lacked only ices to be complete in all the principal dishes and dainties of a London or New York banquet. Fish of rare delicacy, native oysters, or "tiramés," turtle, and chicken deliciously curried in the inimitable Bombay style, preceded or alternated with substantial mutton, beef and venison : the wines, especially the India sherry, were good and plentiful ; and the ornamentation of flowers was as brilliant as the most sensuous taste could have devised. Given the endless gustatory availabilities of the heart of the Tropics, with Chinese servants facile to acquire the subtlest arts of cooking and service which can be taught to them, and an Apicius might be happy in Pulo Kalamantan.

Incidentally to this suggestion, and affably addressing the table generally, Mr. Brooke presently observed :

"I am sometimes disposed to believe, that, in trying to interest my fellow-countrymen, at home, in Borneo, I would do well to expatiate more upon the delicious things one may find here to eat. Diamonds, gold, tin, antimony, rice, coffee, cocoanuts, and what not, seem to appeal as familiar abstractions to the British mind. Mention of them is always expected when one has anything to say about unpleasantly hot countries, and they no longer fire the commercial imagination as in former times. Become enthusiastic, however, over the pleasures of the table to be enjoyed at the ends of the earth, and forthwith you establish one of the strongest of all possi-

ble temptations for the average man to go thither some time if he can."

"Possibly we are betraying a national secret to Mr. Effingham," added Dr. Hedland, beaming amiably through his glasses, "but I am sure you are right, Rajah. The parts of the Globe to which Englishmen can be the most easily drawn are those of which you can report that, however their minerals and other sordid attractions may disappoint, they are always to be trusted for a good dinner. What curries and mangoes have done for India, turtles and durions might effect for Borneo. The more you think of this idea," continued the Doctor, more seriously, "the less farcical it will seem. What European countries are the least popular with dyspeptics even, but those in which the table-fare is poorest? Why is diamond-seeded Africa neglected for illusive Asia, except because the African adventurer must expect to forego all decent eating?"

"Conceding that the argument is fairly logical," said Mr. Merton, "it would scarcely apply beneficially to Borneo; where we do not at present need pleasure-visitors, or colonists, so much as Spartan capitalists."

"That is, indeed, our great want—individuals, or Companies, of large means, to come to this vast, virtually unappropriated Island of untold riches, and utilize its wonderful products to the civilized world," assented the Rajah, with remarkable earnestness. "Now cannot you ladies persuade Mr. Effingham to remain with us at least another year?" he went on, appealing to that gentleman's family. "The United States are exhibiting more interest for us now than I can excite in my own nation. Only Great Britain and the Dutch have had a greater number of ships at Singapore this year than the United States. I tell my own countrymen, frankly, that if they persist in neglecting

the present golden opportunity of reclaiming and controlling this second-greatest and richest Island in the world, either the Americans or the Netherlanders will grasp the prize. As an Englishman I am jealous of any form of Dutch expansion in the East Indies—if Mr. and Mrs. Von Camp will excuse my plain speaking—but, in default of English alacrity, I am anxious to have Americans interested in Sarāwak. Mr. Effingham's sojourn here has given me great gratification, and I am peculiarly pleased at what he and our friends, Mr. Merton and Mr. Von Camp, are doing for the business interests of Borneo.—Ladies, you must help me to persuade him to a longer stay.”

“They have not yet learned to be as fond of the East Indies as Mrs. Von Camp and I,” suggested Mrs. Merton.

“Miss Ankeroo's school and mission should save *her* from home-sickness, at any rate,” insinuated Mr. Von Camp, bowing to that fair missionary.

“I am afraid my humble educational efforts will not avail to detain my friends in a country where monkeys are thought to be men,” said Cousin Sadie; and there was general merriment at this irrepressible note of her well-known intolerance for the theory of the naturalist, Dr. Hedland laughing as cheerily as the others.

“I appreciate your Excellency's compliment to my country and myself,” interposed Mr. Effingham, inclining his head; “but it will be quite impracticable for us to remain here longer than at first proposed. I am fully impressed, however, with the truth of all that has been said as to the undeveloped riches of Borneo, and the ease with which they can be commercially utilized; and, upon our return to the United States, shall exert myself to interest both the government and our mercantile classes yet more actively in this undoubtedly

great field for both national and individual experiment.—By that time," he added, turning with a smile towards the Doctor, "I hope that our visiting Commodore will be able to act as his own interpreter."

"Ah!" cried Hedland, throwing up his hands in mock dismay; "there's another cut for the reclaimed sinner! But let me assure you, Mr. Effingham—as I seem to be in the confessional again!—there was no treachery in the interpreting for your 'Constitution's' commander at Bruni. The Sultan had done me the honor to ask my services in the case, and I merely interpreted as the parties spoke. I was blamed by your side for not taking active part with it; practically serving as an American ambassador myself; and that was not at all in my province."

"When I came to know you, sir, I no longer entertained a question of the propriety of your reserve," returned Mr. Effingham, courteously.

The Rajah's tact to avert possible awkward effects from this turn of the conversation, was shown in his prompt arraignment of himself for having introduced heavy topics of State to the prejudice of the ladies' proper share in the table-talk. Upon this hint the several gentlemen devoted their colloquial attentions for a while to their gentler companions, the usual light chat of a dinner-party prevailed generally around the board, and the Chinese servants poured the wines without fear of interrupting critical speeches.

If there were exceptions to the spontaneous social geniality of the cozy gathering, they could be found in the radically contrasting demeanors of the youngest and the oldest members of the company—Miss Effingham and the naturalist. Much girlish vivacity could scarcely have been expected from the former, where all were her elders, and the tenor of incident and remark



naturally adapted itself to the presence of an important personage; but, even these subduing influences imperfectly accounted for an apparently unconscious isolation of manner, making her a mere passivity of youthful beauty. Doctor Hedland's was the other extreme; his usual dogmatic style of address and curtness of rejoinder had given place to a kind of placatory and comparatively garrulous politeness, that would have seemed a benevolent change but for a certain uncomfortable suggestion of spasmodic effort in it.

Conversational varieties ranged from congratulations upon the mildness with which the wet-monsoon had begun, to speculations as to the true value of the enormous diamond said to have been obtained by the Sultan of Matan from the Borneon Golconda of Mount Landa. Miss Ankeroo's citation of some zoological spelling from the Dictionary of Marsden led Mr. Williamson into a sketch of that lexicographer's career in the East India Company's Sumatran service; and Mr. Merton's appeal in a question of game-hunting to Mr. Brooke, as to one who had shot woodcock in the ruins of Ephesus and hares on the plains of Troy, drew from the Rajah on account of the Dyak method of capturing the native stag, or "*rusa*," by driving it into a snare-work of rattan. The married ladies compared notes upon the docility and quick understanding of Chinamen as household servitors, and the Doctor was voluble to the mechanically attentive Abretta about Aru birds of paradise and the mound-building hens of Lombok. Only the Bruni expedition and orang-outans were excluded from the locally suggested topics more or less discussed.

When there was a concentration of subject again, it arose from the Rajah's remark to Mr. Effingham, that

he had felt surprised disappointment at the indifference of noted philanthropists to his work.

"I am anxious to attract organized capital hither, it is true," he went on; "for that is essential to the development of the splendid material resources of this Island at least into an equality with those of Java. There can be no permanent civilization for Borneo without this. No general truth could be more self-evident; and yet, because it is inseparable from any argument I can address effectively to the Christian nations whom I wish to enlist in the redemption of a mighty land given over for ages to helpless barbarians, even my own English people appear to believe that the establishment of another East India Company is my principal, if not sole, aim.

"This misapprehension is shown by my very friends. They talk to me about making myself the richest commoner in the world; a second Arkwright—as though my motive in being here were that of a mere pecuniary speculator! I am reminded of the princely state maintained by the brother of Doctor Hedland in Lombok; the splendor of Mr. Duivenboden, the autocratic Dutch "King of Ternate," and the growing affluence of Captain Van der Beck in Ceram.

"But it has never entered into my thoughts either to attain wealth by my position here, or share it as reaped by others. I came to befriend and elevate a simple-hearted race of men, who ask but the countenance and protection of Christian benefactors to emerge thankfully from heathen superstition, slavery and degradation into any nobler state we may choose to fit them for. I hold my rajahship of Sarāwak purely to afford these poor Dyaks the only measure of justice ever attainable by them against the pitiless extortions and enslavements of

their worthless Malay pangerans and shereefs, and would willingly resign it to-morrow to have my Country establish here her equitable laws and redeeming civilization.

"All this I have fervently reiterated to my countrymen. Lord Aberdeen may correspond by the ream with M. Dedel, the Netherlands' minister, about the Treaty of 1824 and how it may proportion the respective trading prerogatives of their two governments in the Archipelago; but I want to see English philanthropists—like Sir Fowell Buxton, for instance—taking a moral interest in the matter and giving me at least their good wishes."

As the speaker warmed with theme and sentiment so dear to his heart, he seemed to forget where he was, and attained an intensification of tone and glance magnetizing his hearers into breathless attention.

"A nobler ambition could not possess the human mind," responded the American merchant, with sympathetic fervor; "but you must reflect, sir, that it is unfortunately anomalous in the history of European ascendancy in the Orient. From commerce to conquest has been the one unvarying tale of Christendom's dealings with indolent Asia; and you can scarcely expect the Buxtons and Wilberforces, whose credulity suffered such a shock from the futile Niger Expedition, to believe at once that a fellow-countryman is single-minded in challenging their help against a worse than African slavery in the ever-plundered East Indies. In fact, I believe that I may say without national conceit, that the true spirit of your actions in Borneo, Mr. Brooke, is better understood in my country, at present, than in your own. Both the government and the people of the United States are familiar with the tenor of your work

here, and I am confident that you will yet receive signal evidence of their high appreciation.”\*

“Next to the sympathy and co-operation of Great Britain, Mr. Effingham, I should value the friendship of the one other great nation speaking the same language, worshipping in the same religion and characterized by the same indomitable energy. Let me frankly confess to you, that in importuning the ministry of Sir Robert Peel to avail itself of the present exceptional opportunity here, I have mentioned the United States as being no less likely than the Netherlands to seize the neglected chance. It was an American missionary at Bruni, Mr. Dickenson, who first called attention to Borneo’s richness in coal. Our vessels in these seas now use from one hundred to three hundred thousand tons of coal a year, all of which must be brought from home; yet the western coast of this Island, from Bruni southward, is probably almost a succession of coal-beds.

“In this connection I have taken the liberty of naming yourself, sir, in my dispatches to Lord Aberdeen, as showing, by your concern with Mr. Von Camp and Mr. Merton, what American judgment may see in the commercial practicabilities of our Island. Probably such a portent as the recent visit of the ‘Constitution’ to the Sultan will decide my government at least to plant its flag on Labuan, as I have suggested, and so put itself into a position to dominate, ultimately, the whole northwestern coast. You see, therefore, that I already owe much to American enterprise, and have good reason to thank your President Tyler’s late administration. Is the same policy likely to be followed by the present cabinet?”

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\* Five years after this conversation a special Envoy from Washington carried a letter of congratulation to the Rajah of Sarawak from the President of the United States.

Mr. Effingham's manner was a shade less cordial in his answer to this question.

"President Polk," he said, "was not the candidate of the political party to which I belong, and I am not prepared to say how far he may adopt the foreign policy of his predecessor. Yet there is not much likelihood of any very radical departure from a course dictated by the paramount commercial interests of the country."

"Pardon me if I ask, sir, to which party do you belong!" interposed Doctor Hedland, suddenly, with a touch of his old, unceremoniously domineering air.

An amused look in the Rajah's eyes invited his American friend to humor this diversion, and Mr. Effingham turned his own dignified glance to the florid countenance of the last speaker.

"I have the honor, Doctor Hedland, to be a member of the party whose political principles and average associations are the more congenial with the judgment and tastes of American Gentlemen."

The naturalist perfectly appreciated the intention of this peculiar answer to waive a subject too immediately personal for the occasion, but a reckless spirit of perversity had full possession of him.

"Am I to understand, then, that affiliation with political parties in the United States is a matter of social selection?" he inquired, with an aspect of surprise.

"With all but the professional politicians," was the cool and sweeping response.

"Live and learn!" ejaculated the Doctor, shrugging his broad shoulders. "Here is an aristocratic principle that exceeds anything known to us in Europe."

"Yes—if you misapprehend, or only partly understand it, sir."

"Excuse my obtuseness; but how can there be a more extreme system of class-distinction in the population of a country than that which you have asserted for your republic? An aristocrat by politics sounds to me like the aristocracy of France before the Revolution."

"Nevertheless, Doctor Hedland, such is the aristocracy of my country."

"Well, I was once there myself," sneered the Doctor, "and certainly witnessed some phases of social assumption about equal to that standard!"

Mrs. Effingham looked startled at this reminiscence, and tried to catch the eye of her husband; but that gentleman, who was regarding his catechist with unruffled composure, did not care to be admonished.

"Foreigners visiting the United States are apt to be surprised," he said, "at finding the same social order as in their own monarchical countries, when they had expected to have their vanity propitiated by the greetings of a universal democracy. For instance, an Englishman of the middle-class of English society discovers, that, while the educational and pecuniary standards of the best social class recognizing his eligibility are obviously above those of his own average equals at home, he is yet as far from the cognizance of a certain higher, if much smaller, circle of American society, as from that which is hereditarily inaccessible to him in his own country. Thus, while the grade into which he has been received is of greater comparative pretentiousness than anything in his normal social availabilities in his native land, the gain in this respect makes even the more bitterly disappointing to him the inexorable denial of farther aspiration, and he goes back across the Atlantic an eternal hater of everything American. There was your Charles Dickens—phenomenal in literary

genius as he is, who, under the common delusion of the largest class of our foreign visitors, became prematurely intoxicated by the exceptional homage of all American classes to his just fame as a writer, and undertook to march into the Presidential Mansion itself, with a sort of 'hail, fellow, well met!' freedom, to teach Executive and cabinet that the international copyright scheme of the author of 'Pickwick' must no longer be disregarded. Well, at that point he was himself taught, and sharply, that even a "Boz" might presume too far upon the social equalities of a republic. So, upon going home, he berated us hysterically in 'Martin Chuzzlewit',—not to mention his 'American Notes.'

"Now, Doctor Hedland, I put it to your own sense of justice—is it fair for you, Europeans, to assume, gratuitously, that we, Americans, have less sense of degrees in social refinement than all the remainder of mankind; and so accuse us of false pretense, because you see, upon coming amongst us, that the assumption has egregiously misled you?"

Hedland was too acute not to realize that he was being sarcastically arraigned, by implication, as a middle-class English representative who had found his undue social expectations to be a fallacy in America! The profoundly silent attention of the company; the irrepressible twinkle in the Rajah's eyes, and the now intensely animated expression of Abretta's listening face; did not tend to make him more philosophical under the lecture he had wantonly brought upon himself.

"We have digressed from the real point at issue between us, Mr. Effingham," said he, in supercilious dismissal of the general question. "You have asserted that adherence to party in American politics is decided

by social preference. I have replied that such a principle is more essentially aristocratic than any permanent phase of European aristocracy. *You* seem to concede as much; and now I am trying to ascertain from you, wherein is the consistency between such a state of things and the pretension to democratic equality upon which the whole distinctive national character of the United States is avowedly based?"

"I will do my best to demonstrate that consistency to you, sir," resumed the merchant, coolly deliberate as before. "The first principle of our republican theory of government is, that all men are born free and equal; in other words, that a democracy is the aboriginal condition of the whole human race. To construe this literally, would be to abrogate every form of individual authority; since no one individual could then govern any other save by usurpation, either direct or constructive. It must be qualified, therefore, by practicability, to mean, that, although no man has any inherent superiority over another by the circumstances of birth, every man has an equal right with his neighbor to gain what ascendancy he can by the free development, exercise and cultivation of his any, or every, natural capacity for it.

"If he is virtuous, industrious and honorably ambitious, while others are vicious, indolent and groveling, the logic of natural law will give him consideration, acquisition and moral predominance. If he labors to be wise, while others are content with foolishness, his gravitation to power, in one form or another, will be as sure as that of the others to subjection. If he cultivates a noble pride in himself, to master the refinements of education, cherish an abhorrence of all meannesses of action, speech and thought, and habituate his mind to moral heroism and his heart to Christian courtesy;



while others elect to remain self-indulgently ignorant, coarse, morally unstable and boorish ; he will become Nature's aristocrat as distinguished over Nature's democrats. He has only done with his natural gifts what all the others might, by equal pains, sacrifices and self-discipline, have done with theirs ; (for in every human composition not abnormally perverted there is some good potentiality susceptible of culture into eminence by sufficient honesty and industry of endeavor ;) and is entitled, by 'Heaven's first law,' to be 'greater than the rest.'

"Starting from the proposition that all men are, as you may say, born democrats, and that each and every one may properly wish to elevate themselves honorably into Nature's aristocracy, the republic of the United States places within the reach of its meanest subject the means of making the most of his every moral, intellectual and social instinct and capacity of self-elevation.

"A certain proportion of the population has chosen, through all its generations, to make the most of these means—and this is the American aristocracy. Another proportion has been later, less energetic, in the same course ; and this is the American middle-class, a high element of which is perpetually assimilating to the former. Third and last come those who are the latest and slowest ; recruited chiefly from the lowest foreign emigration ; yet even amongst these the spirit of self-elevation is never without some illustrations.

"Now what I call our aristocracy and our middle-class are always more numerous, in combination, than the third division ; and, as they retain their relative proportions through all the national growth, have it permanently in their power to decide the fates of political parties. Farthermore, of the two great parties always to be found in the United States, neither ever

has its root in the lowest social class, although the latter enjoys all the political privileges of the highest, and often holds the balance of power. While Democracy is the undisputed parent of both parties,—with whatever subdivisions itself, occasionally, may have,—and both exist upon fundamentally democratic principles, it is by an instinctive tacit agreement of the lowest and highest social strata that the transitional middle-class invariably dictates the practical formulation of either. In this great class,—at its one extreme assimilating steadily, if slowly, with the higher segregation, and at the other as constantly receiving gradual assimilations from the lower,—lie the average political knowledge, sagacity and trained familiarization, which can be most safely trusted alike for the consideration due to the just interests of the humblest voter, and the intellectual and moral propitiation of the most dignified.

“Here we arrive, Doctor Hedland, at the principle of ‘social selection’ we were talking about.—The two parties arising under these conditions are simply parts of the one primitive American democratic body politic, differentiating in accordance with the respective educational and associative predilections of the two extremes of the middle social class. One party looks chiefly downward, with a jealous care to the preservation of the original broad foundation of American democracy; the other as habitually looks upward, in restless intellectual and moral aspiration to something ever higher in the nation’s superstructure. The two, together, equally assure national stability and national growth; but they interchange social affiliations according as one or the other is the more immediately identified with what the highest national intelligence esteems to be the most pressing present interest of the Republic.

“Thus, in periods varying from ten to twenty years,

you may see the choicest social element in the United States—practically all of the class of highest culture and three-fourths of the middle class—transferring itself from one of these parties to the other; in effect so denuding that which it has left of all respectability as to make farther individual adherence to it a positive social reproach. Thence arises the proper distinction of ‘the party of Gentlemen;’ the political organization immediately favored, not alone by the wealth, but, by the noblest intellect, grandest moral sentiment, and most refined social instinct of the country.

“But, really, your Excellency, and our good friends all around, I must crave pardon for such scarcely mannerly prolixity,” apologized Mr. Effingham, suddenly realizing that he had been betrayed by his patriotic energy into an astounding disregard of time and the polite conventions.

“You are much more than excusable sir:—indeed on my own behalf I thank you—for favoring us with so comprehensive an insight of the philosophy of republican society and politics,” replied the Rajah, as sincerely as courteously. “Doctor Hedland,” he added, amiably, “has made us all his debtors by inducing you to give us light on a subject that certainly seems to have suffered grievously from the world’s prevalent misunderstanding of it.”

“Well, but, gentlemen and ladies, do you know I cannot yet see clearly where the particular ‘social selection’ principle has been demonstrated by our American friend? He has shown how intellectual and moral preferences have their influence in American, as in all civilized, politics; but I don’t grasp his logic of an American ‘aristocracy’ in politics,” persisted the naturalist, who had listened to the whole argument with curious attention.

"The term 'aristocracy' was your own, sir," Mr. Effingham reminded him; "and I adopted it merely because you seemed tenacious of it. My purpose was, after premising that any citizen of the United States can elevate himself to the highest social grade, if he chooses to employ the ample available means therefor, to show that the best class of American society is perpetually a political force rectifying ultimately whatever is seriously unsound in our party-life, and that it always maintains its cohesion in one party or the other, to make that the party of gentlemen.

"Once be the organization distinguished as such to popular apprehension, and, whatsoever its past minority, no law of nature is surer than that it will gradually attract, even by instinctive social affinity, all the finest thinkers, truest moralists, and most refined domestic characters in American life. The well-bred son of a cultured family belongs to it before he is old enough to judge between political issues for himself, because it is the party of his kindred and associates; the educated, socially aspiring scion of unpolished parents turns to it for the company most congenial to his bettered intellectual and social capacities; even the matured nature innately superior to its customary conditions of education and society, is glad at last to experience the enhanced private consideration incident to a public identification with it. Then comes decisive victory at the ballot-box; a grand, peaceful revolution, to be followed by signal reinvigoration of every nerve of national prosperity and national greatness."

"And then—?" pursued the Doctor, obstinately.

"After a period of beneficent ascendancy, this party declines in moral vigor if its leasehold of power is too easily retained, and its integrity becomes more and more impaired by the accession of whosoever are un-

scrupulously ambitious and greedy for political preferment. Then begins its rapid decline; one after another, men eminent in private station are known to have fallen quietly away from it; its veteran early leaders withdraw slowly into voluntary retirement before its new partisans; the names of all notorious political adventurers begin to be associated with it. In short, there has ensued an amalgamation of the baser elements of the two parties. The result is practically a new party of mere spoilsmen, and to confront it arises a reorganization of the high element it has alienated, with the purest portion of the former general opposition. There is always short thrift in the United States for a party of this description. Seldom does it survive to a second battle of the ballots, never to a third. Again the best social sentiment shows its power by destroying what had finally abused its making, and brings to redeeming supremacy the fresh political force it has regenerated."

Besides what interest they were able to take in a topic so uncomfortably weighty for table-talk, the little party at Mr. Merton's board found a certain exceptional zest for it in a common perception of Doctor Hedland's seemingly wanton disposition to atone to himself for his newly placatory spirit toward the Rajah and others by being almost rudely aggressive in his manner to the American gentleman. From the chief guest downward, nobody was sorry to have the captious dogmatist fairly talked out of argument on ground of his own perverse insistence. Therefore, even the ladies had not the sense of conversational exclusion they might otherwise have been disconcerted by, and Mr. Brooke and his friendly staff scarcely disguised their quietly amused content at the naturalist's self-provoked visitation of American republicanism.

The Doctor himself was conscious enough of being the conspicuous social failure of the evening, and felt anything but indifferent to that fact; while the good, practical sense always underlying his petulant contrarieties of demeanor, made him clearly aware that he had trenched upon the patience of the merchant and whole company nearly to the verge of boorishness. Taking time to realize this, he was not the man to spare himself in confession of it.

"With the permission of the Rajah and our friends, I must shake hands with you, my dear sir," he exclaimed, rising to offer that manual greeting across the table to the nowise reluctant Mr. Effingham. "Thank you. I don't know that you ought to regret, much, an opportunity for vindicating your country so effectively against much ignorant criticism; but I surely do regret, for myself, that I secured every sympathy for you, at my own just expense, by my manner of challenge. The fact is, friends all," he continued, bowing gravely around as he resumed his chair, "I am nothing if not apologetic to-day. This whole life of ours in Borneo is becoming more and more a nightmare to me, in which one hour finds me half disposed to turn good, honest savage at once, and the next brings me to intolerable self-disgust that I seem to myself so near that consummation already."

An applausive, reassuring ripple of friendly laughter, and a general proffer of the courtesies of wine by the gentlemen, pleasantly concluded this episode. Then general conversation held sway again until it was time for the company to disperse.

No separate withdrawal of the ladies occurred until that unwillingly ushered by Mrs. Merton for the resumption of hats and wrappers, when the front of the house and the trees on the descending path to the

river's bank were seen to be picturesquely illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Soon the gentlemen joined them on the glowing veranda ; whence, after due parting compliments to his hosts and the others, the Rajah and his two friends started to go down to the waterside between rows of obsequious native torch-bearers. In bidding good-night to Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, Doctor Hedland took occasion to remark, confidentially and significantly :

“ I can report to our young patient at ‘ the Grove,’ ladies, that I have never known how to appreciate your country justly until to-night. Miss Effingham, you have good reason to be proud of your father, as I see that you are. Madame, your husband is the most genuine aristocrat I have ever met. Your servant, Miss Ankeroo ; and, ladies, good-night.

With this partly enigmatical speech he turned sharply away to follow to the Rajah's boat ; leaving mother and daughter confused to decide whether such an angular mortal could really pay an earnest compliment, or had been true to his average sardonic vein to the last.

It took not long for the remaining family-prahus to receive them and the other departing guests ; and the rowers at either end pushed off into their fitfully gleaming, plashing homeward way, to the cheery farewells of the hospitable Mertons.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### COLONEL DARYL'S DUTY AS AN UNCLE.

IN the American household there had been gradually evoked from the domestic materials at command a system of family-life at once orderly and unconstrained, practical and ideal. As a garden of tasteful plan and rare beauty of arboreal and floral combinations now occupied the formerly rank enclosure fronting the mansion; created, with wonderful celerity, by an intelligent and graceful exaction of all possible cultivated effect from Nature's wildest indiscrimination of fertility; so within the house an instinctively adaptive civilized intelligence had steadily and quietly disciplined the most primitive and unaccustomed of subjective agencies into the harmonious machinery of a well-appointed, systematic, and even measurably luxurious, Christian home. The Chinese servants, at first so unpromising to Berner's Lutheran prejudices, that the old major-domo could not be persuaded permanently from shipboard until Cousin Sadie and Mr. Brooke's veteran, Peter, had somewhat Anglicized their speech and manners, were now models of mechanical efficiency in their various duties, and frequently developed valuable ingenuity therein. One of them, indeed, whom the quickly converted Swiss soon selected to be his chief confidential coadjutor, in place of Ambrose relegated to the gardening, became so expert in resources for any domestic emergency, whether of larder, laundry, or scullery, that his reflective "*Me can do,*" or "*Me can no do,*" was always accepted as decisive of the utmost human practicabilities of the occasion.



A similar process of comfortable adjustment, from primarily difficult circumstance to ultimately smooth development of the best of everything, went on throughout the whole household economy. Life in the family rested not at mere placid facility of exotic existence, but matured equably to what vitality of characteristic individual endeavor and collective social beneficence was possible for it even in such a limited situation. Husband, wife, daughter and cousin had respective potential activities for each day, to contribute to the common relief; and were in unison for whatever outward good could be accomplished by them as a household.

After the gardening operations of Ambrose, and the Chinese vegetable-planting, had made the immediate grounds of the mansion unfit for miscellaneous intrusion, a new cottage was constructed outside of the palisade, on the slope toward the native town, for Miss Ankeroo's mission-school, and therein the lady pursued her chosen vocation with unflagging zeal. But even she held no higher place in the affectionate reverence of the poor, crowded souls of the "camp-pong" than the Rana Sirani—Christian princess—as they named Mrs. Effingham,—who not only heeded their every appeal at her gates, but had practicable paths made that she might go to the old and helpless, in their own quarters, on occasions of special distress.

Thus the family were leading a life of which they might become very fond in time; in fact much enjoyed already; and the elder members, at any rate, did not contemplate the approach of its conclusion with any disposition to hasten the latter. Mrs. Effingham, it is true, had begun to experience some anxiety at a certain languor of manner lately coming over her daughter; nor was she quite at ease in observing that the amend-

ment seemingly given to her husband's health by their earlier experiences of the genial climate, no longer went on. The child inherited some of the constitutional predispositions of the father, and the wife and mother felt frequent unspoken misgivings for them, when remembering what she had read and heard of the insidious properties some had found in the balmy lassitudes of the Tropics.

"My dear," said Mr. Effingham, coming into her room, on the afternoon following that of the dinner-party, with several opened letters in his grasp and a troubled look on his face, "—my dear, do your letters say anything about the fire in New York?"

His wife, who had been reading her own latest mail from relatives and friends at home, gazed at him inquiringly and shook her head :

"No ; not a word of such a thing. Has there been a fire there?"

"Yes ; and a very large one. What is the latest date you have there?" he asked, taking a chair and glancing over her shoulder.

"Ada Benton's is the latest—July fifteenth."

"Ah ! that was several days before the occurrence," commented the merchant. "In forwarding our mail, Dodge writes to me that he has just seen a clipper captain straight from New York, who reports, that, on the nineteenth of July, a great fire burned five millions' worth of property in Broadway, Exchange Place, Stone and Broad streets."

"Some of it was yours !" exclaimed the lady, reflecting his perturbed aspect and tone.

"Yes, my dear, I am a loser ; very seriously, too, if any of the insurances default in the general calamity."

"Richard, let us return at once."

The husband could appreciate this immediate wifely

readiness to consider nothing but his own possible impulse to hurry forthwith towards the scene of his reported misfortune.

"Not quite at once," he said, his countenance relaxing under a gratified smile; "I think we may venture to stay the remaining time allotted, as that will not be very long; and, after all, the loss of a few buildings need not bankrupt me."

"But it may be serious, you have said," continued the sympathetic wife. "If we were not here with you, would you not be anxious at least to get within shorter mailing distance of your agents, without delay? I am sure you would. Then why stay here, in needless suspense, when we are so ready to start at any moment?"

"At any rate, we can wait for another mail, Julia," rejoined the merchant, lightly—"unless," he added, with a questioning inflection, "you are at last growing tired of living in a summer-house in a botanical garden?"

"On the contrary, it is pleasanter for me every day," she replied, earnestly.—"But, Richard, you do not seem so well as you did, and Abretta is not like herself. Perhaps this place is not good for either of you."

Mr. Effingham looked more grave again; but rather with doubt than anxiety.

"I think Borneo agrees with me very well, my dear, and so it seemed to do with Abretta until that handsome English playmate of hers came back a wounded hero. I suspect that the child is giving way to a bit of schoolgirlish romantic sentiment. Not a very alarming case, probably, but one that we must not encourage to become so. You and Sadie cried a little with her, I recollect, when the report was that the young man had been killed. That was but natural and right—he had been like our own boy amongst us. We would prefer, too, that our girl should be open and honest with all

her feelings, and not affect a mature coquette's airs of indifference to masculine fates. But as our remaining sojourn in the East is to be so short, and it is not certain that we shall ever meet any of these foreign friends of ours again, it may be wise, perhaps, for you, my dear, to see that the boy and the girl do not imagine themselves quite broken-hearted at parting."

Mrs. Effingham glanced alternately from his face to her letters while he spoke, with some appearance of nervous apprehension. When he paused, however, her eyes instantly resumed their ordinary tranquil expression, and sought his, responsively.

"Your idea may be only a continuation of mine, after all," said she. "Physical enervation, in a degree, makes any one more sensitive to the slightest emotional influences, and perhaps Abretta's has a tendency to exaggerate, in her, every newly-touched sensibility."

"Your womanly experience, Julia, should qualify you to judge of that, much more comprehensively than I. It was a great surprise to me when our girl exhibited such very strong feeling at the first news from Bruni. As you say, it may have been because her nerves were not in their usual elastic health. Your judgment shall be mine, and I'll not disregard your doubts of the fitness of the climate for Abretta. After the next American mail we will prepare to leave Borneo without delay."

As he finished speaking, the merchant left his chair and moved towards the door by which he had entered.

"I must answer some of these letters for the schooner returning to Singapore," he explained. "Do not be worried, my dear, about our share in the fire. At the largest, it will merely oblige me to invest something the less, at first, in the North-Borneo Company I hope to organize on our return to New York."

Then he went out ; and the wife, no longer heeding her correspondence on the table, rested an elbow upon the latter and bowed her forehead to the support of a shading hand. Did her husband think more on a certain subject than he had yet confided to her ? Had she, herself, any ever so indefinite intuitions of it which she neglected to realize ? She was conscious of there being something voluntary in the hazy vacillations of her mind relative to the whole sequence of the meetings with Belmore in Batavia and his uncle in Kuchin ; for of the ensuing familiar acquaintance and its episodes she had chosen to be scarcely more than a passively friendly observer. She had not tried even to see below the sunny surface of their present aspects ; much less to conjecture future results for them. Was it a prompting of unrecognized instinctive purpose, or merely a weak unsettlement of mental energies, that had caused her to drift so insensately with the current since those days in Singapore ?

Berner knocked at a door, unheard, and then came in, cautiously :

"Colonel Daryl begs to see Madame."

"Say to him that I will come out immediately."

The Swiss bowed and withdrew. Madame looked into a small mirror on the partition for a moment, and then followed to the room in which Mr. Dodge and Cousin Sadie have once been seen together.

"I must apologize for an unceremonious afternoon call, Mrs. Effingham ; unless you can find enough excuse for it in the irregular weather of the wet monsoon, and the limited leisure of an invalid's nurse," said the Colonel, after a stately handshaking, and betaking to chairs.

"You are welcome, sir, without qualification, both in your own person and as bringing us news—good news, I hope, of your nephew."

"Ah, thank you. Edwin is convalescing as youth only can, and I am the bearer of his compliments to your family, with grateful acknowledgment of the friendly interest you have all shown for him in his mishap."

"We have been most anxious about him."

"He fully appreciates your great kindness, I can assure you. May I be allowed to express the hope that Mr. Effingham, your daughter, and Miss Ankeroo remain as well as my friends of 'the Grove' had the pleasure of believing them to be last evening at Mr. Merton's?"

Mrs. Effingham felt like smiling at this pomp of politeness in her military brother-in-law, but answered him sedately in his own vein :

"They will be flattered to hear of your remembrance of them. My husband is at urgent letters of business ; my cousin may, probably, be found yet in her school-house ; and Abretta is on a call at Mrs. Von Camp's. A dinner-party in Kuchin does not entail such fatigue for the next day as would one in London or New York. But we had not the pleasure of meeting you at Mr. Merton's, Colonel Daryl."

"It would have gratified me to be there, madame, had I been longer returned to Kuchin, and more confident that Edwin's urging did not exaggerate his fitness to be left alone. From talk at the breakfast-table, I infer that your dining resolved itself into a kind of international debate."

The lady laughed pleasantly, and the Colonel's grizzled brows lifted slightly with an expression of whimsical humor.

"When we were not Orientalists we were politicians, I am afraid—that is, the gentlemen were ; and as for the ladies, most of them were old and grave enough rather

to enjoy the novelty of not being expected to withdraw from the table so soon as the gentlemen were ready to discuss matters not wholly trivial."

"The Rajah and Mr. Williamson show a disposition to compliment my friend, Hedland, somewhat ironically, upon his success in calling out the conversational powers of Mr. Effingham," said the Colonel, smiling.

"My husband saw that he was bent upon mistimed finical controversy, and deliberately averted endless irritating dialogue by summary monologue," said Mrs. Effingham, with a shade of haughtiness.

"To be strictly just to a man like Doctor Hedland," returned Colonel Daryl, coldly grave again, "we must judge him by no common standard. Habits of wandering about the world without social object have made him an uneasy subject for conventional society. Such a man's personal likes and dislikes are not always to be inferred from his apparent suavities and pugnacities. Indeed, he is quite too independent to assume either manner toward those whom he dislikes. Of them he is practically oblivious; so, if you hear him talk, at all, either of, or to, any person, no matter how harshly, you may take it as a sure sign that he does not wholly dislike the one in question. Now he positively admires your husband, madame. He intended it as a high compliment when he said to me, only this morning: 'That American is the proudest man in the world.' Monologue, on any given subject above the commonplace, is his own cherished method of crushing out all controversy. To use it successfully against himself was to gain his highest respect. There is not the slightest invidiousness in his characteristic tribute to Mr. Effingham; for it means no implication of unwarranted assumption. It is his way of describing a dignity of private character so well-founded and justly self-as-

sured, that it never dreams of needing factitious pretense to command immediate recognition and respect."

His listener had an intuition that he was in some manner emphasizing the subject beyond its mere passing relation; although his words, in themselves, gave no clue to a reason therefor.

"My husband," said she, "is certainly not proud in any arrogant sense of the term. He considers an American gentleman the peer of any social character in the world, and has required all his patience to meet the real, or assumed, misapprehensions of foreigners, and especially Englishmen, regarding distinction of classes in the United States. Generally assuming, that educated Europeans are as well informed about us as our average school children are about them, he is often forced unwillingly into an aspect of affronted pride by such questions as Doctor Hedland's. Even I have been sometimes impelled to patriotic vindication, by the curiosity of some English squire's daughter to know, whether the army of Washington was *wholly* composed of Indians; and the equally vexatious idea of many a more pretentious London lady, that the best society of our country is that to which belong the showy and phenomenal American wealth-makers, whose vulgar ostentation obtains far more distinguished social estimation abroad, than it ever knows, or can buy, at home."

The color heightened on Mrs. Effingham's cheeks; her eyes lighted and her breath came faster; as she forgot to extenuate farther her husband's pride, in recalling what had aggrieved her own.

"For foreign injustice of that description there are occasional exemplary reprisals on your side, my dear sister-in-law," observed the unbending soldier, with a momentary look in which might have lurked a meaning



not so suavely gentle, in all respects, as his language. The gleam lasted only for an instant, however, and was lost in an expression of equable dignity as he went on: "Perhaps you are wondering whether I am here for no other purpose than to gossip of yesterday's dinner-party? It is a fact, that the motive for my call grew out of that unique episode in Sarāwak social life; for I hear that the approaching departure of your family was mentioned with regret, and this reminded me that I should not have many more opportunities to see you."

"I hope, Colonel Daryl, that our acquaintance need not end with our Borneon sojourn," faltered the lady; troubled by his air of beginning something not easy, nor wholly pleasant, to say.

"Mrs. Effingham, we must not even pretend to ourselves, that my nephew and myself are likely ever again to have the happiness of meeting yourself and your family after our parting on this Island. It can scarcely be hoped that you will return hither; certainly Edwin and I have no more hope of seeing your country, for many years, at least; nor of returning sooner to Europe. I have paid my last visit to Sambas, in pursuit of a now virtually extinguished solution of the hereditary problem that once held out some possibility of the re-establishment of our family fortunes in England. If I had not been recalled, to my nephew's bedside, I could have gained nothing more in Sambas. Amongst the shifting savageries of that Dutch-bewitched Dyak-land no more trace has been left by the poor, demented purloiner of our patrimonial patents, than a drowning sailor leaves in a storm. The young Lieutenant and the old Colonel are destined to stay long in the China seas and India; the one to carve out slowly a fortune for himself, if he can; the other to give his remaining years to obscure and uninspiring

soldierly duty.—You must see, then, dear madame, how unlikely it is that we can ever meet with you and yours again, after our farewells here.”

“If this must be so, you and Mr. Belmore will do us the justice of believing, that we regret it as sincerely as your most partial regard for us could desire.”

“And we shall regret it; none the less, I fear, that, for both of us, any other event would have been a pleasure extended, only to be the more perilous in the end.”

Mrs. Effingham looked the question her lips did not ask.

“Speaking selfishly for myself, first,” he went on, recognizing the mute appeal and unconsciously leaning toward her, with every lineament softening as he spoke; “I will trust the fine intuition of your sex to detect something very different from rudeness in the confession, that my unexpected meeting with yourself has been an unmanning pain to me! Yes, the more exquisite a pain for being kept devouringly alive by the insidiously-delusive pleasure of it. Your woman-heart can surely interpret aright the seeming paradox. I took you for Caroline Dornton—your voice is hers—your eyes, your air! Struggle with myself as I may, every new sight of you brings your sister again before me, to blot out everything in twenty years of my life but the unrecognized wild Hope that had been the secret perennial vigor of carking Despair, and to kill that Hope at the instant of its revelation to me—to kill it and leave the Despair to run yet its normal course. You bring me the ghost mocking and torturing me so; but, for all, a Spirit so sweet to my regenerated memories, that it will hold me in paralyzing thrall so long as you, its gentle priestess, remain where I must sometimes hear and see you.”

Tears welled to the eyes of his hearer, and she made no attempt either to repress or wipe them away. They did not even disturb that compassionate, steady gaze into his sadly stern face which, withal, had a certain covertly pleading suggestion.

"I understand you, thoroughly," she said, slowly, and with pathetic emphasis ; "and all that you generously do not say, I understand, too. You will know my meaning, as clearly, when I declare that it has been far more grief than happiness to myself to find you the worthier of having been my dear sister's husband, in being incapable of feeling compensation for her loss from the utmost expiation of a great wrong to you that her sister has been able to offer. If you had loved less, the softening and reconciling experiences of twenty years would have made your judgment more lenient to a mother-love, fighting frenziedly only to retain an object so lovely that your own heart broke because you could not take it away. If you had loved less, my likeness, in your eyes, to Caroline, with the spirit I have confessedly shown, to propitiate humbly your kindlier judgment of Caroline's mother, would have enabled me to give you, at least, some atoning reassurance for your justly angered, manly pride. But I have not been able to hide from myself, from the first, Colonel Daryl, that, with the certainty of Caroline's death, renewed bitterness of feeling towards our mother has come to you. Your considerate appearance of relenting, on occasions, has not blinded me ; and while, knowing what you have endured, I cannot blame you, the fact has imposed it upon my commonest filial instinct to show you even less unreserved sympathy than I have felt."

The Colonel heard her with bowed head ; finely sensitive to what it must cost such a woman to speak in

this way, and secretly uneasy at seeming to exact what from her, at all events, was an ideally generous reparation.

"Were you the less nobly forgetful of my selfishness and weakness, madame," he rejoined at last, raising his look to her sorrowful face again, "I should feel unspeakably humbled in your sight for having allowed you to suffer so much, undeservedly, from their assertion. If your Mother gave me, as I thought, much less than justice, you give me so much more, that I am really shamed to put yet one farther unmerited burden upon your generosity."

Once more her gentle eyes looked the question that her lips did not speak.

"You are aware, dear Mrs. Effingham, that Edwin Belmore is like a son to me; a legacy to my lonely, starved affection from a dying sister. You have seen what he is—a pure-hearted, unaffected, honest boy, with all his troubles before him and no worldly knowledge to teach him that they must come. He renders to me the trust and obedience of a son, and it has been my fault that his happy idling here has gone on so long. From week to week, before the Bruni expedition, I deferred too indulgently to his inclinations, because that undertaking seemed to offer the earliest means of facilitating his return to duty without specific constraint of my authority. I will not say that my wisdom was at fault in the matter; for it perpetually reminded me that I was acting unwisely; but my heart was tender for the fatherless boy, so innocently joyous in his first real taste of the sweetest luxury of youth, and, in my own as self-indulgent lingering, I could not bear to shorten his guileless summer day. Now, instead of being with me at Singapore to rejoin his ship while I resume my command, he is back in Kuchin; with

me recalled to be again his sponsor ; and the yearning recollections and tender fancies of a humored invalid are not likely to make my last task with him less difficult than the first might have been. My dear Sister-in-law, you must know what I mean, and you will not refuse to help me ?”

- Mrs. Effingham’s expression of countenance had something like fear in it.

“ How can I help ?”

“ Soon Edwin will be strong enough to leave the house ; then he will come here. You have a treasure that is not for him, and he must be made to realize the truth before he goes back to his appointed place in life.”

“ Colonel Daryl, I cannot pretend to misunderstand you. Must it be so ?”

The Colonel raised his eyebrows in surprise at an inquiry that seemed to him indicative of an incompleteness of perception he would not have expected.

“ There is no alternative, madame ; for I fear that my nephew is already seriously attracted to your lovely daughter. She, I presume, has had the safeguard of your motherly vigilance ; but my poor boy has been allowed, by a less faithful guardian, to trifle with the peril that he knew not of. If, on his next visit here, a considerate kindness does not make him understand, beyond all question, that only friendship is possible for him from this home, he may carry away with him some delusion to make his disillusionizing maturity the desolate waste—his Uncle’s has been !”

At the last clause, in which an afterthought seemed to assail herself, the lady assumed the first air of repellant pride she had ever shown to the speaker since their first interview.

“ Excuse my slowness of apprehension, sir,” she an-

swered, mechanically ; "Mr. Belmore stands too high in the affectionate regards of all in this house, to make any request in behalf of his interests unwarrantable. It shall be my care to observe your wishes in that relation without farther question."

"I perceive that it is my misfortune to offend you, Mrs. Effingham. Will you not allow the difficulty, as well as the painfulness, of the duty I am performing, to plead somewhat for me? How futile would be an attempt to conceal from you, that my own experience is the occasion of this fearfulness for my boy! But for that, and your knowledge of it, I should not presume to be here on such a peculiar mission. It is trusting and confiding in you as one might in a sister, to approach you with a request of so unusual and onerous a nature, that ordinary usages would justify you in resenting it as a gratuitous impertinence. Pardon me, madame, if I have presumed too far in this."

"There should be no question of presumption, Colonel Daryl, in any appeal you could make to the friendship of Caroline Daryl's sister."

Never before from human lips had he heard his lost wife mentioned by his own name, and it thrilled the man like the sound of a sweet voice he had thought stilled forever. Rising abruptly to his feet, he grasped both of the lady's hands impulsively, and, for a moment, looked intently down into her calmly upraised face without speaking.

Then he said, fervently : "Be those, Sister, your last words for me to-day."

She arose, also, her countenance beautifully expressing the fullest apprehension of the finely unspeakable sentiment inspiring his request. Inclining his head, he raised her right hand reverently to his lips ; bowed, and withdrew without another word.

A moment she remained motionless where he had thus left her, abstracted in far-reaching thought ; then moved slowly to a window and gazed out, over veranda and garden, to the river dimpling with a gentle rain. Consciousness of failure made her heart heavy ; for the interview had taught her, conclusively, that the wrong she had humbly confessed for a dead mother, and, as it were, submissively offered all that she could, of her own feelings, as a sacrifice for, remained yet a keen and subtle weapon in the hands of its unforgetting sufferer, only rendered the more trenchant, perhaps, by all that she had done. Delicately courteous as her sister's robbed and spurned bridegroom ever was to herself ; loftily chivalrous even, in gratefully assuming unworthiness of her individual graciousness ; none the less he had imperiously dictated to her that she must finally become a servile instrument of his resentful pride ! A peculiar irony of assumption suggested itself in his unprefaced interposition to rescue his nephew from a cruelly misplaced trust, before that unconscious youth, or any other earthly being, had revealed, by word or action, the slightest actual proof of such a danger. In effect, if not in terms, he arbitrarily forced the emergency, with an air of tacitly recognizing it as already an inevitable existence ; thus seeming to plead for his beloved one against assuredly predestined fate, while, in reality, dictating the whole issue himself, even to its very hour, and making Caroline's sister the helpless minister of his contemptuous will !

Mrs. Effingham realized this vividly. It gave a sense of impotent humiliation to Colonel Daryl's uniform and frankly appreciative homage to her own distinctive personality. Suddenly throwing her hands above her head, and clasping them passionately there, she put her troubled mind's one, scarcely trusted hope into the question :

" May I ever tell him—all ? "

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CHRISTIAN AND PHILOSOPHER.

"THE GROVE," as our Rajah called his latest official residence, has been described as standing, under arches of palms, upon a gracefully-swelling mound, or knoll, not far back from the water's edge. Behind and partly around it hills lapped upon higher hills, and these upon yet loftier, until the distant umbrageous wilderness was lifted to the azure-softened eminences of a mountain-range. From the immediate palisaded grounds of the Government-house, a road, or, in effect, a broad green alley, had been cleared through the jungle to the summit of a gradually rising farther acclivity, on which a beautiful natural bower, supplied with primitive seats and a hammock, commanded unimpeded views of the native "campong," the river, the European cottages of the flanking heights, and the luxuriant retreating uplands of either bank of the Sarāwak. Up to this elevated retreat was the favorite morning and evening walk of Rajah Brooke. Unattended, save by the special pets of his little indigenous menagerie which were trained to besit the indulgence—a meek-eyed doe, or "kijang," the mias "Betsy," a bear-cub not larger than a cat, and a black Bugis monkey—and by his old English bull-dog, "Billy," to maintain zoological decorum—it was his wont to trudge sturdily to the height at sunrise, or near the close of sunset; often with the Bugis on one shoulder and a parrot on the other.

A sweetly capricious day of arbitrary passing flirts of huge rain-drops and as playful surprises of dazzling



sunshine, was closing with such a magnificent confusion of rich colors in its cloudy fleece as only the fervid Tropical sun can mantle upon the vaporous canopy of a spot of earth so temperately aired as the cool, green Sarāwak valley. Orange and rose were the hues chiefly contending in the parting light around the bower on the Rajah's Hill, where two men, seated near each other and smoking after-dinner segars, looked forth between the shading palms upon the tranquil picture beneath and around them.

"—Yes, this is my ambition," one of the two was saying, in continuance—"to see these hills covered with the plantations and homes of an industrious, thrifty, regenerate people; to see schoolhouse and Christian church arise in Kuchin, and busy factory and storehouse on the banks of a commerce-crowded Sarāwak."

"May you live to witness the beneficent consummation!" was the hearty responsive aspiration.

"Ah! but shall I live so long, Hedland? The question is one I often ask myself. That wound in the lungs at Rungpore was permanent inroad upon a life that would not have lasted until now, but for the seafaring and invigorating occupations of all my subsequent years. Now that my physical activities are limited, I find myself not so strong as before."

"You could not be persuaded, I suppose, to go back to England, on a visit, when I return there? The moderation of the climate here is deceptive. I find it slowly debilitating."

"Perhaps you are right; and I may try a homeward trip, two or three years from now. My presence may be necessary to induce our Government at least to occupy Pulo Labuan."

"Don't be too sanguine of much help from Parlia-

ment and the ministry, Brooke," said the naturalist, skeptically. "Remember Raleigh, and Hastings, and poor, neglected Raffles. Conquering soldiers are the style of men England appreciates for any part of the world. Daryl tells me that your agent, Wise, thinks you will be knighted. You would accept the Bath because it would be of moral advantage to you in your dealings with the Orientals; but which do you suppose will weigh the more in securing it for you—your services to mankind in Borneo, or the fact that you had an ancestor—Sir Robert Vyner—who was a baronet and Lord Mayor of London in the time of Charles the Second?"

"It will be a matter of purely diplomatic value to me, however it comes," replied the Rajah, indifferently. "Do you know, Hedland, that prahu of yours, down there,"—waving a hand toward the river—"is almost exactly upon the spot where we first anchored the *Royalist*, six years ago? We gave Muda Hassim twenty-one guns, and the good old fellow answered with eighteen from the stockade around his house. Then we went ashore in the *Lily* gig and the *Skim-along*—you remember the boats?—and had tea, and cigars a foot long, with Muda and his brothers, to the music of deafening tom-toms. The house was a long shed in palisades, on that mound, over there, next to the hill where I afterwards put up the house now so handsomely kept by the Effinghams. The rock you see showing at this tide, to the left of the old Rajah's wharf, is the one on which the frigate *Samarang* unexpectedly tilted over, two years ago. All her stores were lying loose on the shore for weeks, with native throngs continually around, and yet not an article was stolen. What does that say for the honesty of my poor Dyaks?"

"The rich Dyaks, like the rich Malays, are the ones whose plundering proclivities you have to guard against," said the Doctor, dryly.

"Excepting Usop and Makota," returned the Rajah, "even the Malay pangerans have much more honesty than I had expected to find in them. Muda Hassim has been generally as true as steel to his English professions, and as for Budrudeen—I could trust him like a brother."

The old friends sat gazing, together, over the palms and roof of "The Grove," into the river-holding valley below them; undulating vernal descent, "atap" house-tops showing between trees, Indian schooners, prahus and sampans upon the placid stream, the old, yellow native town, and the picturesque cottages crowning, or climbing their respective wooded knolls—all taking the sun's departing benediction with the grace of the languid East turning softer to the fiery West. It was a scene profoundly suggestive for thoughtful men; so little relieved from humble primitive barbarism, and yet, withal, having delicate vital touches of a new history wherever the eye sought continuity of the old. Within that single reach of watery mountain-pass, less than forty miles from its ocean-entrance, could be found the highest type of Christian civilization ever known to Borneo, at the farthest point of geographical advance yet made by civilizing agencies into the vast Island's Continent-like depth and width of unexplored savagery.

"It is the old body, with another soul," remarked the Doctor, at last.

"But such a weak, uncertain young soul, as yet!" sighed its creator.

"I can see vigor in it," maintained the other.

"There, for instance, is your own pleasant home, down

yonder, taking the place of that heathen Makota's gloomy den. Such a change, in itself, means much."

"So, you have dropped Makota, at last?"

"Or, rather, as I told you in our first talk about it, the yellow-faced scamp has dropped me. That was a clever piece of acting—his finding the pistol on the ground and handing it to me with such a speech! I was puzzled to understand his true motive until your surgeon told me of Amina's coming secretly here, to him, for arsenic. The swarthy wretch is ill-treating the girl, of course, and thought he would anticipate the falling out we were sure to have when I should hear of it."

"Doctor Treacher informs me, Hedland, that you favored the Pangeran in his suit for the hapless young creature."

"I simply did not oppose. It was policy for me to become 'Niau,' or heart's-friend, with Pa Jenna, by the old Kayan ceremony of the transfusion of a drop of blood from each into the arm of the other—a kind of sentimental vaccination. Consequently, he does nothing without my sanction; and when the quite willing girl was offered the extraordinary honor—for a Dyak maiden—of a place in the harem of a Malay prince, he applied for my assent. Why should I have opposed? The Pangeran had always treated me handsomely; Amina longed to repeat the destiny of her sister, Inda, Budrudeen's wife; and, although Pa Jenna is the richest Orang-Kaya in Borneo, and of the proud Illanaon caste, he keenly coveted the distinction of having both of his daughters at court. I knew his wishes and the girl's; there was no reason why I should offend Makota; and so I—merely did not interfere."

"Was that the noblest course for a Christian Eng-

lishman, Lawrence?" asked the Rajah, mildly, but with a significant look.

"It was the true, philosophical course, at any rate," was the response.

"That term, 'philosophical,' is made often to cover such acts of unscrupulous selfishness, or moral indolence, as any barbarian might blush to excuse!" exclaimed his friend, vehemently. "What has come over you, Hedland?" he went on, his tone changing to a kind of remonstrative entreaty. "You were always a contradictory mortal, and yet it seems to me that even your consent to be reconciled with myself—after a grievance wholly of your own imaginative creation—may be only the freak of a greater perversity."

The philosopher smiled, but not at all genially, and carefully knocked the ash from his segar.

"I suppose I'm what they call an 'eccentric' Brooke," he said, with peculiarly cool deliberation—"as you are, yourself, in a measure! You know what you have named your new boat?—*The Jolly Bachelors*. Well, how much sense is there in that name? Are uncompleted men: confirmed 'bachelors', like you and me: ever 'jolly'? This scheme of yours for the moral regeneracy of Dyak-land is an 'eccentricity'; and my hermitage amongst apes and head-hunters is another; and I do not believe that either of us would be here at all if we had married!

"Nature has certainly appointed woman to be the essential complement of man, and their joint cultivation of domestic life to realize the only normal fulfilment of man's rational destiny. If, from any cause, an individual departs from the proper social continuity of development of his kind, and fancies that he can put intellectual singularity in place of symmetrical com-

monalty of physical genius with his neighbors, that singularity soon shows itself to be a forced abnormalism : a degree of insanity : neither wholesome for the world, nor a pleasure to himself.

"Old bachelors, old maids, childless parents, and even particularly mismated married people, all become more or less mentally malformed, in time ; because, physically, or psycho-physically, they have been but partly developed ; certain essential elements of their intended growth into the full roundness of a complete human existence being allowed to wither in the germ ; and their mental characteristics mature into corresponding one-sided deformities of reason. You and I have often felt a superior sort of compassion for the poor old solitaires of both sexes whose pitiful withered lives are made burdens to themselves, and unpleasant repulsions to every one else, by their morbid conceits of perpetual physical ailments ; we have impatiently deplored the perversion of nervous spinsters and childless wives doting on pestilent cats and dogs, or—if they are vulgar—making continual nauseating advertisement of their fancied bodily disorders and mania for drugging ; and yet the moral Borneo is your old-bachelor morbid ailment and metaphorical cat and dog ; and my insensate celibate moping and drugging are the discovery of primeval man amongst the tree-tops !

"In our cases Nature is revenging, as she always does, a half developing manner of existence ; only, you and I may happen to possess a little more brains than some other lop-sided men-growths, and our mental abnormalisms produce 'eccentricities' of a more specious intellectual order. Your missionary crusade, here, is another form of the constitutional religious craze of the more tolerable of old maids and disengaged elderly women generally ; and I show the irritability

and scandal-love of the intolerable ones in quarreling even with you, and encouraging a Makota to tell me how he hates my best friends !”

Dr. Hedland’s delivery of this extraordinary physiological discourse so clearly evinced, by its personal manner, that he was self-contemptuously lashing himself rather than any one else, that the man whose noble career he had classed with his own in such reckless cynical discourtesy, was too magnanimous to be offended.

“As you generously take to yourself the more malignant phases of ‘mental abnormalism,’ as you call it,” said the Rajah, leaning back against a tree, with a forgiving laugh, “I ought not to complain, I suppose. But,—not to question your argument, Hedland,—are you aware that a curious change has come over you since we parted at Singapore? With the freedom of an old friendship—never interrupted by my own will—I shall venture to describe it as an apparent loss of your pride in yourself—your self-respect! Always impetuous and plain-spoken, you now seem to me to include yourself in the sweep of your passionate intolerance; for you sometimes have an air of wantonly provoking others, merely to prove your reckless indifference to any ignominious repulse you may bring upon yourself. That wholly gratuitous onslaught upon Mr. Effingham, for instance—suppose he had treated it with the surprised disdain that the circumstances would have justified?”

“Instead of which he patiently muffled me from head to foot in the American Flag—and I respect him for it!” confessed the naturalist. “And so you think, Rajah, that my tone of personal dignity is lowered? I don’t know but you’re right. How much dignity will be left for manhood in general, if I can make it plain to the world, that the ape returned by me to my prahu,

down yonder, this afternoon, supplies unanswerable proof that we are all no more than intellectually-advanced monkeys?"

"The same amount of dignity, my friend, that belongs properly to manhood now;—that which is vested in its mental, moral and spiritual superiority over the highest possible development of the next order in animal nature, whether it has remote kindred with it, or not."

"Now that is sophistry, Brooke," retorted the Doctor, not sorry to be upon his hobby again; "you cannot dismiss the question with a flourish of abstract sentiment. The basis of all original human pride in human nature lies in the belief that it is immeasurably removed from any natural ties with brute-nature; that Man had a special creation as consummate Man only. Upon this fundamental pride—I call it presumptuous vainglory—you may build up any superstructure of mental, or moral, or spiritual arrogation that you choose; but knock that foundation forever away with an Oshonsee, and what becomes of your edifice?"

"Even with such a foundation torn away, if it has been honestly and nobly built there-above it need not necessarily fall into ruins; but, rather, it may, without losing its essential integrity, sink to a new foundation of its own unquestionably demonstrated primary superiority to whatsoever is ungoverned by reason and moral principle; and so, while sacrificing some pride of mere altitude, acquire a finer dignity of proved superstructural strength."

The burly naturalist shrugged his shoulders, and smiled grimly.

"I don't think," said he, "that you appreciate the proportions of the foundation to be knocked away; for they certainly constitute a good half of the whole





edifice. If you and I are only the shaved, bleached and educated descendants of a Simian Adam, our supposed moral and spiritual attributes are of no higher origin than might be claimed as the Orang-outan's motive for not attacking men, and for fighting hard against the agony of death. They become the mere instinctive selfish conventions of personal immunity and temporization with vital dissolution. We are moral, because our surest average safety lies therein, and we are spiritual because we want some special system of thought whereby to cope—or fancy that we are coping—with normal life's ineradicable terror of death. As for our educational attributes: which really originate and control what our vanity would make us think are the divinely dictated forms of the others; they are indeed our great distinction from and permanent superiority over the inarticulate lower animals, which cannot alternately condense and diffuse such wisdom as may be amongst them—'sagacity,' we call it—by the intercommunications of speech. It is education only, as it 'forms the common mind,' that would not be forlornly racked to pieces in your edifice of self-conscious human dignity, by a collapse of the foundation laid in pride of species; and education, alone, is not sufficient to maintain the essential integrity of a superstructure so undermined."

With unchanging serenity of look and manner the auditor of the discouraging philosopher received this rhetorical display of logic, and answered it practically:

"It seems to me, Hedland, that you are a little mad in all this.—I don't mean in the argument you rear upon the assumption that your phenomenal mias completes the chain between man and ape; but in the assumption itself. To me, Oshonsee is yet an inarticulate brute creature. My every instinct, no less than

my reason, fails to discover in him any nearer identification with the human race than is casually suggested by the commonest mias of the Sadong, or Sambas. Granted, that his physical conformation is more like man than orang-outan ; granted, that he seems to add to the imitative facility of his kind, the reflective sagacity of the elephant, the emulative ambition of the horse, the loyal domestic affection of the dog and the constructive aptitude of the beaver—what are all these phases of dumb instinct but poor, automatic copies of the humblest expressions of human reason ? Supplement them even with the speaking-powers of parrot and magpie, and how much nearer do they come to any intellectual or moral equality with the acted and spoken intelligence of the least cultivated human mind ? Because Oshonsee, by some freak or exceptional circumstance of nature, is so formed that he can walk erect ; because some peculiar past impressions upon his brute-instinct of self-preservation have prepared him to exhibit a few dim similitudes of discriminating reason under your unremitted observation ; you rush to the conclusion that he is something more than anthropoid ape ;—an ape changing to man, and so proving that every lofty intuition of a divinely distinctive creation, in the human soul is a pitifully false conceit."

Doctor Hedland was as unmoved at this arraignment of himself as his friend had been in listening to his provocation of it.

"You mistake the platitudes of hereditary mental habit for the independent deductions of your own unprejudiced observation," he returned, with an air of necessitated indulgence. "The vanity of mankind has established a system of pretended insuperable distinctions between man and ape, that the strongest un-

scientific mind by mechanical custom adopts. Even scientists themselves have not been above pandering to it; as when Curier gave designation of 'the four-handed' or quadrumana, to all otherwise humiliatingly man-like denizens of the primeval forest, because, from living chiefly in trees, their nether extremes have been forced into manual functions, whereby the ankles are curved outward and the great-toes compelled to do duty as thumbs.

"Fancy a second Deluge, and the human survivors, at the period of its subsidence below the highest tree-tops, obliged to live in the latter for generations. Say that such conditions of life lasted for a hundred, or even fifty, years; with successive generations clinging to the boughs by their feet, and constrained to almost perpetual crouching postures by the low limits of their shelter: and how much less 'quadrumanous' do you suppose they would ultimately become than are our Borneon miases? How much longer, or straighter from the hip, would their legs be? Fancy them in all that time not only debarred from all clothing save the leaves Scripturally assigned to Adam and Eve, but with leaves, simply, to shelter their whole bodies from the weather; and,—supposing the climate not perpetually warm, or temperate—can you doubt that Nature would finally supply them with hairy coatings? Then imagine, farther, the eternal intellectual insanity of such an existence, with the corresponding natural depreciation of the faculties of the brain:—how much more mind would your ultimate aborealized human being possess than orang-outan, or chimpanzee?"

"But this argument applies to the degeneracy of man; not to the regeneracy of ape," remarked Rajah Brooke.

"I've heard that criticism before, and will answer as

before," was the impatient rejoinder; "It is Unthinkable, practically speaking, that credible natural circumstances could ever so combine as to reduce man to apehood; but to concede the possibility of them even in theory, is to allow the Thinkableness of the converse of the proposition. We may easily suppose natural occurrences to drive the anthropoid apes from a certain forest to life on a plain, and a co-operation of conditions of subsistence and self-preservation, there, to induce, gradually, in their progressive generations, a habit of erect walking and an adaptation of the lower limbs to that method of locomotion. If, in his present estate, the orang-outan covers himself with bedclothing of pandanus leaves in wet weather, why should he not make some sort of leafy hut, to the same protective end, as a dweller on the ground? A common monkey removed to a cold climate will soon, without human instruction, gather any convenient bit of cloth around his shoulder, for its warmth; why, then, should not the erect-walking and hut-building mias, or chimpanzee, take finally to clothing himself. And as a housed and clothed creature, it would not be an unlikelihood of nature for his hirsute covering to depart, as no longer necessary, in the course of a few generations. Well, you see how far our ape is already advanced in the human scale by perfectly Thinkable—I may say practically Knowable—conditions. Your own mind can follow out the remaining evolutions into our kind of manhood, as the gradually increasing and refining physical capacities and sensibilities formulate speech, and tend to the cultivation of instinct into reason."

"And you believe," said the Rajah, "that your Oshonsee is a living demonstration of this advancement from one type to another by process of natural evolution?"

"Emphatically, I do! If you ask me to define specifically the conditions developing this particular mias into such an advanced form of being, I must answer that I have no longer even a local theory about them; for I am satisfied that Makota was truthful at last about the capture of the creature itself, not only in Borneo, but even in the common mias country between the Sarāwak and the Sadong. Furthermore, I have secured the skull of an animal of like development, but female (I think), reported to have been killed at the foot of Tubbang mountain, in our very Sarāwak valley! This overthrows my Sumatran theory. With all his divergences from our Simunjon Pappans, Oshonsee is certainly not wholly of a different species; so I may retain the idea of his hybridism, and believe that on one side he sprang from Pappan stock. But where shall I look for the other factor of his parentage in a region not only now without orang-outans, but wanting the marshy character of soil that, at any period, must have been requisite for any known species?"

"You mention Mount Tubbang; do you know that there is a cave in that mountain?" asked the Rajah, thoughtfully.

"I have been over the mountain often," replied the naturalist, in some surprise; "but never found, nor heard of, any cave."

"As I remember it," pursued the other, "its entrance is through a hole like a shallow well. Probably it has been concealed, for some purpose."

"That is something I shall certainly investigate," declared Hedland. "The caves and tertiary deposits of this Island may yet reveal something of human history never before dreamed by the boldest speculation."

"Am I to understand your conclusion about Oshonsee to be, that he is a Hybrid of Simunjon Pappan and

some greatly advanced unknown species ; and that one of his parents may have belonged in the Sarāwak valley ?”

“ What else am I to think, Brooke, with the imperfect knowledge at my command, and after finding and tracing the significant skull I have mentioned ? You have my theory of the conditions by which the humanization of such an ape as the supposable more advanced progenitor of Oshonsee may have been progressively effected ; yet, I am wholly at a loss to know how such a creature could have originated in, or come into, any explored part of Borneo.”\*

“ Now, one more question, my old friend,” said the Rajah, laying a hand upon the nearer knee of the naturalist, and questioning as much with look as voice : “ are you, in any respect, a happier man, for having secured the awfully momentous scientific prize you take this mysterious Oshonsee to be ?”

The Doctor brought his own right hand emphatically down upon his friend’s, and kept it there while answering :

“ God knows I am not ! The thing works in my intellectual nature like a poison, bringing a kind of delirium at one moment, and a leaden dulness of disgust with everything in human life—myself chiefly !—at the next. I tried once, as I’ve told you, to shoot the devilled ape ; and that action followed close upon the revolt of my every moral faculty against killing a common mias in a tree ! It was, as I said a while ago, an unsocial mental abnormalism that led me into this accursed study, and gave me a supernaturally malev-

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\* The critic of Doctor Hedland’s scientific uncertainties and occasional seeming inconsistencies, must be reminded, once more, that Darwin’s theory of natural “ Selection, Evolution and Survival ” was not then known ; nor were Haeckel’s and Wallace’s elaborations of it.

olent spite in it. If I had not perversely contemned my kind ; if I had taken a suitable wife, and reared children, and given my life its full and free natural expression ; all the enthusiasm for science in the world could not have inspired me so to consort with barbarism, and become myself a moral and spiritual barbarian, for the sake of proving that men are but monkeys of a vainer growth !”

“ And do you realize, Hedland,” spoke the Rajah, with a remonstrating solemnity of inflection, “ that if you can convince men of this, you will also be destroying their faith in the immortality of the human soul—the fundamental principle of all religion and Christian civilization ?”

Nervously rising to his feet, and abstractedly thrusting his hands into his pockets, the fitful misanthropist betrayed his mind’s fretful unrest by pacing the few feet of space available between the trees of their elevated retreat.

“ That part of the business,” he answered, hurriedly, with his eyes uneasily averted, “ belongs to the theologian ; not to me. There is chaos in my own mind on the subject ; and yet”—with some resumption of his former vivacity—“ why should there be ? Is anything ever annihilated in this world—either the body or soul of once-living thing ? Death is but a change in the forms of matter ; not their destruction. No atom of the world’s composition since the creation has ever been annihilated ; all is here yet, and must be somewhere in the universe to all eternity, whatsoever the mutations of its infinite forms and attributes. Man’s body ‘dies,’ as we call it, and is disintegrated into its original constituent physical elements ; but with no absolute extinction of anything. The vital essence, or the mind, or the Soul, as we may choose to

term it, can be none the more annihilated. Released from the body, to which it has been at once the individualizing force of segregate physical cohesion, and the subtle preservative and motorial intelligence, it returns to be a part again of the intangible vivifying force of the whole universe—perhaps as what we so indefinitely style Electricity; to shine supernally in the thunder-storm and Aurora Borealis—Heaven! or to terrify in the earthquake and volcano—Hell! or to enter some new incorporation of living matter—Metempsychosis! This horror of death that men feel is an inheritance from the lowest, blindest brute-instinct; the intimations of immortality, timidly attributed to the human soul, should be rightfully understood as refined, educated and finally unblinded instinct's recognition of Immortality in every atom and essence of Nature!"

The friend regretfully hearing this half-soliloquized degradation of the system of the Universe into mere endlessly-revolving machinery, scarcely knew what antidote could be in the least effective against such obstinate and sweeping materialism.

"All this means virtual atheism," he said, with a mixture of impatience and indignation. "You are miserably changed, indeed, Hedland, to find in your own soul no undying contradiction of your scheme to make it only one of the mechanical forces of nature. There can be no moral, much less spiritual, responsibility in a soul like that, save to the other, sordid parts of the machine it belongs to. Do you realize that your theory implies the hopeless falsity of every noble, saintly aspiration that ever glowed in a bosom worshipful of a Divine Fatherhood?"

"Don't be so unjust to me as that!" exclaimed the naturalist, quickly. "Fichte treats the Universe as



simply the logical process of the Divine mind ; Schelling finds all nature full of God : what you denominate my 'atheism' makes these two to seem one. From the beginning of all things I see the unbroken, unexceptional workings of a mighty system of Law, as devised and enforced at the creation by an Omnipotent and Just Divinity ; and in its every aspect of material development shines a reflected image of the Divine Mind, sustaining and growing steadily clearer in it. Instead of being a jumble of unrelated, casually-exigent creations, all living substances and forms, from the minutest 'spontaneous generation' to consummate Man, are successive links in the one great chain of progressive being, running 'from God's own Hand to God's own Hand.' All is consecutiveness, and order, and Law immutable ! Is God the less to be recognized and adored as the Supreme Author, because we find His marvelous Work unfragmentary, coherent, and inexhaustible in every part ? Is man less really the highest material development of Divine Law, from the proved consecutiveness of his ascent to that eminence ?"

"Material development !" repeated the Rajah, emphasizing the adjective, contemptuously. He, too, now, arose to his feet, and spoke more nearly face to face with Oshonsee's pervert.—"You are reasoning away the Soul of man altogether ! Hedland, I reproach myself for having allowed the conversation to reach such a tenor. I do honestly believe that you are mad on this subject—made so by a fancied astounding scientific discovery ; and I also believe that your old good sense will yet return for your cure."

"Fancied discovery !" echoed the other, in his turn. "Why, look you, Rajah of Sarāwak ! it may not possibly follow from the same 'fancied discovery,' that this Borneo of yours will have an even chance to be accepted

as the scene of man's origin! All history, tradition and fable seem to assign primary human nativity to southern Asia. Geology teaches that the eocene and miocene stages of the globe's tertiary period beheld a solid Europe, Iceland, Greenland and North America all linked in one land. These East Indies were then undoubtedly united to the Asiatic continent; as witness the comparative shallowness, yet, of the fifty to ninety fathom seas between them and lower India. Thus, only Behring Strait,—if even that thirty odd miles of watery interval could then have existed—broke the continuity of dry ground all round our planet.

"We will suppose that sometime in the secondary period of the creation, before the Age of Stone, the mammalia had developed from the marsupials, and the quadrumana (our monkey-friends—perhaps those of Africa and South America without thumbs on their fore-hands) from the then next-highest order of mammals. Then came the tertiary period's morning, or eocene stage, when the North and West were torrid in climate; with palms and Tropical forests in the now England and between Western Europe and the present United States; and a cold, wet, unfructifying climate prevailed in our Tropics and southward.

"It may be naturally supposed that the development of the then highest order of mammals, all over the world—the most man-like: the so-called quadrumana: from marmoset and lemur upward—progressed more rapidly in the comparatively temperate than in the torrid regions. For instance, in this very Borneo, and on its line within the Tropics through Africa and South America, beings structurally approaching the orang-outan, Buffon's 'Pongo' ape, and the chimpanzee may have been developed, while in northern Asia, Europe and North America roamed the mammoths of creation.

In the noonday, or miocene, stage of the long tertiary period, the heat of the North and West moderated, and the southern hemisphere grew warmer; whereupon there must have been great migrations of beast and bird; and as the Tropics had then begun to show palm and jungle, the Siberian elephant, the Manatee, or sea-cow, of Behring's waters, and other giants, may have started Southward and Eastward. Probably the quadrumana of the highest development had thus far been found in the cool, marshy Equatorial belt, and some of this grade now moved Eastward and Northward. In the last, or pliocene, tertiary stage, the Americo-European land barrier dividing the Atlantic and Arctic oceans sank away, and the sea rolled freely from Pole to Pole between two finally separated parts of a world. Simultaneously the climate above and below the Tropics was temperate, while that of the Tropics turned torrid; the animal life distributed in the former finding every combination of natural conditions to accelerate its noblest development, while that in the latter was proportionately retarded.

"Say that a creature like your Bugis monkey, Brooke, was the nearest approach, at that time, in the Tropics, to human development, and say, that, in the ages of the disappearance of the quadrumana elsewhere into the Man type, the species left in the East Indies, India, Africa, South America and the West Indies, developed no higher than orang-outan, baboon, chimpanzee and other anthropoids—where could you expect so certainly to find the nearest approximation to man in the indigenous ape, as in this exceptionally temperate Borneo?"

Such a peroration to all the geology and biology of the speech struck the Rajah so ludicrously, that he could not refrain from laughter.

"Ah, it amuses you, does it!" snapped Doctor Hed-

land, quite in the manner of his old, testy self. "Do you know what is the exact structural difference between yourself and any common mias?—Well, he has one more wrist-bone than you—that's all! Is his head not shaped favorably for intellectual development?—Well, any phrenologist will tell you that the human infant's head is far more symmetrically porportioned in that superficial respect than the human adult's! Cannot the Borneon man-of-the-woods be developed to walk easily erect, and make a fire? Look at Oshonsee!"

Once more the Rajah laughed with an unconstraint fearfully derogatory to princely dignity; at the same time glancing towards the Doctor's prahu far down on the darkening river, as though amiably willing to "look," literally, upon the phenomenal ape, if he could.

"As they used to say of Hegel," he banteringly replied, "you seem to 'think in substantives,' and one cannot argue theoretically against your positivisms. I suppose you rank Mr. Oshonsee next to the African Bushman in the humanizing scale?"

"There is another toadyism of time-serving science—the designation of the black Bushman as the lowest standard of human development! There are white-skinned bipeds, and in present Europe, too, of more brutal type than he."

"Oh, in a couple of hundred years from now there will be plenty of finely brutalized human specimens all over the world, if you can convince mankind that it is only monkeyhood shaved, walking erect and talking."

"In that you hit me nearly, Brooke. As mankind has been educated, the truth devolving upon me to demonstrate must have a tendency to that insidious result, in the common mind at least. I am taught that, by the confusing effect upon my own mental system. Reason as I may, I find my self-appreciation dolefully degraded.

Why, Brooke, the occasion of my reconciliation with *you* is my loss of pride in self! Otherwise, I could never have forgiven *you*, in the world, for refusing to be offended at me when I was so anxious to offend *you*!"

Here was the old Lawrence Hedland, after all; to forbear with under every provocation, because he had the justest and warmest of hearts under the perversest eccentricities of speech and action.

The two friends had advanced, as they talked, from the gathering gloom beneath their hill-top canopy of palm-leaves into the declining outer light of the hedged path down the hill. Rajah Brooke, thrust an arm within one of Hedland's, and as the contrasting figures, thus amicably linked, started upon the descent, he answered the naturalist's last reactional confession:

"No matter what brought you back to us; since you have actually come; and not only forgiven me for refusing to quarrel with you, but positively paid compliments to those pleasant Americans; I shall not bother myself about the cause. If you must return to your Dyak village this evening, let it be with a manful determination to turn your hybrid monster loose in his native wilds again. If you do not—take my word for it, dear Lawrence, he will turn your brain."

The admonition was spoken in a tone of beseeching affection that even the irritable philosopher could not resent.

"I dare not do that," said the Doctor, in a subdued, halting voice.

"Dare not? Have you learned to love the creature so well?"

"No; that is not it. I have an affection for him, as he has for me; but he inspires me as much with fear as with love."

"Then why do you not dare?"

"Because," exclaimed the master of Oshonsee, turning to glare into the face of his friend, as they strode on "because, I 'll swear that he 's A MAN!"

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### EDWIN'S DUTY AS A NEPHEW.

LIFE at "The Grove" was of the medley character to have been expected in a great household conducted wholly without the domestic genius of woman. From top to bottom of the family scale everything was masculine; and while a certain official system gave sufficient order to the routine business of public and private service, the social air of the establishment suggested rather a select East Indian hotel for gentlemen than a permanently concentrated home. Indeed, the primitive style of domestication yet prevalent in Kuchin, and his own hospitable spirit, constrained the Rajah to keep open his doors to all transient European visitors of his capital, whether from English man-of-war, or Singapore schooner; so that the company gathering at table was often a true travelers' mixture of ranks and characters. The combination of Governmental residence and judicial offices with this generous Bachelors' Hall did not lessen the suggestion of exceptional, temporary abidance to guests having their first experiences there; yet, withal, one soon found a peculiar charm in the generous freedom and gracious equality of the place, that grew more congenially homelike every day.

Except in the few hours of the afternoon when the large central room was used for court-audience, no part

of the great house outside of the Rajah's library and dormitory, and the offices of his staff, had exclusion for friend or visitor. Everybody shared the privilege of roving, resting and associating as he chose. The long veranda was seldom without its chatting group, or scattered single figures; in white linen and straw hats by morning, and in darker coats later on; idly overlooking the river through cigar-smoke, or enjoying the shade of the hills at the warmer times of the day. Windows here and there looked in upon pairs conversing lazily over the Oriental equivalent of brandy-and-soda, or individuals writing, reading, or luxuriously drowsing. No ceremony was exacted, save at breakfast and dinner in the main room; when, with the Rajah at the head of the board, his principal latest guest on his right hand, and the staff and other guests ranging according to rank on either side, the admirably cooked, well-served meal was discussed with due conventional forms of etiquette.

This was the manner of life familiar to Colonel Daryl and his nephew in Sarāwak, and, in sickness as in health, the younger man, at least, had found its seductiveness very hard to be renounced. Belmore's convalescence from his martial wound did not depend alone upon geniality of climate and youth's recuperative buoyancy for its enjoyability. H. M. S. *Driver*, anchored almost at the front door, assured to him the sympathetic and lively company of a number of young men in his own profession; his room was never neglected by his kind older friends of "The Grove;" the most devoted of uncles studied his every whim; and then there had been flattering messages of inquiry, and divers edible delicacies brought, from time to time, by Berner—not to mention Mr. Effingham's several personal calls. Thus the invalid Lieutenant progressed

from couch to easy-chair, from the latter to walks on the veranda, and from those to a row on the river, without an incident to detract from the most luxurious delight of getting well again.

But, one morning, at breakfast, his uncle, who had not seen him before since his betaking to boat early on the preceding evening, noticed that Edwin seemed unusually languid and abstracted. Others observed it, also; and to them he made the excuse, that a little cold and a poor night's rest were "the matter with" him. Colonel Daryl ventured no remark; for he knew better than this, and suspected that some of the company knew as much. It was generally known that the young gentleman's post-prandial excursion on the day before had been one of good-bye to his American friends, prefatory to his appointed departure with his uncle for Singapore, and the Colonel, at any rate, was perfectly aware of the circumstances which must have given him such an unrefreshed face for the breakfast-table.

At the conclusion of the meal, upon pretence of letters to write, Belmore declined the usual sociable morning walk and smoke, evaded Doctor Treacher's friendly solicitude as to his pulse, and returned listlessly to his own chamber. Throwing himself heavily into the easy-chair by a window—there he saw that Colonel Daryl had followed him, and was seeking his eye with an expression of questioning anxiety upon his own countenance.

"You do not feel ill, my boy?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Will. A little out of sorts; that's all."

"Did you have a bad night?"

"Not much sleep. But never mind me, Uncle; I shall be all right presently."

"Whom else in the whole world have I to mind but you, Edwin?" said the Colonel, with an eloquent tremor



in his voice. He took a chair beside that in which the young man was sitting, and, with a timidity of movement infinitely pathetic, placed a hand upon his nephew's enfevered brow. "Whom else in the whole world have I to mind but you, Edwin?" he repeated.

"You mind me very much more than I am worth," replied the nephew, smiling faintly, and shyly drawing back his head; "I'm ashamed to receive such perpetual indulgence and kindness from you, and only add to your cares and anxiety in return."

"Your affection and confidence, my dear boy, are all that I ask; and those are surely mine."

"I should be ungrateful, indeed, if they were not, Uncle Will."

Sitting thus closely together, their respective countenances informed by the same feeling, senior and junior resembled each other quite strongly enough to have been father and son. The invalid experience of the younger man, by banishing temporarily from his complexion its wonted *purpureum lumen juventutis*, had assimilated his face more nearly to that of his Uncle; and now the heavier cast of mental dejection imitated the settled gravity, if not the sternness, of the older man's expression. In the darker brown hair of the senior an admixture of grey, and in the deeper blue of his eyes a colder gleam, preserved yet the unchangeable distinction between rebounding youth and passively self-recording middle years; but, for all, there was a certain general look about Belmore, at present, in which a critical observer might have detected a suggestive incipience of a maturer aspect ominously similar to his Uncle's. Colonel Daryl saw his own likeness growing stronger before him, as he scrutinized the face half turned away against the high back of the easy-chair. He also perceived that the intentness of his regard disturbed the

weakened nerves of the youth, and both relaxed his gaze and softly withdrew the caressing hand.

"You took leave of the Effinghams last night," the Colonel said, in an ordinary tone.

"Yes ; I called, and we said good-bye," was the answer, rather mechanically returned.

"You saw all of them, I suppose ?"

"Oh, yes ; even that little beggar of a Cherub was in the room. It must have been by an oversight that the Swiss butler did not appear in the group."

Not for an instant did the Colonel misapprehend the cause of this ironical touch. Pretending not to observe it, however, he went on :

"So much for being popular with a whole family. I can believe that you were very sorry, all around, at parting."

"I was less sorry, myself, than I had expected to be, I must say," returned the nephew, temper suddenly sparkling in his eyes.

"Sorrow, like joy, always loses something by transition from anticipation to reality," his uncle rejoined, quickly, with the air of having heard nothing out of the commonplace. "You and I have greatly admired this interesting foreign family, my boy, and felt grateful for their charming courtesies to us ; but, after all, they are foreigners ; not exactly our own kind : and it is natural that the crucial test of a final farewell should positively surprise ourselves by its revelation to us of the difference between a reasoned sentiment and an instinctive feeling. For my own part, I never met a more thoroughly admirable woman than Mrs. Effingham ; yet, in bidding her adieu, my regret was rather like what I should have felt in looking for the last time upon a singularly sweet picture, than like what we should expect to feel in losing a cherished, familiar associate. With

all their unstudied kindness of manner, the people of this family never bring themselves actually so near to you as the superficial seeming is ; nor do you identify yourself so closely with them as your occasional sensibility of particular attraction might lead you to believe. When a test—such, for instance, as parting—arises, you are inclined to be angry with yourself for not being more deeply moved. I understand exactly the sensation you have described, Edwin ; but must warn you that the natural excitement of the occasion probably deadened, or, at least, distracted, your sense of loss, somewhat, at the time ; and that you are likely to regret your American friends—and particularly that lovely girl—far more acutely a week hence than you do now.”

With the wisdom of a good moral surgeon, he deemed it best to probe boldly the wound to which he had addressed himself, while yet it was new ; though, at the same time, observing a due caution of gradual penetration to its more critical depths. He would watch the deepest pulse and be not altogether regardless of the mute wincing ; but as for the patient’s verbal signs—well, some of them, certainly, must be passed over quite unheedingly.

That patient, however, did not appreciate the matter-of-course acceptance given to words by which he meant to express an unusual grievance, and protest against it.

“I was not so sorry at the parting as I had expected to be,” said Belmore ; “because I felt disappointed and angry at being suddenly treated with ceremony—and on such an occasion, too!—where I had always before found an unreserve almost as complete as though I belonged to the family. It provoked me ; but, all the same, I wish I ’d never come back here from Bruni !”

“They were not so ceremonious with you when you left them to risk your life ?”

"I did not give them the chance then. There was an opportunity to say the good-byes that were hardest for me before the general leave-taking came."

"Ah, I see: it was hardest for you to bid farewell to Mrs. Effingham and her daughter; so you said your special parting words to them, individually, in advance of the usual family form of good speeding."

"Well—yes," said the young man, hesitating wearily, "that was about it, I suppose."

"You were not treated coldly last night?"

"Why, no, Uncle Will, not coldly—not at all coldly: everybody was kind. But—but—that 'family form' you speak of: it struck me as being especially adopted to keep me strictly to the flattest commonplaces, just when I was heartsick to be humored to the last degree." With an impatient movement the speaker straightened in his chair, and glanced out towards the sunny veranda, where two or three figures were passing at the moment.

"I take it for granted that there was some observance of prescribed ceremony in your introduction to this family in Batavia," hinted the Uncle, relapsed now into a wholly unemotional demeanor.

"Oh, that, of course."

"Then, Edwin, I must reprove you for being both unreasonable and unjust in looking for so wide a difference between the formal beginning of the acquaintance and its formal close."

The youth started and turned paler; but simply looked earnestly at his uncle, without speaking.

"You must bear in mind, my dear boy," pursued that mentor, in the same even tone, "that people esteeming themselves as possessed of a certain unquestionable social superiority, resort to ceremony with casual associates only at the beginning and the end of

the association ; because, regarding those associates as casual only, it does not occur to them that any ceremonious forms can be requisite to deter them from the presumptuousness of fancying themselves eligible for a permanent intimacy. It is incumbent upon the well-bred to yield exact politeness to everybody ; to resort to ceremony simply when others are justified in expecting it ; and it is not politeness to a respectable passing acquaintance, to take final leave of him with an uncere-monious disregard of the considerate forms which had practically been his guarantee of temporary uncritical affiliation at his introduction. If, at the beginning of a steamer-voyage, I receive any stranger casually introduced to me with the form of respect due to an attested gentleman, I am bound, if he does not wittingly offend me, to forget no gentlemanly form in taking leave of him on our separation at the journey's close. Otherwise, I indicate that he has given me some cause to hold him in less respect than at our first meeting. The Effinghams are too well bred to have shown you that slight."

A dazed expression came over Belmore's countenance ; and a flush, too, as though he resented as much of the speech as he could clearly understand.

"I might fancy you were talking of some affable royal family condescending to a garrulous wayside peasant !" he exclaimed, a little irritably. "Such insufferable assumption would be impossible to people like the Effinghams. I know nothing more of their social quality at home than you have told me, yourself ; but I am sure that not one of them knows what it is to have an arrogant sensation."

"No : not arrogant. They are too proud, my boy, to be either vain, or arrogant !" retorted the uncle, smiling at his simple-mindedness. "So experienced

and shrewd an observer as Doctor Hedland finds Mr. Effingham one of the most thorough aristocrats he has ever met. I have extracted from the Rajah and Mr. Williamson the substance of the American's dinner-table essay on his country, that impressed the Doctor in this peculiar manner, and can see how it was calculated to make such an impression on such an acute mind.

"From my own not wholly pleasant recollections of the United States I am able to confirm the assertion, that affiliation with political party, there, is more pronouncedly a matter of social selection than in any other nation on the globe. In the Southern States of the Union, where slavery supplies the whole laboring class, and the indigents who are not slaves are contemned political nonentities—there is only one party for all times—that of the planting autocracy. In the three other great sections of the mighty republic there is, as practically, but one party of Gentlemen, as Mr. Effingham says, however it may transfer its inevitably deciding power from one scale of the national political balance to the other, as one or the other alienates its moral and social sympathies.

"A visitor having any just knowledge of the respective social averages of the two immediate parties, can pick out of an ordinary American social assemblage, in ten minutes, the members of either organization. Both have wealthy, educated and morally unimpeachable affiliates: but there is always a certain permanent social superiority of personal suggestion, no less than an obviously higher intellectual quality, to distinguish the one affiliation from the other. I have heard stories of American sons and daughters being disinherited and disowned for marrying out of their political castes, and you can judge for yourself how easily they may have been true.

"Doctor Hedland regards such a system as stimulative of an aristocratic spirit, equalling that which preceded the French Revolution. He infers—and I agree with him—that when a man like Mr. Effingham cites this system to prove that his country's political destinies are ideally at the command of that country's highest type of cultivated and refined Anglo-Saxon human nature; with the implication that he, as a matter of course, belongs to that type; he illustrates about as much pride as it is pleasant to encounter in an individual."

"But why are you explaining all this to me, Uncle Will?" queried the younger man, looking more and more unhappy. "What pride have the Effinghams ever shown to us, at any rate? What occasion have we ever given them to exhibit anything of the kind? I don't believe that they have a bit more than you and I. That long dinner-table speech was a kind of parliamentary device, I am sure, to suppress Dr. Hedland's cross-grained catechising. Mr. Williamson thinks so, too. It is of little account to me, now, whether the Effinghams think much or little of themselves; but it seems to me impossible for people to be more free from every form of ostentation."

"Ostentation?" repeated Colonel Daryl, raising his grizzled eyebrows. "Oh, no! theirs is not the class to need that. It is a class distinctively unostentatious at home; not the one, by any means, made notorious by phenomenal wealth and coveting titled foreign alliances; and when you meet its representatives abroad, they are quietly dignified, finely educated, peculiarly well-dressed men and women, to whom the best English and Continental circles are opened as a matter of course, and who never dream of being less than the peers of the best who can entertain them."

"I had formed a different idea of Americans," said Belmore, rather listless again. "The newspapers of the United States which I have seen at Singapore and other ports, have a tone in speaking of social matters that seems as though society there must be different from ours."

"Your mistake is common to all Europeans who know the States only by that criterion," answered his uncle. "The proprietorships of American journalism rest almost wholly in the lower rank of the great middle-class of society; because that class, chiefly, originates both of the principal political parties, and the newspapers are but subordinate political agencies. You might as well gauge the highest metropolitan society of England by the social tone of the average provincial Parliamentary committee. In no other great country of the world are journalists and journalism so socially insignificant; and as news mongering is but a trade for a living, like any other, it may be that this limitation for it is the philosophically true one."

"At any rate, my dear boy, the American society of American newspapers is not the grade with which you and I have had to do. The American gentleman who holds himself as good, socially, as any European nobleman of endless pedigree, has need to show an ancestry of only four or five educated and independently-estimated generations, and scorns to go back into any foreign genealogy for the guarantee of equality with the world's highest that he deems sufficiently assured by his own proud nationality. If you can understand the commonest springs of human emotion, Edwin, you must perceive that an individual pride thus imperiously grounded in an assumed exceptional prerogative of nature, as it were, is the last to be safely mistaken for democratic insensibility."



The nephew, heavy-hearted and restless, did not yet perceive that all this unwonted avuncular expatiation in social philosophy was an artful drawing of a net closer and closer about himself, so that when he did at last become aware of it he could struggle to but little effect. He had, however, a vague sense of something in it that gave to his parting with the American family a fateful meaning growing more significant to his apprehension every moment.

"I thought, Uncle, that Mrs. Effingham, particularly, gave no reason to you, at least, for considering the family a very haughty one," he said, for want of stronger argument.

"She is thoroughly a lady, by instinct as well as education, and would not stoop to the pretension that my past relations with a member of her family did not entitle me to her peculiar consideration. To have acted differently, would have been to give me an advantage of moral dignity over her, and those of her name, in the matter concerned."

"But *I* had no past relations to make them all so freely kind to *me*," urged Edwin.

"You had only your own seeming as an educated, gentlemanly young man, in an honorable profession, and they relaxed to you as an agreeable fellow-traveler whose merely passing association called for no conventional formalities—nor precautions."

"Precautions!" echoed the young man, his countenance changing as he began to catch at last the true drift of the talk.

"That was my term," replied the Colonel, with continued cool precision. "If you had been introduced to them at their home, with a prospect of any permanent association, they might have thought it necessary to put some precautionary restrictions, for instance, upon your

attentions to their charming daughter. I dreaded, Edwin, that my too long indulgence of your disposition to make the most, here, of your new friends, might be fraught with a cruel danger for you in that quarter. I can not express to you the relief I feel in knowing that you had too much manly English pride to fall into a folly whose fruit would have been sure disappointment and lifelong indignity."

Leaning back in the easy-chair, with hands clasped across his face, Belmore made no sign of a wish to speak. His uncle watched him, with a curious mixture of compassion and satisfaction in his look, and went on:—

"But as I am not disposed, myself, to leave any possible implication of a lesser pride than that, for ourselves, behind us, I preluded your farewell call at the house with a special visit of my own, to request that you should be treated with the parting ceremony to which you have taken exception."

"*You did that, Uncle?*" exclaimed his nephew, aghast, starting to arise.

"I did that," assented the Colonel, gently pushing him back into the seat,"—and I did it to spare you and myself the humiliation of seeing the same course inevitably pursued, without our having had the advantage of dictating it for ourselves."

"Then you have sacrificed me, if not another, also, to your own pride, sir!" was the fiercely passionate cry of the unhappy youth; now sitting bolt upright, and facing his unwilling tormentor defiantly.

"That is a hot-blooded accusation not likely to be maintained by your cooler reflection, my poor boy," said Colonel Daryl.

"Uncle Will, forgive me," pleaded Belmore, in quick revulsion of feeling; "I did not mean that.—But you surely misjudge Mr. and Mrs. Effingham, and have

obliged them to do that which—now that I understand it all—is likely to break my heart.”

“I know them well, Edwin,” returned his Uncle, sternly emphasizing each word. “To prove that I do, you shall be taken into my confidence as no less an exigency would make suitable to our respective years and relations. You see what I am :—a middle-aged old man, without ambition, settled home, or care for any of the prizes of life. You find me practically an aimless lingerer here, in this savage remoteness from my country and all family ties ; making pretext of search after a mad runaway plunderer of papers, long since dead and turned to undistinguishable dust, though that is only a pretense of definite aim to save myself from the complete inanity of an unmanly despair ! Unmanly it is—I know and avow it ! But I am a broken man, Edwin, and so have been for twenty heavy years. Even to your inexperienced youthful judgment I cannot be without indication of capacities for something far different from this. And have you ever guessed why I am what I am ? The secret shall be revealed to you in full now : my life was wrecked twenty years ago by the pride of Mrs. Effingham’s family.”

“I know,” assented the young man, inclining his head, sadly.

“A part—not all,” corrected the Colonel. “It has been no slight humiliation for me, Nephew, to be regarded by yourself and others as the moody and embittered, lifelong victim of a common sentimental disappointment. Has it never jarred with your general conception of my dominant traits, to see me enduring, rather than living, my life, apparently because a woman whom I had greatly admired in my youth could not be mine ?”

“I may confess to you, Uncle, since you ask me, that

I had suspected some more unusual cause for your unlikeness to other men of your energetic years, before you told me of your tender memory of a sister of Mrs. Effingham."

"I am glad to be assured, my dear boy, that your partiality invests me with virile qualities of mind incongruous with such an effect from such a cause only. You think that you are, yourself, a present sufferer from an adversity somewhat in the same line. I will not disguise from you, Edwin, that your feelings relative to Miss Effingham are perfectly well known to me; nor do I underestimate the misery of hopelessness that this very conversation of ours is making the more immediately poignant. But, believe me, you will overlive this trouble; because its occasion has been merely the denial of an aspiration you were really not conscious of having definitely entertained until you saw that it *was* denied.

"So, too, if fortuitous circumstances had allowed your association with this lovely girl to reach the inevitable decisive interposition of insuperable parental objection, your sore hurt, aggravated, albeit, by some humiliation—thank me for sparing you that!—would yet have been healed by time. Even had rejection been yours from the rosy lips you had fondly thought propitious to your dearest hopes, you would have found an ultimately comforting reassurance even in the reflection, that, perhaps, those same impetuous hopes had caused you to misinterpret the simply natural graciousness of amiable girlhood.

"Love's injuries, in man or woman, are repaired the sooner for a consciousness that our own wilful misapprehensions, and not the disdainful coquetries of others, have precipitated their infliction. Death itself, however harrowing in time and circumstance, can not so wring the devoted heart bereaved, that years of manful

courage and duty should not bring it final acknowledged compensation."

Colonel Daryl was now sitting with his body inclined slightly forward, a hand resting heavily on either knee, and his eyes downcast. After a short pause he went on, without change of attitude or look :

"No ordinarily sensitive human being, however youthful and elastic, is ever exactly the same in disposition and character after an intentional, or a reckless, deception of the deeper affections. Such experience impresses even volatile natures with an insidious lesser faith in the honest genuineness of average human character, that coarsens the grain of all future passionate affinity, and more or less harshly distorts the finest natural rhythm of a life. The jilted man—or woman—is never so spontaneously good thereafter, and may even turn from good to bad.

"You see, Edwin," the Colonel continued, slowly raising his eyes once more to his nephew's gravely attentive face,—*"I make every allowance for the description of wound oftenest bewailed as the cruellest by poets and romancers. Its peculiar cruelty lies not in the mere disappointment of tenderness it involves,—for that might be bravely overlived—but in the irretrievable lowering it gives to every delicate proud instinct of self-respect. Yet there may be a wound even crueller to the loving heart than that ; a wound as terrible as Dishonor, to a high nature, though not conventionally dishonoring ; a wound implying all the ineffaceable indignity of love's betrayal, though without even the temporary relief of that just, revengeful rage which outraged faith may make a retribution for its outward humiliation. That wound has been mine, Nephew ;—is mine now ; for twenty years have wrought no cure—and it was given by the only woman I ever loved."*

Edwin Belmore gazed questioningly into the stern face, grown more eloquent to him than ever before of a profoundly rooted wrong.

"I hardly know that I understand you," he said.

"You have been told that I greatly admired a sister of Mrs. Effingham, in my youth, and that she died soon after my return with Doctor Hedland from the United States. It remains for you to be informed that Miss Dorn-ton became my wife."

"Your wife!" ejaculated his nephew, starting electrically, and turning deathly pale.

"For an hour—scarcely for one hour. And then, at the bidding of an imperious mother, she discarded me with contumely!"

"Can this—can this be so, Uncle?" exclaimed the young man, with half-incredulous wonder, his face now flushing hotly, while his uncle's whitened.

Leaning farther forward, Colonel Daryl impressively laid his right hand upon the youth's nearer arm:

"My nephew, I have been spurned by a wife; not for any offense as a husband, but because a proud mother had taught her so soon to repent 'bitterly'—that was her own word!—having given her hand to one so poor and lowly as a Daryl."

"My dear Uncle Will!" cried Belmore, catching the extended hand between both of his own; his eyes flashing and nostrils dilating—"did those Americans dare to treat an English gentleman so infamously?"

The Colonel reflected his indignant look with a momentary proud satisfaction. It was, however, an evanescent emotion: the old, drawn lines of gloomy thought came back to his face, as, with a parting pressure, he withdrew his hand, and continued:

"You must not be unjust, my dear boy: the family-feeling in the matter had some justification, as you may

judge from what I have yet to tell you. My chief acquaintance with Miss Dornton was in New York society, during a visit she was making at the home of friends in that city. Circumstances allowed us to see much of each other in a comparatively short period of time, as I visited, also, at the mansion where she was staying, and enjoyed the esteem of the family. The story shall be short for you, Edwin: we fell madly in love, and when the time for her return to her own suburban home approached, our common childish terror of possible parental interference with our romance drove me to propose, and her to consent, that we should slip into a parsonage, at the close of an hour's promenade, one day, and be married. A few hours later, my bride's mother, alarmed at what she had heard of our frequent companionship, carried her back to her home; being informed of the marriage, on the way.

"You may believe that I lost no time in following:—not for the purpose of any immediately peremptory demonstration as the possessor of a husband's legal authority, but to appeal solely to my young wife's reciprocal love for the strongest plea we could unitedly make for what we had so impulsively done. I expected, and realized that I deserved, the severest parental reprobation. I was even honest enough in my conscience to confess to myself, that the strongest family influence and legitimate control could be justifiably exerted against a claim I had so exceptionally established. What I depended upon, solely, for ultimate pardon and acceptance, was my wife's unshaken confidence in my love and her own. We could bear temporary condemnation—even probationary separation,—with that supreme plea for final justice.

"I saw Mrs. Dornton, and was not surprised, nor indignant, at her sternly haughty repulse; but when

my bride appeared, and, with face buried on her mother's bosom, *bitterly* renounced me,—disregarded my every passionate appeal—as an honorable man I could do no less than release her at once from a pledge that had brought to me such crowning indignity !”

“And that was the woman to whom your life has been a sacrifice !” said Edwin.

“She was constrained to it, irresistibly, by the will of a terrible mother,” rejoined his Uncle ; “and paid the penalty with her soft young life ! Purer, sweeter, more innocent, girlish soul never knew mortal tement. But that mother—! She is dead, too ; God forgive her ! Her selfish idolatry of the child nearest to her proud heart might have been pardonable, even to me, had it taken any less sinister revenge, than to compel my degradation to the shame of a discarded husband by the lips of my own wife ! You can now understand, Edwin, the conciliating gentleness of a woman like Mrs. Effingham to you and myself. Her fine, just sense of the undeservedness of that shame, has instigated her filial duty to this casual atonement, even at the peril of leading you, my poor boy, into a fatally delusive paradise.”

Some indignant fire yet shone in the blue eyes of the young sailor, whose own pride felt a sharp sting from what he had heard.

“Let us get away from this place, at once, Uncle Will !” he exclaimed, impatiently ; leaving his chair, as by an impulse to begin preparation for such departure on the instant.

“That is the wise course for both of us,” returned Colonel Daryl, following towards the door. “Governor Bonham’s friendship must be taxed no further to exempt you from your duty on the *Cressy*, and I should have rejoined my command a month ago. We will take



the schooner for Singapore this very day. But, tell me, dear boy,"—placing an arm across Edwin's shoulders—"are you very unhappy?"

Edwin did not evade his gaze of anxious scrutiny, though there was a slight, suspicious twitching of his upper lip, as he bravely answered :

"I think that I can learn to bear my cross, sir. Thanks to your watchful kindness, dear Uncle, it is the first I have ever known, and now that I fully understand what you have suffered, it shall be my effort not to impair the dignity of such an irreparable sorrow with the pettiness of my own broken illusions."

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness," said the Colonel, moodily shaking his head. "Your trial is no light one ; but stand it as resolutely as you can ; and trust to me for all the help that affection and sympathy can give. Now I must go and see about our schooner. We shall soon be out in the world again, together ; and more to each other, dear nephew, than ever before."

On being left to himself, Belmore sought temporary distraction in a needlessly hurried gathering of his various scattered property, in the room where even sickness had not been without its dreamy pleasures for him. He was in the condition of one who, after a night of wearing, haunted fever, takes some energizing drug to arouse his deadened faculties, and finds in the forced stimulation only a kind of mechanical excitement, through all of which lingers vaguely yet, the weary heaviness of the fever's course. The confidence reposed in him by his Uncle had stirred his thoughts to a sympathetic and resentful activity, under which their foregoing dejection was in a measure forgotten ; but the reaction was too abrupt to be long sustained. Through every intervening diversity of emotion, the heartsick-

ness of the preceding evening's then scarcely definable disappointment came drearily back to him again, and the affronted pride of the Daryls did not suffice to withhold from it the tribute of a sigh.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE DOCTOR HAS A PATIENT NOT COUNTED UPON.

WITH no extraneous irritant to affect his mind, a man of Doctor Hedland's temperament might have been enviably contented in the village of Pa Jenna. A white skin, and the credit of belonging to the same nation with the invincible Tuan Besar of Kuchin, were, of themselves, qualifications to command from the unsophisticated Dyaks all the reverential deference and unquestioning obedience due to a superior being. Individual force of intellect, and the wide knowledge of human nature acquired by extensive travel, enabled the scientist to deepen this popular prepossession into an almost abject personal subservience. From the half-civilized Orang-Kaya himself, down to the lisping child, every soul in the village revered and held him in unspeakable awe as a possessor of supernatural powers; and his complete sway over the superstitious imaginations and childish fears of the untutored creatures could not be otherwise than grateful to his true Anglo-Saxon egotism. Even such familiar association with this simple people as he found consistent with convenience and good policy, had none of the disadvantages which would have been incident to colloquial intimacy with as great an inferiority of intelligence in his own land and tongue.

Any continuous verbal freedom of an educated man with illiterate speakers of his native language tends, gradually, to the depravity of his own lingual usages, and a corresponding relaxation in his habitual dignity of thought. And this insidious intellectual unrefinement is in proportion to the scarcely cognizant victim's magnanimity of social instinct. If he is too generously considerate to make his humble associates perpetually conscious of their contrasting ignorance, he will wittingly adopt their own rude, careless forms of expression, in ordinary conversation with them; and thus, unwittingly, contract meannesses of speech calculated to infect average silent thinking with the same coarse degeneracy. But with a foreign language as the medium of colloquy, and foreign customs to be familiarly tolerated, there are an inevitably natural guardedness of diction and a graduation of familiarity, whereby educated mental habit is rather heightened than lowered. Thus, the English naturalist could affiliate domestically with a community of amiable barbarians, without depreciation of his finest civilized intellectualities.

Indeed there had been only too much danger, that the mental effects of such a life would be a quite insufferable confirmation of the Doctor's already sufficiently domineering intellectual arrogance. His scientific isolation, optional personal relations, and habituation to unquestioning submission, were not likely to soften his normally imperious dogmatism of spirit; and a despotic terror to common minds he might really have become, but for the retributive humiliation invoked by the temerity of his own vaunting science. From the time when the idea had begun to grow upon Hedland, that the ape, Oshonsee, was an indisputable solution of Nature's mightiest problem—a key incarnate to the whole profound system of creation—he lost more and

more of his overbearing positiveness of self-assertion; changing gradually from petulant impatience under any mention of his simian phenomenon, to a kind of desperately sullen doggedness of persistence in a theory that certainly exerted a most disconcerting influence upon himself.

To theorize slashingly at one's ease, from the specimens and library of some great European museum of natural history, upon the fallacy of a special genesis for the so-called human species, is a light and airy literary amusement, in comparison with the sinister discomposure of a conscientious naturalist forced to contemplate a miserably living apparent integer of continuity between brute-like Man and man-like Brute. In the one case your dashing savant is in rather a more vain-gloriously complacent humor with himself over the learned ingenuities of reasoning wherefrom vast consternation may be expected for the ingenuous unscientific herd; in the other, all the sophistries possible to the mind of man can not prevent the human soul's sinking aghast, in absolutely confronting something at once Man and a Soulless being!

Doctor Hedland's changes of moral aspect must be read by the light of these reflections, in order to be justly understood. The ape-man purchased by his gold from the dark Makota was surely, if slowly, perverting him into that sordidly despiritualized mere mechanic of reason, a Godless thinker—one who took no cognizance of the cause of things beyond the last-ascertained point of its demonstration in tangible matter. He was not really yet aware of the extent of this perversion in himself; only feeling its desolating influence in the rapid decline of his every impulse of high-mindedness, and a peevish disgust with all human aspiration.

The home of this materialistic philosopher has been described as elevated upon lofty piles of its own, a short distance around one of the lateral bends of the common gallery, or veranda, of the uplifted village on the hill-side; connecting with that veranda by a V-shaped bridge of bamboo. Near the farther end of the primitive footway last mentioned, upon one of the several oddly rattanned, but by no means uncomfortable home-made chairs of his earlier devising, our naturalist sat, puffing his pipe, one morning, with outstretched, slippered feet braced against the rude outer railing of the veranda.

Day was far enough advanced for the village to be almost wholly deserted by its active out-of-door workers, or daily rovers abroad, both male and female. At any hour there was comparative retirement for him around his remote corner of the literal highway, where he now took the air; and neither human shape nor sound interrupted such abstract or concrete musings as gave involuntary time and measure to the pearly little clouds emitted at intervals from his bearded mouth. Overhead was an ethereal canopy very similar in general texture to these same fragrant fumes of the cogitative weed—a misty fleece tempering the Equatorial sun to a demure coquetry with a veil of rain yet to be wrung-out—and the atmosphere around volumed cool and aromatic with the breath of the nether river and the low-hanging odors of mountain woodlands. On the threshold of the detached house, across the quaint foot-bridge, cuddled the wonderful ape; his knees drawn up, his elbows resting upon them, and his hands supporting jaws whence protruded a lighted pipe like unto his master's. Attired, too, somewhat similarly to that master, in blouse and trousers of faded blue twilled cotton, only a Panama hat, or even a black

silk skull-cap, was needed to make him a humiliating smaller parody of the sage on the tilted chair.

And the Doctor, staring at nothing in particular, pondered over his latest discovery in what he was surer and surer must be this human parody's province of reason. In exploring the lower apartment, or enclosure, formerly Oshonsee's dormitory, for some small article astray, he had found, carefully concealed beneath the sleeping-mat of the mias, a number of pieces of written paper—parts of letters and rejected leaves of his scientific diary—which he had missed, from time to time. They were of no value; but to recover them thus argued that the purloiner must have feared detection in their conveyance. When he exhibited them to the culprit, the latter crouched chattering at his feet, in obvious deadly fear, exactly as when the pistol went off in the forest of Songi. When, after a moment's silent conjecture, he placed the papers within the breast of his coat,—by way of experiment,—and spoke caressingly, the animal quickly recovered his natural demeanor. From thenceforth, however, Oshonsee resisted, with loud cries and desperate struggles, every effort to consign him to the lower apartment at night. The one spot where he chose to spend the dark hours thereafter was at the foot of his master's couch, and there he was finally allowed to sleep.

Now what process of unreasoning instinct could be imagined to account for it? Say that the creature pilfered by mischievous instinct, and instinctively feared punishment upon discovery therein; where was the instinctive sequence of the subsequent strange conduct? Apparently there was a peculiar attraction in the bits of paper for the ape, and where they were he wished to be, also.

In ascertaining finally that Oshonsee was a mias of

Borneo, from a region untraversed by Europeans until the English Rajah's visit, the naturalist was obliged to relinquish all his theories of the experiences with English-speaking hunters in Sumatra, which might have impressed upon the creature that terror of English sounds and aversion to anything like military accoutrement, so violently shown by him in his captivity. There was also a yet unsolved mystery in the episode of the harlequin-like assault on Mr. Dodge. Furthermore, Oshonsee's occasional vocal demonstrations were more like human inarticulate notes than the Doctor had cared thus far to assert in public, and the very "coughing and pumping" utterances from which the name had been made did not accord satisfactorily, to his ears, with those he had heard from the Simunjon miasas.

"Tuan Hedland, may I speak to you?"

Down went the slippered feet from the bamboo railing, and around whisked the chair, as this voice at his shoulder recalled the Englishman from his confusing speculations.

"Ah, is that you, Pa Jenna? I thought you started down the river long ago. What is it?"

"I have waited for Sejulah to go first, with the young men, to look for trees they can climb tonight after honey. Tuan, you must beware of Sejulah! His heart is black against you, since you made known that it was the head of a mias he brought as his trophy, when the maidens had laughed at his empty space in the 'head-house.' He is in disgrace with the village; the girls and the children imitate the voice of the mias when he passes them; and some of my people tell me that he has sworn to do you harm if he can."

"Thank you for the warning, my good Orang-Kaya," answered the naturalist, exhibiting no particular emotion. "I shall not place the head-hunting youth's own

head in the 'head-house' unless he does more than swear. But, now that I think of it, Pa Jenna, can you tell me how Sejugah could find a mias to kill in such a place as the foot of Gunong Tubbang? I should not have believed the sly fellow's tale, if I had not discovered that the head must have belonged to a different kind of mias from that of the Sadong and Simunjon."

"How should I know, Tuan?" said the Dyak, uneasily, and with a marked change from his usual tone of unreserved confidence. "It was long before you came here."

"I see that you do not wish to tell me," went on the Doctor, indifferently. "At the first convenient opportunity I shall have Kalong row me up to the mouth of the Stabad, and I'll take a closer look at Tubbang, for myself. The mountain is so steep that I've never tried to climb it. Next time, however, climb it I will, you may be sure, and look for that cavern which the Rajah of Sarāwak has told me exists there." He scarcely believed that the Orang-Kaya really possessed any trustworthy information of the subject in question; hence it was with no little surprise that he observed the handsome barbarian's increasing perturbation of manner.

Pa Jenna approached him more closely, at the same time casting a quick, wary glance around.

"Babi-outan—the wild wood-hog—might escape more easily the spears of Sakarra," he said, in a low, hurried voice, "than Pa Jenna's secret the all-wisdom of the Tuan sirani. It is true that Sejugah's impious hand slew the Rana-Antu—the Spirit-Queen—of the sacred cavern of Gunong Tubbang. It is true that the mad boy closed up the mouth of the cavern, lest his crime against Jovata\* should be known to our people. They

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\* Dyak and Hindoo name for Delity.



believe that Rana-Antu closed it herself while she went a journey, and that her son, the Antu prince, keeps in it a watch for her return."

"And why have you not told me this before?" asked the naturalist with angry eagerness. "Have you not known my great wish to trace the mias head captured by Sejulah, to the body it was taken from? You have played the knave with me, Pa Jenna—with me, your niau—your blood-friend!"

Abjectly hanging his own head at this accusation, the Orang-Kaya humbly replied:

"Sejulah is the son of my father's brother, Tuan Hedland. Vile as he is, I could not denounce him to death."

Doctor Hedland reflected a moment before rejoining:

"That is some excuse. But now, Pa Jenna, you must conceal nothing more from me. You say that the 'Antu' prince is yet shut-up in the cave. Was he ever seen?"

"More than once, by Makota's nakodaps, in their hunting, Tuan, before our great Rajah destroyed the rebels of Siniawin. His mother played with him on the mountain-side."

A swift, odd look darted at the yet huddled and smoking Oshonsee, was the Doctor's first commentary; then he gave his right knee a resounding slap, and arose so sharply from his chair that his Panama hat fell off and his very spectacles seemed to be jarred awry.

"Enough, my good friend, enough!" he exclaimed, with an energetic waving motion of both hands, as in impulsive dismissal of one who could tell him no more.

"I am beginning to see light now!—Makota's followers, you said?—Ah, the black-faced rascal!—Go you, now, Pa Jenna; this makes me more your friend than ever."

"Tuan pardons me?" queried the Dyak, not knowing whether to be reassured or alarmed at this—to him—incomprehensible outbreak.

"Yes. We shall never quarrel again."

"And Tuan Hedland will beware of the mad Sejughah?"

"Trouble yourself not about that, Pa Jenna; a Malacca cane, soundly laid on, is what the English sirani give to mischievous boys. Be off to your prahu, friend, that you may return by nightfall."

With a gesture of mute submission the Orang-Kaya withdrew to the nearest ladder—opening in the veranda; thence descending with practiced agility to the first of the series of slender bamboo rungs on the tall piles, and so on down to the jungled hillside and the water. Through intervals of the palm-leaves the naturalist saw him get into his prahu, and marked the departure of the boat in the direction of Leda Tanah.

At this time the whole village had an aspect of complete desertion beyond the detached "batang" house, or bridged mansion, of our Englishman; who, turning the corner around which his quarters lay, started upon his favorite frequent walk on the long aerial gallery there beginning its curious, deck-like prospective. The children, the old people and the sick kept closely within the windowless range of houses, now that the air was chilly and rain likely to fall; not even the hanging mats of the rude doorways being drawn aside. No human eye seemed to observe the meditative pedestrian, striding thither and back, with hands linked behind him and head thoughtfully inclined; no other living figure broke the stretch of his airy road along the tree-tops; no sounds came to his ears but those made by the swaying of the huge *Nypa* fronds and an occasional hoarse bird, or snarling wild dog, in the nearer hills.

Pa Jenna's crude legend of the mountain cave and its "antus" had set the Doctor's head whirling in a train of new and not yet very coherent ideas. The mias's head, so like Oshonsee's, had, then, been taken from an animal not only of the Sarāwak Valley, but—more astounding yet—a cave-dweller! It was, indeed, the head of a female; and the legend told, also, of a young mias, that had been seen by Makota's hunting-parties. What other could Oshonsee be than the offspring of the slain "Rana-Antu," believed by the simple villagers to be shut up yet in the cave? A wilder jumble of contradictions in natural history could not have been presented to the naturalist; yet he never doubted for a moment that they were practical truths. If so, Oshonsee belonged to a species of hitherto unheard-of cave-dwelling apes—was, in fact, farther advanced into Human rank than the African Bushman, or the so frequently rumored Borneon Panam! How it had been possible for only a mother and child of such a race to appear in Sarāwak, was one of those many mysteries of missing links which Science coolly treats as of no particular consequence, when Theology occasionally retorts her lofty accusations of blind credulity.

The peripatetic philosopher of the veranda was in full fever of this last distraction of his theorizing; quite careless, if even conscious, that rain was beginning to patter around him; when, chancing to glance down towards the river, at a turn of his walk, he beheld a strange canoe paddling gently to the village landing-place. It was apparently a youthful Chinaman who handled the paddle, standing outside of the peaked little cabin of matting usual to such native craft, and when the prow touched shore he was followed up the bank by a figure in flowing robes and a curious head-dress, coming from within the cabin mentioned. A

suggestion of stealthiness in the general manner of the boat's approach did not lessen the curiosity of the observer above, and he kept vigilant watch of the progress of such unwonted intruders, between trees and through thicket, to the ladders. Up these they came with the same familiar and noiseless directness that had marked their first step ashore.

Doctor Hedland was at but a short distance from the bridge to his own house when the strangers reached the veranda, and the Chinaman led the way thitherwards as immediately as though he and his fantastic companion were summoned to some urgent interview. The conical hat, long, braided queue, loose blue blouse and trousers of this individual, attracted but for a moment the attention of the naturalist, who had recognized the more important personage in robes which he now knew to be those of an Arab moullah, or priest. The latter : a man of medium stature and wiry frame, with complexion dark almost as an African's, a thickset graying beard, and the great beak of the sacred rhinoceros hornbill fixed barbarously in the front of his dingy turban : made a gesture of deference as he drew near, and was the first to speak :

"You are a hakim?"

"They'd call me that in Stamboul, I suppose, as I have practiced the healing art," replied the puzzled Doctor.

"I am Medlani, a priest, come from Patusen to consult the wisdom of Tuan Hedland in a private matter," said the enigmatical figure, bowing again.

Whatever this mode of address might mean, it would not be hospitable to continue the conversation in the rain, and, with a wave of a hand towards the bridge, the Englishman indicated that he was to be followed to his house. At the door he turned for a moment to inquire, with a glance at the mute Chinaman,—

"Is this youth your servant?"

"My friend," was the terse answer.

"Ah!—To your mat, yonder, Oshonsee!—Enter, then."

The Arab involuntarily stared for a moment at the clothed ape, rising in their path and walking erect before them into the room; but quickly recovered his composure of look, and gravely sank cross-legged upon a divan of mats hastily extemporized for him by his yet wondering host. The Chinaman remained standing, though motioned to a chair, and then the Doctor himself took a seat.

"So you come from Patusen," began Hedland, "where Pangeran Makota—"

If he had been puzzled before by this incongruous visitation, he was now thoroughly startled at being interrupted by the sudden prostration of the Chinese youth at his feet, abjectly and with face downward.

"Why, what absurdity is this?" he exclaimed, drawing back angrily.

"Oh, Tuan, do you not know me?" sounded a voice not unfamiliar to him, and pitifully pathetic in its entreaty.

The amazed naturalist stooped to scrutinize the now upturned face, scarcely noticed by him previously, and saw, through its staining of turmeric, an expression he could not mistake.

"Amina!"

"Yes, the miserable Amina!" was the passionate answer, while both of his hands were tremulously grasped and pressed to a young face streaming with tears.

That a daughter of Pa Jenna should appear to him in such a disguise, with such a companion, and in a mood so contrasting with her former high spirit, seemed to Doctor Hedland the strangest of improbabilities. By

every tradition, law and usage of the country, Mohametan or savage, death was the penalty of her act. He looked at Medlani for at least some significance of countenance to aid his conjectures; but received no answering sign. The eyes of the priest sought the floor when not furtively regarding the ape, and it was plain that he chose to take no further immediate part in the conversation.

"My poor child," said the Doctor, kindly and firmly, "you must arise instantly from that unbecoming posture, and tell me why you have done this wild, dangerous thing. There; get up; so. Now, what is the meaning of this disguise, and this mad journey?"

The fugitive's hat had fallen off; and as she stood before her questioner like some shamefaced boy, forlornly masquerading, the philosopher was prompted to continue in a different tone:

"—But I see that you already realize your folly, and will do what I can to help you in repairing it, when I shall have heard what has tempted you thus to risk the anger of the Pangeran and your father's certain condemnation."

"Tuan will plead for me with my father; for that I come to him first," replied the girl, in a low tone. "He will tell Pa Jenna that his daughter has been placed amongst Makota's slaves, because she is a Dyak. Did the Pangeran ask me of my father to be his slave?" she continued, her voice rising, and a fierce glitter coming into her large black eyes. "Is my sister Inda the bondwoman of Pangeran Budrudeen? The blood of the Illanaon is as good as that of the Sultan; and yet this Malay traitor dared to make me toil with the household slaves taken by him in war; and, when I protested, had me beaten!"

"What!—the cowardly ruffian!—did he dare to do

that ? ” cried Hedland, at once losing his judicial air in a burst of sympathetic wrath.

“ I was beaten !—yes ! ” resumed Amina, clenching her little hands and breathing quickly,—“ beaten until I fainted, Tuan ! It was then that I went in disguise to Kuchin, while the wretch was away at Bruni, to beg of Tuan Besar’s hakim the white powder that is deadlier than the upas. Makota heard of the journey, though he knew not what it was for, and would have killed me if the kind Medlani had not helped my escape.”

“ I, too, have heard of your secret visit to Doctor Treacher for the arsenic,”\* interposed the naturalist, with a reproving shake of a forefinger. “ That was wrong. Why did you not fly at once ; why not come to Leda Tanah, since you were in Sarāwak ? ”

“ I feared my father, Tuan Hedland.”

“ His wrath will be great now.”

“ Not after Tuan has told him that the Malay kris would have drank his daughter’s blood if she had stayed longer.”

The Arab priest now spoke :

“ She would not have been krissed, Hakim, but whipped to death by slaves ! Because I knew this, I forgot that I was a priest of Allah, when Amina appealed to me, and remembered only that I am a man. The Rajah sirani of Sarāwak has been my friend since he first came to Pulo Kalamantan,—I blessed his expedition against the Sakarrans—and to him I would have taken the woman had she not wished to be brought to you.”

The conscience of Doctor Hedland was not without reproach, in his secret thoughts, for his not having op-

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\* The incident was historic.

posed Pa Jenna's ambition to see this hapless young creature a sharer in her sister's princely bestowal; and he knew it was something like jealous resentment in his own lonely heart that had been at the bottom of his seeming indifference when his favorite, Inda, showed pride in the idea of going to Bruni. Pa Jenna could certainly be influenced by him to approve his daughter's critical defiance of Makota's wrath, even to the extent of warring against the treacherous outlawed prince; and what good reason had he to maintain a farther policy of conciliation towards one who had gratuitously rejected his friendship?

"The Rajah of Sarāwak should certainly have been appealed to in this case, rather than I," he said, after a moment's deliberation; "in his court both protection and justice would be assured. However, I will do the best I can. Retire you, Amina, to the shade of that corner, over yonder, and renew your acquaintance with Oshonsee. I hear some one coming."

It was Kalong, the Dyak attendant, who gazed in through the doorway, with some natural curiosity, at the strange guests, but evidently had no suspicion of the Chinese figure's true identity. When he had been dismissed, with orders to prepare coffee, Amina came forward again and, with a semblance of her old, child-like freedom, whispered in the Doctor's ear:

"Makota has taunted me about the learned 'antu' of Tuan Hedland. He told me he had lied to you in saying that his nakodahs had found him, he knew not where. It was on Gunong Tubbang they surprised him, on the ground and nearly starved—he was so young then. Makota has been as false to you, Tuan, as to me."

This confirmation of his inference from the Orang-Kaya's confession left no further question on that point in her hearer's mind.



"I know already," was his reply, "that the Pan-geran deceived me there. He shall have no chance to mislead either of us again, my poor child; from henceforth we must count upon him as an open enemy." A look of perplexity came over his countenance as he surveyed her, in her strange attire: "What am I to do with you until your father returns? Some of the people are already back from work, on account of the rain, and it will not do for them to see you on the veranda in a man's dress."

"They would not know me;—you did not," she answered, quickly and confidently. "I am not afraid. Kalong was deceived by the dress and my turmeric staining. Let me sit in the doorway (I shall be taken for the servant of your guest) and watch for my father."

"The hakim's wisdom may tell him that the Dyaks are simpler than children in such matters," remarked the priest, quietly.

"They are indeed the readiest of dupes to some ridiculous impositions," assented Hedland, thinking of the mias's head and Sejulah. "Have your way, then, Amina."

The latter seated herself on the threshold, whence she could see a portion of the veranda; and the Doctor, turning his attention to the Arab, perceived that Medlani was once more absorbed in contemplation of the ape lounging sidelong upon his mat against the wall.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A MISSING LINK IS SUPPLIED.

WHEN, on the fifth day of August, in the year 1844, fourteen months after the expedition against the Sarebas pirates, Rajah Brooke started once more from his capital, in warlike array, to chastise Shereef Sahib and his hordes of the Sakarran, a characteristic episode of the enthusiastically loyal demonstration at Kuchin was the blessing formally pronounced upon the Rajah, Captain Keppel, H. M. S. *Dido*, and the attending steam gunboat, *Phelegethon*, by a Mahometan santan, or roving priest. This was Medlani, of the same Arabic blood with the wild and lawless shereefs, but held in great reverence, from the Sooloo to the Java sea, as a character at once devout and astute. Belonging to a privileged order, that, while qualified to officiate in the mosque, had also the wandering prerogatives of dervish, hermit, and santan of the desert, the priest in question chanced to be with the Sultan's bandhara, Muda Hassim, in Sarāwak, when the great Englishman arrived there, and from thenceforth gave to the latter a hearty moral support, as heartily appreciated by him.

Doctor Hedland was aware of all this, and, in realizing that the same Medlani was now his guest, counted upon finding in him an intelligence much more companionable than his fantastic head-dress and immobile face might otherwise have promised. When Kalong had served the coffee, the naturalist lost no time in opening a conversation, and, as the stranger had betrayed a peculiar silent interest in the ape, directed it at once to that chief object of his own thoughts.

"I observe," said he, "that while Amina and I were talking, you gave your attention to the mias. May I ask if you see anything remarkable in the animal?"

"You call him 'Oshonsee'?" was the questioning answer.

"Yes, for want of a better name."

"Is it a Christian word?"

"Not exactly. When the mias is excited he utters sounds forming something like that name."

"Other miasas do not."

"Why there you touch a matter that has puzzled me not a little," rejoined the Doctor, with vivacity. "The sounds uttered by Oshonsee are *not* the same as those I have heard from the wild mias; but I think they may be taken for exaggerations of them. It is hard to describe the cry of the common animal; we can only say that it is a mixture, or alternation, of coughing and pumping sounds. Oshonsee gives more articulate character to them."

"I notice the peculiarity particularly," said the priest, now speaking pure Malayan, "because it shows that your 'Antu' must be of the sacred race of Sambas."

"My 'Antu'!" echoed the Doctor, his disgust at the superstitious term overpowering every other emotion. "Can it be possible for a man of your knowledge to believe in the 'familiar-spirit' bosh of the poor Dyaks?"

"Allah consults not the wisdom of man in his creations," returned Medlani. "When that wisdom grows proud to sin against him, he takes it away, and puts in its place a sacred fire that makes holy its possessor."

The naturalist was discouraged. He could make nothing of this.

"Am I to infer that you are one of the possessors of the sacred fire?" he asked, ironically.

"Allah leaves me yet my wordly wisdom, worthless as it is," returned the Arab, with a faint, momentary smile. "Those whom he treats otherwise you, Christians, put into prisons and bind with ropes; but the Prophet's followers know that it is Allah who has gifted them with prophetic sight and unknown speech, and they offer them gifts instead of bondage."

"H'm! you're talking of mad people," grunted the enlightened philosopher. "I'll not dispute that theory with you, my friend: life is too short. But what has this to do with 'Antus'?"

"I use the word of the Dyaks for beings with supernatural powers, Tuan Hedland. It is said in Sambas, that such a creature once appeared there, many years ago, bearing a talisman and speaking an unknown tongue. Inda has told me of the mias, here; that he walks erect and hates the voice of the sirani. This holy man of Sambas was hairy, though he wore garments, and fled with loathing from the speech of the English. I have heard the fame of Oshonsee, and think that he may be of this holy race."

With hands thrust deeply into his pockets, and body thrown stiffly back in his chair, Doctor Hedland stared down at the cross-legged oracle, in a bewilderment of fragmentary, half-relative recollections and startled expectancy. The name of Sambas seemed to find some kind of familiar echo in his brain, as thus mentioned, though he knew not exactly why; and this characteristically Oriental figment about a holy man in the wilderness spurred his curiosity like a newly-discovered fact in science.

Apparently heeding only his lately replenished coffee-cup, the dusky-visaged devotee gave no sign of noticing the effect produced by his words. A certain occasional rolling movement of his eyes suggested a covert noting

of various objects around the room—the rude standing-desk, the low table, the canework chairs, the matted couch, the arms and butterfly nets against the wall, and other appointments of the place—but neither the quiet ape nor his temporarily mute master shared in the furtive scrutiny.

“If your memory, Medlani, carries the whole story, yet, of this santan of Sambas,” the Doctor said, at last, with propitiatory mildness, “I should be pleased greatly to hear it. We Europeans are fond of anything that illustrates the character of a people different from ourselves. Thus, the story-tellers of your country have great fame with us for their tales of love and magic, which show the Eastern mind more truly than graver history.”

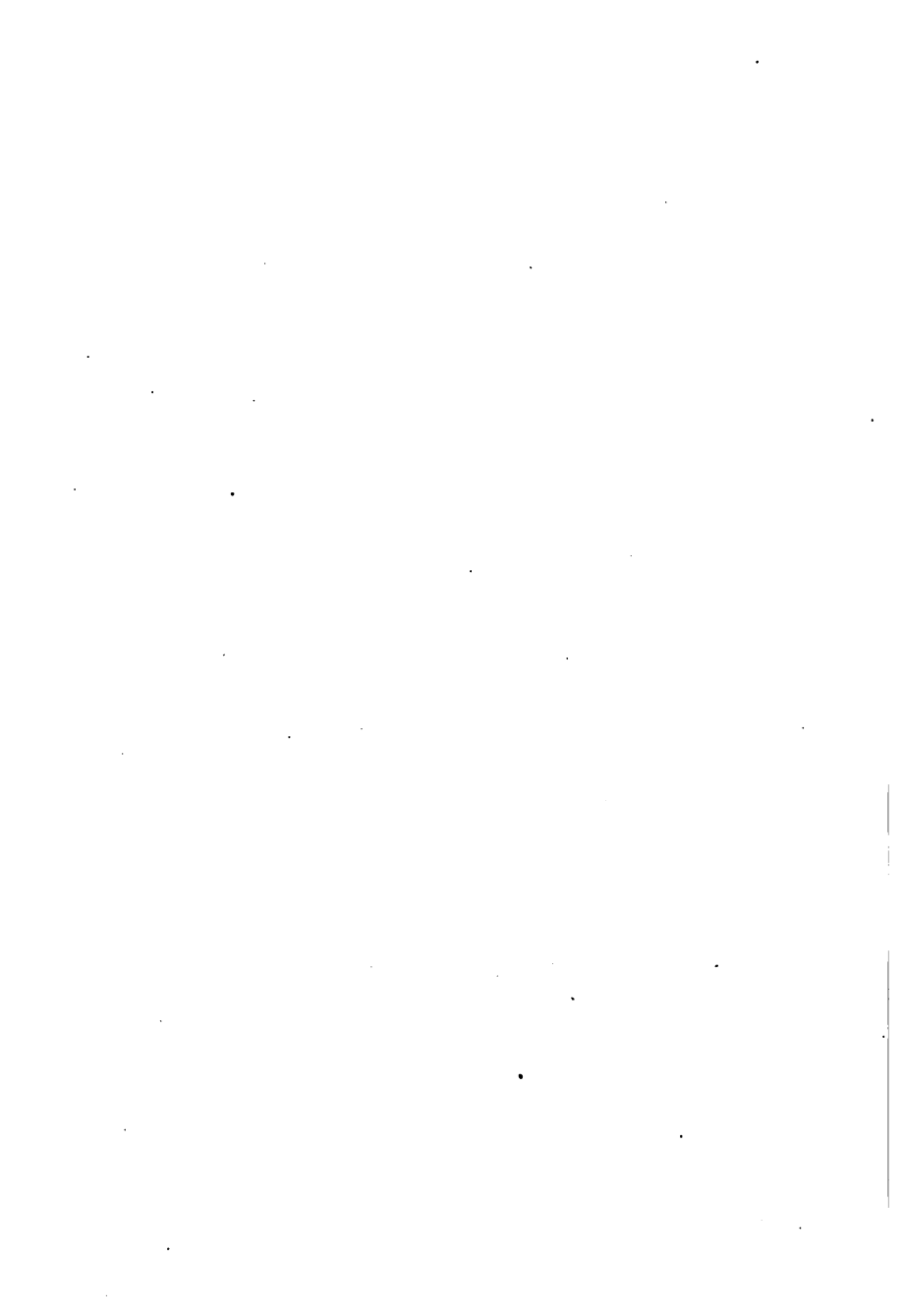
Again the semblance of a smile flitted over the dark countenance of one too astute not to understand this attempted sophistication of Anglo-Saxon curiosity.

“Tuan Hedland shall hear the story as it has been told to me by some of the old people of Sambas,” replied Medlani, with an inclination of his turbaned head; “the power is Allah’s to make it true or false to his wisdom. In the time when a great war of the siranis brought many of their ships with guns to these seas, and the Dutch usurpers of Java trembled for the hour when those of your nation, Tuan, should drive them forth, a prahu came to Sambas from Batavia with a message to the Dutch settlement on Sambas river. After the messenger and the sailors had stepped to the shore, there sprang up out of the prahu’s depths, where coffee and fruit alone had been before, a strange man’s shape, with hairy face and neck, and eyes of fire. He wore the Dutch dress; but spoke what neither Dutch, nor Malay, nor Dyak could understand.”

“I see,” remarked the naturalist, with a nod; “he



"TUAN HEDLAND SHALL HEAR THE STORY AS IT HAS BEEN TOLD ME."—p. 552.



had secreted himself in the boat's cargo, and might well look and talk wildly after such a voyage. Some deserter from an English ship, I'll wager."

"There were speakers of your language on a trading-ship then at Sambas, and they knew not the tongue he spoke," resumed the priest. "Indeed, he shrieked at their speech, and would have fled from it if they had not detained him."

"That was strange," commented the Doctor, thoughtfully.

"None had seen him enter into the prahu; none had seen him while they sailed."

"Because he was hidden in the cargo, to steal a voyage."

"What am I, that I should know, Tuan? I tell only as I was told. The sirani sailors said that he was a man whom Allah had smitten, and should be chained in a prison-cage; but the Malays believed it was a santan—a holy man—that had come amongst them, to prophesy the downfall of the Dutch usurpers. They surrounded and held him, gently; seeking to lead him to the Sultan's surow; but, when near to the palace, the sight of a Pangeran in red velvet jacket and carrying an English sword, so filled him with abhorrence, that he broke from the fearstricken people, and, uttering his strange speech, fled swiftly to the nearest jungle."

"Let me interrupt you again—why should the red Pangeran and his sword have been so abhorrent?" queried Hedland.

"The hairy santan loved peace, and hated the signs of war," returned Medlani.

"Ah!—well, go on."

"There was great tumult in Sambas then, between the Dutch, who knew not what time the war-ships of your nation might come there, also, and the Malays,



who were growing bolder for the same reason. Pursuit of the santan was soon given up, and he next appeared in a Dyak village on the Simpang-Kira river, nearly naked, and footsore. In this village was a woman of the Panams, taken in battle from a wandering party of the great Kayan tribe, and believed to be an 'Antu,' or familiar forest-spirit."

"Now tell me about these Panams," interrupted the Englishman again; "I have heard much of them from the Malays. You appear to assume that such degenerate human beings do really exist."

"I know but what I have heard thousands of times from Dyaks coming to the coast from the interior great mountains of Anga-Anga—that the Panams are creatures in human shape, living in trees, like the mias, and hunted and eaten by the Patakan cannibal tribe. To the Kayans, and some others, they are 'Antus,' as I have said."

"Doubtless there is an interior Dyak tribe called Panams," muttered the Doctor, doubtfully, "and they may be next-door to brutes. However, let us hear more of your santan."

"The Panam 'Antu' had not brought a good rice-harvest to the village yet," proceeded Medlani, unmoved by either interruption or criticism, "and the villagers believed that the santan was sent to correct her failure. Now that his clothing was so much torn away, it could be seen that he was hairy, almost, as a mias, and carried upon his breast, by a cord about the neck, an 'Antu's' charm, or talisman. The old men of the village describe it as having looked like an English ship-soldier's box for cartridges, wrapped in a shining silk. They never dared to touch it, though carrying the holy man, as they deemed him, before their Orang-kaya. This chieftain and his followers took the new 'Antu'

forth to the rice-fields ; and then returned with him in triumph ; assured that their harvest was now secure. It did not turn out so, however ; the rice was blighted. In their rage at what they considered the malevolence of another evil 'Antu,' the villagers fastened a Dutch ship-chain to the waists of the santan and the Panam woman ; a native priest killed two fowls above their heads and sprinkled them with the blood ; and, thus married according to Dyak rites, the two poor 'Antus' were carried in great state, by a fleet of prahus, up the Simpang-Kira river, and cast loose in the mountains eastward of Simunjon."

Countless stories such as this, of good and bad familiar spirits, and their propitiation or casting-out by the Dyaks, are always current in the agricultural villages of Borneo, and may be heard by any sojourner there. Superstitious to the last degree, the aborigines of Pulo Kalamantan, and especially those of the "Darrat," or inland, tribes, attribute supernatural qualities to any living object differing materially from the types familiar to them, whether human or brute. A white man visiting a village is importuned at least to slay a fowl with his own hands and sprinkle the blood on the lintels of the doors and out of a window, that health and good crops may be assured to the credulous community. If a deformed, or imbecile human creature, or even a mias of unusual aspect, falls into the hands of the simple barbarians, an "Antu" is at once recognized ; to be abjectly feared, or formally exorcised, according as public good, or evil, follows the advent. Medlani's narrative was in the vein of a hundred legends familiar to the jaded contempt of the naturalist ; yet the latter had listened to it—given, of course, with much more Oriental technicality of phrase than here recorded—like a man hearing the most significant truths of his own destiny.

"Simunjon?" he repeated, mechanically, "—Simunjon? That may account for much—much! But"—with a kind of desperate clutch at anything to sustain the proper skepticism of civilization—"I have heard that the human shapes assumed by 'Antus' are generally without heads."

"They have pointed heads," answered the Arab, quietly. "The long red hair and great beard of the santan of Sambas made his head seem pointed, and the Panam skull is like an egg."

"The head taken by Sejugah was like that!" soliloquized the spell-bound Doctor.

"I have said that Tuan Hedland's mias may be of the same race with the holy man of Sambas," continued Medlani, with a glance at the motionless—(what *now*?—Ape?)—Oshonsee. "This is my reason: Three years after the 'Antus' were cast loose in the mountains, they were heard of in the mias region of the Sadong and Simunjon, as inhabiting there the root-opening of a great fig tree, and having with them a younger creature of their own kind. None dared to disturb or hunt them; for their chain was thought to have been placed on their bodies by Jovata, the Hindoo god; and bird-nest hunters of Songi, who saw them occasionally from their boats, believed them to be 'Antus' of the miasas. Years after that, Tuan, the people who then lived in this very village of Pa Jenna, discovered a female 'Antu' and a little one near the mouth of Stabad river, at the entrance of a cavern in Gunong Tubbang."—

"The chain is complete!" broke in the Doctor, springing to his feet, with both palms at his throbbing temples. "I see it all now—blind idiot that I have been!" He fairly stamped in his ecstasy of excitement; and the priest, not knowing how to understand

such an abrupt demonstration, drew back in some alarm.

"Tuan is not offended?"

"Only with myself, friend; only with myself—that I did not see, before, what your words have made clear to me," rejoined the Englishman, hurriedly yet, though with an obvious effort to resume self-possession. "All my wisdom, Medlani, has been brought to naught by this 'Antu' story of yours, for you have given me the true species of the creature I have thought to be—I scarcely know what!—Yet, tell me,"—glaring down upon him over folded arms—"how is it that none of the Europeans at Kuchin have ever heard of the wild man of Sambas?"

"Tuan forgets that the tribes near the coast were continually changing from one village to another, before the invincible Rajah of Sarāwak came to destroy the Shereefs whose prahus spared no unprotected place. Twenty different tribes have been on the Simpang-Kira and here, since the santan came from Java, and only two or three old men, whom no stranger would see, or be likely to hear of, remember the 'Antu' marriage."

"That may be," began the naturalist, when a light touch on the shoulder checked his utterance, and, turning sharply about, he encountered the frightened face of Amina.

"My father!—he is here!" the trembling girl had barely time to whisper,—as she glided on farther into the room,—before the early-returning Pa Jenna stepped over the threshold from the bridge, carrying several fishes which he had taken, while away, with his tri-pronged spear.

The Orang-kaya had been prepared by Kalong to find Medlani and a companion in the Doctor's house. He recognized the priest with a profound obeisance, be-

stowed only a passing glance on the Chinese figure, whose face was not towards him, and then presented his glittering present to the naturalist, who acknowledged it appreciatively.

"You are here, again, sooner than I expected, my good friend," said Hedland, in a mood to accomplish the task now incumbent upon him as quickly as possible: "but not, I hope, so soon as you could have wished to return, had you known what I am about to tell. Your daughter has left the traitorous Pangeran Makota; fled from him—the coward!—because he treated her as a slave:—yes, Pa Jenna, even degraded the child of your blood with blows!—And would have had her whipped to death at last, had she not escaped from his rebel den at Patusen, with the generous Medlani, here!"

This headlong presentment of the case surpassed any possible temporizing diplomacy for exciting in the Dyak chief the fierce feelings which the speaker desired first to awaken. Pa Jenna recoiled as from an angry buffet on the breast, and with eyes sparkling and hand instinctively clasping the hilt of his Malay kris, looked furiously from Hedland to the Arab.

"Tuan has spoken truly," assented the latter, rising to his feet. "Makota, the Serpent, has done all this. He spurns the blood of the Dyak, and would have Amina only as his slave."

"My kris shall find him if he were the Sultan himself," shouted the infuriated Orang-kaya, who, like all Illanaons, boasted an antiquity of race extending back to "the days of the Hindoos," and was passionately sensitive to any indignity upon it. The tempestuous rage of the moment made him unmindful of having heard that his daughter was a fugitive; and now, when the supposed Chinese youth came forward with an inarticulate cry, and fell prostrate at his feet, he stared blankly.

"It is Amina," said Doctor Hedland, himself stooping to raise her. "This disguise and the brave priest's protection, have enabled her to come thus safely back to her father and her father's friend."

Pa Jenna surveyed the yet shrinking figure from head to foot, and finally extended his right hand, for her to bow unto and touch with her lips.

"She is disgraced amongst her people," he said bitterly; "she will be the scorn of the Malay, until I bring Makota's head to hang in the place of Sejugah's mias."

"I will go with you and her to your house, Orang-kaya," said Medlani, "before your people are returned, and you shall listen for a time to what the poor priest of Allah can counsel."

"The thought is wise," added the Doctor, quickly. "There must be no folly of running 'a mok' amongst the krisses of the scoundrel's fellow-traitors at Patusen, Pa Jenna. You cannot take Amina with you, and Makota will surely follow her here, with his pirates, for revenge, if not to recapture her. Medlani will tell you that you must remain here for her protection; the more so that, I, myself, must go away to Kuchin to-morrow, and from there to Singapore."

"Tuan is going so soon, and so far?" queried the Dyak, with a scowling air of disappointment.

"Yes; I go to see Tuan Colonel, who was once here; but shall return quickly. Remain you to defend Amina, if the Serpent comes, and let me impose upon your friendship the protection of Oshonsee, also, whom, for the first time, I shall leave behind me."

"Allah wills it so," said Medlani, leading the way to the threshold.

Pa Jenna realized that a peculiar honor was being shown to him by his great English friend, in this entrusting of the cherished "Antu" to his potent guardi-

anship, and, despite his vengeful aspirations, he softened to the compliment.

"Tuan Hedland has said already, to-day, that we should be better friends than ever," he answered submissively; "he forgave me a fault, and I will not commit the wrong of opposing him now." Amina's hand was already in his, and he led her forth after Medlani, without farther words.

It was not to be doubted that serious events would result from this escapade of Makota's victim. The Pangeran's jealous, deadly hatred of the Englishmen of Sarāwak, no longer excluding even the naturalist, had, unquestionably, been the instigation of his brutal mistreatment of the girl. Her sister was a consort of Budrudeen, the stanch friend of the English Rajah; her father exhibited an uncompromising partizanship on the same side; and to subject her to ignominy was one of his few immediately practicable means of a gratifying a madly revengeful spirit against all of the foreigners. To have Amina not only escape from him in Patusen after he had condemned her to death, but also in company with a man—priest though the latter was called—would stir him to a climacteric frenzy of violence from which any headstrong outrage might be expected, at any time, by those to whom Pa Jenna's daughter had fled for protection. "Her father must take her with us down to Kuchin, to his sister there, to-morrow," reflected the naturalist; "that she may be under the immediate care of Rajah Brooke. To keep her here, would be inviting for us a murderous piratical attack, on some dark night, when our reclaimed head-hunters of the village could offer about as much defence as so many sheep."

Thus Dr. Hedland dismissed from his mind, for the time being, a subject naturally secondary therein, even

at this crisis, to the amazing revelation coming to him, that day, in the last matter he had believed to be susceptible of farther illumination from unscientific sources. Between sunrise and sunset, what had become of all that carefully constructed theory of an ape-Man developed by provable degrees from the Borneon mias? Only a pair of ludicrous legends of native superstition, repeated by a reformed Dyak marauder and a vagabondish Mahometan priest, had been requisite to shatter it beyond repair—and, more than that, to prove its very converse true! Suppose that he had communicated to the learned societies of his membership, in Europe, the fondly fancied momentous Discovery, and all those pages of confirmative observations in the cumbrous scientific Diary on yonder high desk—what pity of the erudite and derision of the vulgar would now be his! Those pages must be condemned, and torn out, as no better than a maundering record of the most fatuous of delusions; and Oshonsee might steal them away, if he chose. The philosopher was humiliated beyond expression; not for worlds would he have had one of his fellow-countrymen to confront at the moment; yet, with it all, his heart was lighter than before! If this contradictory accusation could be understood as something like the much-tasked spirit's relief when a long suspense is ended even by decisive failure, it was none the less a grateful change at first, and Hedland felt surprised at the tranquility with which he was able to look upon the yet reclining, dumbly watchful, Last of the Sambas Antus!

Presently he wandered out across his little bridge to the long veranda, and to the near-by turn of the latter, where its whole greatest perspective as a roadway in the air came fully into view. The village was alive again with the return of its sailors, fishers, bee-hunters,



peasants and fruit-gathers from their daily dispersion in the valley of the Sarāwak; and at irregular intervals before the now open doorways of the houses were family-groups, whose varied semi-civilized combinations of the Dyak with the Malay costume, and glint of brazen ornaments in ears and around wrists and ankles, gave striking effects of unrelated color and fitfully twinkling movement to the scene. Clouds yet mantled the mountain-pillared arch of the sky; but from somewhere behind the hills in the west a warm red glow made the palms on the heights stand blackly out, like skeleton pavilions against a receding fire, and fell upon the street amongst the tree-tops in a softer-hued reflection. While the solitary civilized spectator gazed, a momentary stir along the whole peopled vista, and then, an as dramatic stillness, directed his attention to the Orang-kaya's mansion, before which the Arab priest could be seen bowing, with face towards Mecca, in the attitude of devotion. Here and there a villager also sank prostrate; for followers of the Prophet could yet be found in the Dyak community; and prayers went up to Allah as the sun went down.

Hedland was in a temper to be touched by such a spectacle; the feeling of unblestness seemed lifting lightly from him, however soon it might return, and a sudden exaltation possessed his spirit, to make him murmur, impulsively, with uplifted look and arms unconsciously extending: "*Sit nomen Domini laudabile, ab Oriente ad Occidentum*"—Praised be the Name of the Lord, from the East unto the West!

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

**TWO** members of our American family in Borneo have not, perhaps, individualized themselves so prominently in the developing action of the story as a novel-reader might have expected from certain circumstances of their first appearance in it. No peculiar sagacity was needed to foresee, that the merchant's daughter was destined to have a romance with the young naval officer; nothing could be more reasonably in accordance with the commonest of precedents, than to anticipate for a spectacled and yellow-haired New England kinswoman of such a family some colloquial conspicuousness, at least, in the general narrative. Yet Miss Effingham and Miss Ankeroo have certainly played the quietest, most passive parts, apparently, in the given social drama. It would be a grievous and unchivalrous mistake, however, thence to infer, that the two characters in question lacked either youthful sensibility, or mental energy, to equal any of their numerous literary prototypes in sentimental demonstrativeness and strong-minded aggression. It has never been true of the budding womanhood of the socially-refined grade in American life, any more than of that in the corresponding grade in England, or any other Christian country, that it renounces at once every fine observance of filial subordination and maidenly reserve at the first impression of a tender passion. No truer is it, that the hereditary, feminine vivacity of New England runs to bustling obtrusion and pert chatter, whether the occasion is fit-

ting, or not. Forty years ago, the delicate timidity of a well-bred girl under her earliest experience of masculine devotion, and the but timely forwardness of a keenly intelligent woman upon occasions worthy of her effective action, or speech, were, possibly, even farther removed from the startling passionate displays and insufferable pertinacity of self-conceit so frequently attributed to their supposed types in popular fiction.

Abretta was as much a child, yet, to her own apprehensions, at the beginning of the family life in the East Indies, as the most protracted spirit of parental absolutism could have desired. Her filial sentiment being really that of love, she felt no eagerness for a lessened sense of dependence upon the two human beings representing to her heart all that was most lovable and admirable in the world; and it even gave her a more luxurious freedom in her youthful gayety of spirit, to believe that the time had not come when the latter could be justly criticized and restricted by the conventional criterions of full-blossomed young-ladyhood. While maturing every day in the flower-like dignity of a nature innocently unconscious of anything that should make it afraid, she had no affectations of self-sufficient womanhood yet. Whatsoever came to her experience was second-hand, as it were, from the trial and approval of father and mother; to be enjoyed to the utmost without fear or calculation, and retained or resigned as parental will and convenience tacitly dictated. The introduction to the young Englishman at Batavia began the awakening of a new element in her life; but she did not know it. The ensuing perilously informal association in the primitive Sarāwak home, led both of the youthful souls at least within the portal of a domain from whence not even the most dependant of human natures can ever return wholly to consanguine depend-

ence again ; but the fresh-hearted girl never dreamed of her gain and loss until, first, the coming back of the wounded youth from Bruni, and then his constrained farewell, made her openly unhappy. Now, indeed, she dreamed—for, so far, it was no more definite than dreaming,—that something she had not even recognized while it was with her, was at once hers and refused to her ; and that what before was all-sufficient to her nature, now only vexed the dreary vacancy it could not fill. Abretta was openly unhappy, because yet too childlike in her simplicity of character to think of practicing concealment in anything ; but she was silently so : speaking to no one of the first heartsickness of her life ; nor trying to understand it all herself ; half-ashamed, half-fearful of it ; and secretly miserable with self-reproach that she dared not cry for a while on her mother's bosom.

Neither the uncertainties nor the humility of immaturity repressed Miss Ankeroo from vindicating her curious and active mind by such vigorous enlistment of it in all the living interests of her immediate situation, as might have been expected of her in a civilized land. In fact she took a most efficient part, as has been intimated, in the organization of the transplanted household, was alive equally to the private phases of domestic life around her, and the shocking heresy of Doctor Hedland's theories, and toiled indefatigably in her own missionary adventure. But in this latter undertaking the good soul presently found conviction that she could not reap either the comprehensive success or the intellectual satisfaction upon which she had too sanguinely calculated. While her school was a novelty, the native population could be drawn to it, in any desired numbers, for primary acquisition of both secular and spiritual enlightenment. When, however, this first charm

began to pall, her native scholars fell away, except as they were virtually bribed to loyalty by frequent material benefactions; and then the plump, not unwomanly little woman from New England, began to realize how impossible it was for a missionary of her sex to hold such erratic sheep of the wilderness in any permanent fold. A lady could not go out to the mountains after them, as they strayed, and preach them back again; nor could she wield anything of a man's coercive influence in a land permeated with the Mahometan idea of woman's mental insignificance. To sum it all up in a sentence: Miss Ankeroo found that only a man could have any hope of succeeding adequately in the great task she had essayed. An appeal to the Rajah's friendly offices might have insured temporary help, but her pride would not allow her to make it; so her sense of failure was kept a secret, and its burdensomeness accounted for a simultaneous decline of her usual self-assertion in things general.

"You and Abretta are both so quiet in these days," said Mrs. Effingham to Miss Ankeroo, in the course of a conversation starting from some ordinary topic, in the latter's room, "that I scarcely know whether to think that you are offended with each other, or have a common grievance against Richard and myself."

"Then set your mind at rest, Cousin Julia," responded the spectacled one, looking up from her sewing with a laugh; "for if 'Bretta and I ever take to 'nagging' each other, or feel ourselves greatly injured by Cousin Richard and yourself, you will not find me, at any rate, a silent martyr."

"You certainly are much less lively than you used to be," Mrs. Effingham continued, in a slightly complaining tone: "and as for Abretta, she is scarcely any company for me at all, any more."

"We are both about ready to leave this dead-and-alive place, I fancy," said Miss Ankeroo, acrimoniously. "Enough is as good as a feast, and we have all had enough of Kuchin, I should say. Can you expect a young girl to be satisfied forever without any society of her own years, or anything to break the awful monotony of hills, and water, and palms, and stupid yellow heathen? For my own part, I'm sick of it all. Christians were never intended to vegetate in this life-wasting style."

"We shall be going, now, soon. I did not suppose that *you* were so impatient, Cousin Sadie—what is to become of your mission-school?"

"The Rajah expects a Scotch missionary and his wife here, some day. I can give my school a vacation until then, without much serious detriment to the educational interests of Borneo."

Mrs. Effingham, who was standing, preparatory to departure for another room, looked down in some surprise at her cousin's momentarily enigmatical countenance.

"Then you are losing faith?" she said.

"I undertook a man's work, and a man will have to finish it: that's the plain truth!" was the half-defiant answer. "Perhaps it is true, after all, that women are but poor creatures when the lord-and-master's left out. I shall never think so much of myself again, Cousin Julia."

"You'll never be anything but the most helpful of creatures to your sister-women, at any rate, responded the older lady, with feeling. "I can't say, either, that I am sorry to find you not so much in love with this kind of life that it will pain you greatly to leave it. Richard and I both think, now, that Abretta should have an early change of scene. That was our principal

reason for accepting Dr. Hedland's invitation, when he stopped here yesterday, to go and see him in his village, after his return from Singapore. It will be a diversion, and help to bridge over the time until the vessel is ready to take us home. Cousin Sadie, I am going now to talk seriously with Abretta in her own room. Has she told you anything about herself, that might prepare you to judge what would be my wisest way of seeking her confidence?"

The discouraged little missionary clasped her hands upon the needlework on her lap, and upturned her spectacles to the other's inquiring face with business-like directness of look.

"'Bretta," she began, "does not know what ails herself—the poor, innocent child; but you and I know what it is, Cousin Julia, perfectly well. If you and Cousin Richard did not want this very thing to come about, I don't see why in the world you allowed the two young creatures to have so much of each other's society. Children can't be children forever. I could read in the handsome boy's face, when he found us all so equal in polite regret at his last leave-taking, that he thought himself cruelly misused, and 'Bretta has moped like a sick bird ever since. The girl talks no more to me than to you about it; but she hasn't the art to hide her feelings from anybody, even if she thoroughly understood them, and you musn't try to make me believe that you are in doubt about what they are."

"I am sorry to say that I have no doubt on that point," said Mrs. Effingham, gravely.

"Then if you are going to talk to Abretta on the subject, I would advise you to show her at once that you know all about her trouble, and encourage her to think that she has your sympathy. I know enough of girls like her to feel sure, that, until she has spoken freely to

somebody, her heart will be the heavier from failing to comprehend, really, what it is that so affects her at the mere going away of a very pleasant traveling-acquaintance. It is better that she should learn to understand herself, in this particular, through confidence with you, than by the longer process of self-finding-out and a probable wish to conceal it then.

"For my own part," continued Cousin Sadie, with a vexed, impatient movement of her head, "I can't see what sense there has been, at all, in such dealing at last with the poor young people. Why couldn't the young man, after seeming like one of the family, have been allowed to say 'good-bye,' without all of us marching with him to the veranda, and shaking hands solemnly in line, as though to say: 'we're all extremely sorry; but, really, this must be the very last of it!' Oh, *he* understood it all; and *she* imperfectly; and you, and I, and all of us, perfectly well!"

"There was no disguise of the intention," assented Mrs. Effingham, showing little disposition to amplify the subject farther. "It had been dictated by an authority not to be disputed."

"Some of Cousin Richard's dilatory fatherly prudence, I suppose," intimated Miss Ankeroo.

"I believe that you have advised me wisely," resumed Mrs. Effingham, leaving the intimation unanswered, "and I shall try to persuade Abretta, that, whatever her feelings may be, she can not find a more sympathetic confidant of them than her mother."

From the apartment of her sage counsellor, the lady passed through several intervening rooms to the one now used as the favorite retreat of her daughter. Since occasional absolute solitude had become an instinctive necessity for Abretta, she passed many hours daily in this remote little chamber, supposably in drawing, or



painting, found her at her perhaps reading; and her mother now stormy sky in absorbed in the task of water-coloring a

"What a gloomy landscape sketch. dear," was the maternal scene you are making of that, my whose entry had been noted introduction, as the speaker, glance, bent over the stooping shoulders of the young artist.

"Oh, yes; it is a failure, I know," said the girl, drawing back from the sheet, with an air of disappointed heartenment.

"I didn't mean that," observed her mother, gently; "those clouds are admirably done, I should think; but the subject is so uncheerful."

"It is so stupid to have nothing but sunshine in everything!" Abretta said, keeping her eyes upon the sketch.

"When we were at home, in this season of the year you often wished that you could live in a country where there were no storms."

"Well, I am punished for that now, Mamma," Abretta murmured, absently.

"Has it been such a punishment for you, then, my dear, to live for awhile in this sunny part of the world?" asked Mrs. Effingham, drawing a chair to the side of her daughter's, and meeting the girl's eyes in thus coming nearer to her.

"But now the weather even here is often so dreary," was the discontented, half-mechanical rejoinder, with look averted again. "Unpleasant days seem so much longer away from home."

"I suppose I should not blame you for homesickness, when I find even Cousin Sadie complaining of it."

"Oh, how soon shall we go?" exclaimed Abretta, turning quickly to her mother, with a feverish eagerness



HER MOTHER FOUND HER ABSORBED IN COLORING THE STORMY SKY OF A LANDSCAPE.—D. 370.



of expression suddenly possessing her whole sensitive young face. "Do persuade Papa to hurry! I sometimes feel as though I could fly, when I think that we must stay weeks here, yet!"

"My child, how changed you are!" ejaculated the mother, impulsively reaching an arm about the waist of the abrupt young suppliant.

"It is so dull here!" went on the latter, in a strange, tremulous kind of excitement: "everything the same—the same—day after day and day after day! I am so—so—"

Without finishing the hurried sentence, or even catching her mother's startled look, the girl sank into the arms where all her lesser troubles had found loving refuge, and burst into an agony of sobs and tears.

Some alarm was in the gaze of yearning motherly solicitude downcast to the beautiful head, so seeking the tenderest support of maidenly weakness. There is a certain pained unrest, almost a shocked misgiving, for the heart of a mother, at even the most delicately ineffable first warning, that yesterday's perfect assimilative oneness of the whole child-heart with it, is subtly ended, and forever. In this culminating unspoken confession from her weeping daughter, that a not yet self-conscious womanhood's individuality of moral being had so far superseded childhood's implicit dependence, as to make momentarily instinctive recurrence to the latter a torture of despairing tears, Mrs. Effingham saw that she had not before half realized how much the previously unexercised traits of Abretta's inner nature were like her own. Here were the first wild, unguided steps of an unwittingly freed young human soul in a separate destiny; and the mother, helpless to recall, or absolutely direct, could no more than plead to be not put off utterly, and tremble for the untried womanhood's

hereditary peril of mistake and sorrow in woman's inevitable lot.

Moments passed silently while maternal love and filial abandonment thus made a pathetic group, in the little room hung round with the varied fancies of youthful art, and looking out, through vine-arched windows, upon the deathless desolation of a soulless wilderness. Girlish shame followed the short tempest of girlish passion, and when Abretta had regained control of herself sufficiently to sit erect again, the attempt to laugh through the lingering tears at her own nervousness, was pitifully deprecatory of even a mother's indulgent eye.

"Now, my precious child, you will be your old self once more—at least with me," said Mrs. Effingham, her own cheeks showing tearful traces. "This has been good for both of us ; for you know now—do you not ?—that your mother understands and sympathizes with you in the first unhappiness of your life. Do not fear that I shall be impatient at what you feel, or make it a matter of reproach to you ; for I know too well what an undisciplined heart can suffer from the fateful ordering it feels no right to question and has no thought to resist."

"Dearest Mamma," returned Abretta, with a poor assumption of reviving gayety, "I am only shamefully, ungratefully homesick—and nervous ; that is all. I scarcely know what to say for myself—giving way so childishly ; but you must not think me such a baby as to be really unhappy because Papa does not start with us for New York the very moment he sees that I have 'the blues.'"

"You are not honest with me yet, Abretta. I ask no unwilling confession from you, but cannot leave you to suppose that I am ignorant of the real cause of your

recent dejection. A certain dear young friend has been lost to your society here, my poor girl—”

Abretta involuntarily shrank from her mother with paling cheeks, and the look of a momentary fearful impulse to fly, in her dilating black eyes.

“You have no right to think that, Mamma! I have never”—

“No, you have never thought, or said, or done an unmaidenly thing, my dear; of that I need no assurance. We have *all* lost, then, the society and pleasant attentions of a young man who had been so much like one of ourselves, that we may naturally feel grieved at the uncertainty of ever meeting him again. The experience is not unfrequent even in everyday home-life, and must be expected often in protracted traveling. Peculiar circumstances made us more familiar with Mr. Belmore than if his uncle had not been known to my father’s family, and his amiable qualities were well calculated to make us take an unusually warm interest in him. As we all felt inexpressively shocked at hearing that he had been wounded at Bruni, so it was and is a real bereavement for us to have him at last obliged to bid us farewell; and you, having practically nothing to divert your mind, may naturally feel and show the keenest immediate sense of trying deprivation.”

“I thought that you—at least, I thought Papa—I mean that it seemed to me that all of us were—were rather e-o-l-d to him—at last,” murmured the girl, falteringly; a deep flush rising on her face.

“If that was your impression, my dear, you will not be surprised to hear that it was his, too. After his good-bye and departure, that night, he sent a messenger back from ‘The Grove,’ with a note for you. Berner handed it to me, and I opened it, and saw that Mr. Belmore complained extravagantly at having been

allowed no opportunity to say a single parting word to you by yourself, and begged, in return, a single line to say that you would not forget him. Under this request I wrote, myself, with my initials, "Best not," and sent back the note by the same messenger."

A hand that had been resting in her mother's clasp, was slowly withdrawn by Abretta during this avowal, and the luxuriantly-tressed, young head sank eloquently down upon the white-sleeved arm on the drawing-table.

"Yes, it is true, my daughter," Mrs. Effingham went on, in a low, steady voice, "that I felt justified in resorting to such final means of assuring this imprudent young man, that Miss Effingham could not be addressed by him under any exceptional form that would warrant the supposition of more than a passing, formal acquaintance."

"Well, it is over, Mamma," came wearily from the hidden face.

"But I have something more to tell you, Abretta. Mr. Belmore may have believed at first that he was treated with unkind suspicion, and that your mother was disdainful of him. I am confident, however, that his uncle did not allow him to go back to his ship, without explaining that he had, himself, requested me to encourage no hope of a further association with us."

The daughter's head was raised high enough by this time, and a pair of sparkling eyes looked the indignation of youthful pride affronted.

"Did Colonel Daryl presume to insult you—to insult all of us—by such a request?"

"Could it be construed exactly as an insult, my daughter, for this gentleman to assume, that you could not supposably dream of reciprocating the particular sentiment that he believed his nephew to be capable of cherishing for you; and to ask of me, upon this assump-

tion, my best efforts, as a real friend, to save the uncalculating young man from the misery of false hopes?"

"I think it was insolently presumptuous for him to concern himself, at all, with an assumption so wholly gratuitous!" exclaimed Miss Effingham, every trace of her recent dispiritedness gone, and her whole attitude contemptuously resentful. "What have I ever done, or said, that Colonel Daryl should trouble himself in any manner about me?"

Mrs. Effingham paused reflectively before responding to this. At last she said, as though half communing with herself:

"It is so difficult for me to show you why Colonel Daryl might have thought himself to possess, in a measure, some exceptional warrant for acting as he did, without first telling you something of him unknown to you before, that I shall no longer leave you in ignorance of a fact I had hoped it might not be necessary for you to know until you were older. This gentleman was your Aunt Caroline's husband."

"Mamma! what are you saying?—Can it be possible?"

"It is the truth. You have heard that he greatly admired my sister; and imagined, perhaps, that there was some little romance in the matter. The reality was, that he and your Aunt Caroline entered into a rash clandestine marriage while your Aunt was on a visit to Ada Von Gilder in New York, and that they were instantly thereafter separated by our mother, who carried Caroline back to Dornton Manor. Colonel Daryl, who was then a young lieutenant and poor, (as his nephew now is,) made but one effort to regain his wife. He came manfully to Dornton Manor, confessed frankly to our incensed mother that he had deserved her bitterest censure, and professed himself willing to abide abso-



lutely by Caroline's final decision in the matter. The end was, that he retired from a painful interview, with the despair of a peremptorily discarded husband of an hour. Soon afterwards he returned to England, and your Aunt died. So, Colonel Daryl has some reason, you see, my dear, for assuming rather more of our family possibilities of disappointment to one of his blood, than could be excused in another man."

Somewhat mechanically as the story was rehearsed by her mother, Abretta heard it with lively alternations of amazement, sympathy and vague regret; her intent face betraying each emotion as it followed the other.

"Thank you for telling me this, Mamma. Now I can understand several things which puzzled me before. Was Colonel Daryl much like Mr. Belmore, in his youth?" The question was asked rather timidly.

"I had never seen him before we met in this house, though I was at Dornton Manor when he came there to plead his cause. Our Mother had summoned me, from my husband's home in the city, to help her in persuading my very unhappy sister to what she deemed 'reason.' I recognized the name of Daryl when Mr. Belmore mentioned it in the family-history he gave us at Singapore. When the Colonel came here, that first evening, with the Rajah, he mistook me, at our introduction, for your poor Aunt Caroline; and I knew him, only too well, for the man who had received in my early home what my conscience has always told me was an injustice, as cruel as it is irreparable."

"That is the reason why you have treated him so—so differently from a stranger, Mamma."

"You have noticed that, Abretta?"

"It seemed to me so."

"Your Aunt Caroline died broken-hearted for him. Our mother treated him like an unprincipled, fortune-

hunting foreign adventurer, who had taken audacious advantage of an inexperienced girl's generous heart ; when he was surely guilty of nothing more calculating than a passionate lover's headstrong folly. I was anything but guiltless, myself, of believing the very worst of him, and took a part that I shall regret to my dying day ! Then, when he met us here, and I realized that his whole life had been ruined by that miserable tragedy of twenty years ago, it was my irresistible, pitying—I may say even remorseful—impulse, as a Dornton, to offer what poor atonement I could for the great wrong he had endured."

"Yes ; I can understand it now," said Abretta, looking down. "Does Mr. Belmore know all this ?"

"His Uncle told him only so much as you knew yourself, while they were coming here together. Perhaps he knows more now."

Mrs. Effingham studied her daughter closely while the latter made capricious marks with a drawing-pencil upon a sheet of Bristol board on the table. Countenance and attitude indicated growing listlessness, or abstraction, or both ; or perhaps the suggestion was of some unspoken private feeling using these appearances to conceal itself. Once more the mother placed an arm around the girl's waist.

"There shall be perfect confidence between us from this time forth, my darling—shall there not ? Trusting in your intelligence, no less than in your affection, I have talked to you as though we were equals in years, and withhold nothing that could help you to the best and most becoming government of your own feelings. We must bear in mind, Abretta, for the sake of our proper pride, that, under a specious appearance of considerably anticipating for your father and myself a painful act of parental duty, Colonel Daryl has really

imposed upon us his own dictatorial will. He does not forgive my poor dead mother ; I am to him Mrs. Dorn-ton's representative in this later life, and you are my daughter. He will give us no chance to say, finally, whether he and his nephew shall remain permanently our friends or not, but, under the thin guise of a chivalrous humility, dictates to us a helpless obedience to his most despotic pride ! Do you not see the subtlety of such a revenge, my dear ?”

“It has been an unspeakable humiliation for us ever to have known these English people again !” exclaimed Abretta, her grand eyes rekindling, and this time with a deeper fire, of steadier meaning, than before. “Aunt Caroline's husband had a harsh injury to remember, it is true—and has bravely chosen to avenge it upon a woman—upon you, Mamma, who have stooped to entreat him so gently ! And because I am your daughter he subjects me to the unmanly indignity of an imputation of sentiments which were necessary to be assumed for the imposition of his arrogant authority upon you ! Mamma, is there no such being in the world as an English gentleman ?”

“My daughter ! my daughter ! Colonel Daryl had a moral right to do all that he has done. Reparation was his due, and when I tacitly confessed the debt, even as though I had been a principal debtor myself, he simply chose the form of payment most compensatory to himself. I do not, I cannot complain ; it is but an inadequate retribution upon me for the injustice of my youth ; but for you, dear child—your looks and manner lately have made me wretched with a fear that you, too, must suffer.”

“Dearest mamma !” cried the girl, throwing her arms passionately about her mother's neck, and kissing the tremulous, kind lips, “you make me heartily

ashamed of myself for having caused you that anxiety. Only you and Papa have ever had anything really to do with my happiness. But I *am* homesick in this depressing Borneo. Let me be babyish in this, for I can't help it."

"You shall be indulged, then," said Mrs. Effingham, with an attempt to smile a full credence of the plea; "only, my dear Abretta, it would reassure me more if you would not stay so much by yourself, away in the back of the house here, during the short time we have yet to remain in Kuchin. After this open talk we have had together, you surely will not want to run away from me?"

Thus mother and daughter were one again as completely as it would be possible for them thenceforth, in this life, to be; yet in such unity the perfect earlier relation had been insensibly modified to something of a more Sisterly type. Implicit confidence? Yes! But if in the maternal mind there was a discretionary warrant of nature for keeping back from too immature years at least one vivid recollection essential to the motherly confession, where was the corresponding precedent in childhood's instinctive unreserve for Abretta's silence as to a certain missing ribbon that had once bound her raven hair?

## CHAPTER XXII.

IT IS HARD FOR A MAN WHOLLY TO DISAPPEAR.

"THE Scientific Party has arrived, you say?" remarked Mr. Felix Dodge to the office-clerk of the United Straits Hotel, at Singapore, after that portly, mutton-chop-whiskered, English subordinate—Hodge by name—had concluded a summary of the events of the house during the few hours' absence of his chief.

"Came ashore from a schooner about Three o'clock, sir. He asked, first, whether Colonel Daryl was in town, or at Pearl Hill; and when I told him that the Colonel was, probably, at the Fort, he wrote a note to be sent to the Hill, and then asked for you, sir."

"Asked for me, eh? Did he have any monkeys with him, Mr. Hodge—beasts of any kind?"

"Not that I observed, sir. I sent a bath-tub up to his room, as he wished; and since then he's had a broiled chicken and coffee."

Mr. Dodge looked as though he could not possibly reconcile this absence of a zoologic suite with the new guest's polite recognition of his own continued existence.

"Must be wandering in his mind, to be so agreeable," he said, musingly. "I think I'll step up and see the Scientific Party, then."

Without more ado, the vivacious host of "the Straits" betook himself to a staircase near at hand; and up this to a gallery-like quadrangular hall upon which opened the apartments of the second floor; and along that until he reached the room of his destination. A knock upon the door, nicely graduated between the impera-

tive sharpness of eminent landlordly domain and the deprecatory inquiring tap of deferential intrusion, was promptly answered by a muffled "Come in!" Accordingly, in walked Mr. Dodge, to behold Dr. Hedland tilting comfortably in a chair by a window, his imposing outer man refreshed in a suit of spotless white linen, and his black hair, massive beard, florid face and magisterial spectacles presenting their usual effect of scientific intimidation.

Retaining in his left hand the local newspaper he had been reading, the naturalist from Sarawak extended the right, as he slowly arose, to his friendly caller, and was even cordial in the grasp with which he returned the other's greeting of welcome.

"Thank you, Mr. Dodge. I am not sorry, myself, to have another look at something like genuine civilization. I have a matter of business here with my friend Daryl; but as he is not yet down from the Hill, over yonder, I took the liberty of leaving my name for yourself."

"That ape is certainly for sale, at last," reflected his hearer, "or he'd never be so unmalevolent." Then he replied, with diplomatic caution: "It really affords me great pleasure, Doctor, to be so kindly remembered by one to whom some of my past pecuniary propositions have surely been respectful, even if casually reckless."

"Pecuniary propositions, sir?"

"Financial temptations they might be called—in reference to that scientific monkey," explained Mr. Dodge; who, from mere force of athletic habit, had lifted a heavy traveling-bag from the floor and was dexterously casting it from hand to hand behind his back. "Perhaps I ought to inform you at once, Doctor, that apes are going begging in America just now. A red-hot 'Revival' in the rural districts, with one minister to play the accordeon while another takes-up a collection,

has made the business of moral wild-beast exhibitions very sick, for a time."

"Oh!" exclaimed the new comer, with an appreciative laugh; "I see that you suspect me of an insidious design to avail myself of your past munificence of disposition in regard to the mias. No, no, Mr. Dodge—won't you take a chair?—such is not at all my mercenary purpose. The truth is, I am conscious of having been scarcely mannerly with you, on some occasions; and as I shall not be in Singapore more than once again before returning to England, it occurred to me that not much time was to be lost if you were to be shown how much I have really appreciated your amiable forbearance with my acerbities."

This farther and conclusive evidence of mental decay actually grieved Mr. Dodge, to whom the previous ursine irritability of the scientific sage had been a comic feast, from which he never could arise without a profounder delight in the exquisite aggravatability of elderly unmarried human nature.

"Upon my word, sir," was his judiciously temporizing manner of reply, "you owe me no acknowledgements for my having been amuse—I mean very agreeably affected—by your frequent abstinence from the heartsickening genialities of the—the unscientific herd."

"'Heartsickening genialities' is good!" observed Dr. Hedland with another incredible laugh.

"Why, there's more in that than you might think," pursued the active American, who, having at last relinquished the traveling-bag, was now sitting critically balanced upon the high back of the chair he had been invited to occupy more conventionally. "I never could stand your genial customer—the géén'nial Mister Mivins'!—he's always *such* an everlasting fool!"

The hot energy of this characterization was eloquent of many an hour's frightful suffering from the gratuitously emollient pertinacities of the impeccable social type described.

"I must take it as a compliment then, I suppose, that you have such an unfavorable opinion of the cast of masculine character usually thought to be diametrically the opposite of my own," said the naturalist with humorous complacency.

"I never object to a man because you can strike fire in him without treading on his corns," returned the host of "the Straits," not yet by any means wholly at ease under this continued absence of all erudite irascibility. Then added, as by a happy inspiration for the sure provocation of the sadly missed irateness: "You haven't brought the monkey ashore with you, Doctor."

"Nor even to Singapore, Mr. Dodge."

"Excuse my levity of bearing then, sir. When did he die?"

"He is alive and well."

"Dear me! you don't say so," muttered Felix, the gymnastic, so discomfited that he involuntarily dropped into his chair like any unelastic mortal. "Then I take it that he doesn't turn out to be as near the average foreign arrival in New York as your theory had supposed?"

"My theory, you say?" retorted the Doctor, looking curiously at him;—"Now will you be good enough to tell me what you've understood my theory to be?"

"Certainly; though you must make some allowance for the fact that I'm as unscientific as any saint you ever heard of, sir. We, in town here, judging from all the stories afloat, understand your theory to be, that all creatures animated enough to wiggle, from eels up to elephants, or from minnows up to men, are only so



many later spring styles of each other; the monkey without a tail being the next-to-last full-dress-for-dinner-parties before we reach the human swallow-tail. 'Next-to-last,' I say, because there is one link missing in the chain here, exactly as there is between monkeys with and without tails; and between *them* and the next grade of incipient American aldermen below them, and so on. Now, sir," continued this frank confessor of his own scientific ignorance, grown greatly interested therein, "let us ask ourselves, boldly: what is a chain? From the specimens I have seen, it is a succession of little oblong holes in space, surrounded by consecutive material links. As we in Singapore apprehend your chain of natural history, intended to connect mammoth, man, monkey, and so on down to mouse, minnow and marine moss,—that chain is absolutely complete in one respect at least: every one of the holes in it is inconfutably demonstrated to exist, and all that remains for Science is to discover the links to go around them.—Am I right, sir?" concluded Mr. Dodge, shrill with atheistical excitement—"am I right?"

"So right (I'm afraid)," assented the phenomenally patient philosopher, with an oddly sad meekness—"that a certain fair acquaintance of ours at Kuchin, Miss Ankeroo, would think nothing more wanting to make her theological side of the argument perfect."

"Ah—Miss Ankeroo," said the other, his volatile mind leaping easily to a new train of suggestion, "—there's a long-headed woman for you, Dr. Hedland!"

"But not very favorable to me, I fear," laughed the Doctor. "You'll be somewhat lonelier here, when the family goes back to the States. By the by, Mr. Dodge, as it is, unfortunately, impracticable for me to

transfer Oshonsee to you, on any terms, why do you not try to procure a *wild* mias for your zoological employer? I am satisfied, from personal observation, that the animal can easily be found all along the coal regions of Borneo, from Bruni down to the most southerly spur of the Kamintong Mountains, always excepting Sarawak. It would cost you comparatively little to obtain two or three half-grown specimens alive, and I suppose that a single one transported safely to America would be a fortune there."

Such recurrence to the practical commercial aspect of the great Orang-outan question restored Mr. Dodge to something like his normal mental condition, and a peculiar, whimsically slanting light shone in his hazel eyes.

"Mias affect the coal regions, do they, sir?"

"Yes; so far as Europeans can see. Borneo's coal-beds seem to run almost all the way around the coast, and marshy country near the mouths of rivers appears to be the chosen region of the mias."

"Then, of course, the animals must be rather dangerous to take alive!"

"Oh, I don't know;—how do you mean, Mr. Dodge?"

"Why, if you find them and coal together," explained the tall gentleman of the reddish locks, an indescribable look stealing over his equivocating countenance. "Don't you see, that if they belong in the coal-beds they must be bite-you-minous apes?"

A gloomy expression came into the florid face of the shocked philosopher; but before he could say anything a servant arrived to announce Colonel Daryl, and was immediately followed into the chamber by that friend himself.

"Really, Hedland, this is an unexpected pleasure for me," remarked the Colonel, shaking hands very heartily

with his old crony ; while Mr. Dodge took advantage of the opportunity to withdraw from the scene with an engaging nod of good-day.

To the Doctor, as to the Rajah, Daryl was a very different person from the austere-looking, formal maturity of military dignity presented by himself to ordinary society. His deep-set eyes of blue became fairly gentle ; his very shoulders relaxed somewhat of their professional stiffness, and his voice mellowed agreeably. Accepting now the chair lately occupied by the proprietor of the house, and dropping his light straw hat carelessly to the floor, he was yet, indeed, a soldierly figure, even in loose dark coat and sailor-like nether appointment of white duck ; but, withal, a genial, fraternizing kind of Colonel, made glad by a good comrade's presence.

"Here I am, Will, unquestionably," said the naturalist, blinking kindly at him while polishing his spectacles with a generous silk handkerchief. "Here in such haste, too, that no time was to be wasted in writing to you beforehand. Knowing that you frequented this house—"

"Yes, I fell into the habit while Edwin was here with me. This is his favorite inn, it appears, and the reading-room is well supplied with European newspapers."

"The boy is off again, eh ?"

"For a short time, only. The *Cressy* is likely to reappear here in the roads at any hour, and may even go to Sarāwak."

"I can believe, then, from what some of them at 'The Grove' seem to think, that the young man will be wanting to 'invalid' himself once more at Singapore until his ship comes back. Poor lad ! Blighted hopes again,—eh, Will ?"

"Judicious anticipation of them, rather," intimated Daryl, with a faint smile.

"Lightning shouldn't strike twice in the same family," resumed the Doctor, wonderfully garrulous on such a subject. "Your boy has too much of the true-born English gentleman in his spirit to hanker long after riches. You remember what Juvenal says about the intolerableness of a rich wife :—*Intolerabilis nihil est, quam fœmina dives*. Pity you didn't take some comfort for yourself from that consideration, long ago, Will Daryl."

"We can't all be philosophers, Lawrence," the Colonel reminded him, with tone and manner suggestive of little inclination to pursue that social question.

"Don't think that I want to make one of you, either, my dear fellow. I'm rather sick of philosophy, for a time, myself. But, Daryl, you may as well know, at once, that I am here after you especially to recall certain bygones of yours, upon which I hope to be able to throw some new light. Can't we go somewhere else for a private conversation?—This room is rather 'stuffy,' as they say at home."

"The evening is fine ; we might stroll down to the Parade, if you like, and be as safe from disturbance there, in a cool seat under the trees, as in any place I know of. Are these bygones you are to illuminate, so tedious in character that we must forego dinner for them?"

"We can return hither in time to dine, I fancy," replied Hedland, extracting a dark coat from his traveling-bag, and proceeding briskly to don it in place of his white one. "Let us be off to your public privacy as soon as you please. I've become such an out-of-door character in this part of the world, that a common room suffocates me."

In accordance with this prompt agreement upon destination the two friends descended harmoniously to the street; the soldier pondering silently what new whim had possessed the other, to come melodramatically mystifying him in this way; and the philosopher indulging in a sprightliness of remark upon every passing object, from hallway to portico, that made him seem less his wonted, domineering East Indian self than ever.

A street in Singapore during the later hours of daylight, when a cooling atmosphere allows and invites European, as well as native, to take the air, presents much the same spectacle of curiously miscellaneous Asiatic personal aspects grafted haphazardly upon Western military and commercial exotic growth, as can be seen in any of the larger cities of India, or even in Gibraltar. In miniature, it is true; but the reduced limits give an effect of concentration, so that the Oriental traits of the picture seem to be brought nearer to the visitor from abroad, and all their varied characteristics of nationality and dress appeal more actively to the imagination than if the canvas were a more extended one. When Hedland and his companion strolled down from the hotel to the main thoroughfare of the town, and, turning to the left, started on their way to the appointed place of conference, they became figures in a street-scene as picturesquely incongruous as any invading camp. For a short distance there were houses of European appearance on either side of the way, though on the right hand they were but a single line, with only a short interval to the waters of the bay, while on the left they arose behind each other in graduated terracing, until some distance up the green hill crowned by the imposing Government House.

Protestant and Catholic churches exhibited their re-

spective architectural tokens among the mansions of civilized life on the terraces, and the spars and funnels of the stately shipping of Christendom could be seen above the descending roofs on the seaward side; yet the average peopling and activities of the highway thus Europeanized were almost wholly Oriental. Chiefly composing the slowly moving human tides on either verge of the perspective were swarthy Malays, in their blue, or black, embroidered jackets, striped sarongs, and sailor-trousers; almond-eyed Chinamen, in white blouses and with braided queues to their heels; stoical, dark-hued Arabs, in turbans, and robes falling below the knees; dignified Parsees, in pointed caps and flowing dress; Jewish-looking Klings, from India, with striped scarf around the head, and Bengalese grooms in red caps and jackets; Portuguese, in shirt-sleeves; half-naked Coolies, and Dyak prahu sailors, and Bugis, in their barbarous native costumes. Between these borders of many-tinted and oddly contrasting pedestrians, the thrifty, round-faced Chinese merchant, hatless and bland, drove his respectable English gig, the European exporter, smug and supercilious, guided his lumbering hack, and the garrison officer curvetted with his professional charger.

Only these two latter types, and an occasional soldierly red-coat and marine-blue jacket on foot, represented the civilized link connecting such an Asiatic world as this with the primly ranked, decorous Christian dwellings, churches, shops and hotels overlooked by the British Government House and fortress. Articulate voice was given to the strangely mixed scene in the chattering of peripatetic peddlers of fruit, water, vegetables, and agar-agar jelly; cooks of shellfish, rice and sweet potatoes at little portable furnaces; and Chinese barbers who depilated ears, as well as skulls and chins.

It was but a short walk, however, for the friends, through the crowd and din, before they emerged upon a well-made though somewhat winding road along the beach-front of the city, where all consecutive buildings disappeared in a grove of palms on the land-side, and the fine roadstead and its islands and shipping stretched out in unobstructed beauty of view towards the Java Sea. Here was at once the military Parade-ground and the beginning of the fashionable drive of the town, where, on occasions, the band from the fort discoursed martial music. Scattered under a long, skirting, double row of grand old trees were benches for the idle, or weary, whence could be enjoyed at leisure the cool breezes from the harbor, and the moving panorama of gigmens, horsemen, and scattered pedestrians on the drive.

A shady seat, so far towards the easterly ending of the wayside grove that no loiterers had yet favored its vicinity, was the one to which Colonel Daryl finally led the way. When his friend and himself were comfortably settled there, the inevitable smoking accompaniment of all Eastern conversation was introduced, and then, with segars aglow, the gentlemen found themselves at once secure in practical privacy, and under as practical public protection. Mountainous undulations of showery grey clouds shut out the sun; faint shimmers of lightning playing fitfully in their valleyed shadows near the horizon, while along the snowy summits a ragged band of livid gold intensified the fleckless blue of the higher sky. All the glare and glitter of a Tropical day were gone; but there remained a clear, still fulness of light, in which roadway, beach, waters of glassy indigo, the confronting verdurous shore of the island of Battan, and the scattered silhouettes of vessels extending indefinitely towards the dimming East, had a

fair, cool definition of surface and minuteness of outline luxuriously restful and propitiatory to the jaded eye.

"There is no other spot like this in the Indies," said Doctor Hedland, respiring heavily, as though willing to make the most of the atmosphere as well as of the scene. "Ah! what large ship is that, just below the Dutch steamer? She was not there when our schooner came in, this afternoon."

"The *Comanche*, they call her," replied Daryl, indifferently;—"an American craft that brought Mr. Effingham and his family this way."

"And in which, of course, they expect to leave us, presently," added the wearer of the Panama hat. "Who could have imagined that I should ever be in love with Yankees, Will? Do you know I have actually made them promise to go up to my village for a day, or two, before leaving Borneo? The ladies have known nothing yet of Dyak life beyond Kuchin, and it will be the first time that civilized members of their sex have seen a mid-air town."

"How do you expect to elevate your fair guests to such high society?" asked the Colonel, rather flippantly for him. "They can never climb all those vertical notched posts and rickety ladders. Shall you have them hoisted with cocoa ropes and chairs?"

"Nonsense! My own house, you may remember, has good ladders, at easy slants, through three enclosed storeys, from the ground up."

"That is true: I had forgotten it.—Lawrence, you seem positively to be coming out as a squire of dames! What has caused these amazing changes? In Sarāwak, the other day, there was a certain desperately reckless spiritlessness about you, that, upon the whole, I did not like half so well as your ordinary dictatorial ram-



pancy—with others, I mean, of course ; never with me, I must say ;—and now I find you grown really affable ! ” The Colonel half laughed as he caught his friend’s eye, inquiringly.

“ My vanity has been chastened—grievously chastened,” began the philosopher ; but, seeming to change his mind suddenly, he threw off the penitential air and struck abruptly into another vein : “ To business, now, Daryl, before any more loungers come out this way.—Have you made any kind of a guess, as the Yankees say, as to the particular page in your past history that this visit of mine concerns ? ”

“ Guessing has never been my infirmity. I am waiting, with exemplary patience, for you to enlighten me without that,” said the Colonel.

The Doctor’s spectacles were directed to his unmoved face with tremendous intensity, and the Doctor’s broad right hand came down upon his left knee with tingling emphasis.—

“ I’ve traced that missing man of yours in Sambas. What do you think of that ? ”

Momentary blank surprise appeared in the soldier’s changing countenance, and then followed an incredulous smile.

“ You were very considerate, Hedland, to take up the wild chase, just when I had given it up forever. If Science can discover what finally became of poor, demented old Ruadh, I shall have a new respect for it after this.”

“ Leave Science alone, if you please. You tracked the man to Sambas ; didn’t you ? ”

“ And there he disappeared as absolutely as a vapor before the sun.”

“ It is hard for a man wholly to disappear, my friend. By a common socialized instinct of self-preservation,

all of human kind on the face of the earth tacitly and unceasingly work together against the consummation. The uttermost wilderness, or desert island, of the Globe has no more absolute certainty of final disappearance from human cognizance for the most unrelated of mortals, than the crowded city's by-way, or the unfrequented village-footpath. Fly whither he may; hide how he can; die, even, as remotely as it is in his stealthy eagerness to contrive; and he shall be known of, sooner or later; alive or dead; in the flesh, or as a whitened skeleton; of some human parts yet compact, or remaining only in a single bone that tells as unerringly that once a man was there. Again I say, it is hard for a man wholly to disappear. Were it otherwise, where would be the limits to the murders by revenge, avarice, jealousy and ambition, and the suicides by proud despair? The best earthly assurance of safety to your life and mine; whether from others' slaying hands, or our own; lies in the awful fact, that, for man, not even the grave is a perfect hiding-place save by the common assent of all created men."

An involuntary demonstration of growing restlessness on Colonel Daryl's part, made the Doctor aware, that he had been led into too much abstraction for the enjoyment of the unphilosophical.

"I believe I shall become the most incorrigibly garrulous of mortals," he continued, apologetically. "Now let me get back to where I started. The man, Ruadh, as you call him, was a lunatic—was he not?—when leaving Batavia."

"Undoubtedly. Not a violent madman, however, but possessed of a delusion keeping him in continual terror. Am I to be cross-examined, Larry, before hearing anything definite about your miraculous recovery of the long-lost scent?"

"If you 'll be so kind, Will. I want a little detailed information for my own private purposes, no less than to make me surer of the identity of the Sambas fugitive who has been traced. You never saw this Ruadh yourself?"

"No : his flight took place before my time, you know."

"But your father, of course, knew him?"

"Oh, yes ; and often described his half-savage peculiarities of appearance and manner."

"Then you can give me some clear idea of the man's looks and nature," said Hedland, earnestly ; "and I want you to do so, if you will ; and also to sketch for me, once more, the general history of the theft of the Will and other papers, and what could be ascertained thereafter of the runaway's travels."

"I 'll do my best for you," answered the patient Colonel, drawing his segar to a fuller light, and resigning himself to the ordeal. "My half-uncle, Roderick, brought Ruadh back with him to Surrey from one of his Irish hunting trips. The story was, that he had saved the man's life from the revengeful rage of his own countrymen ; the simple-minded creature being suspected of informing a disliked landlord that some of his tenants had a scheme for shooting him from behind a hedge. Often have I heard my father describe Ruadh as the wildest-looking, hairiest human being that he ever saw. Red-headed, and red-bearded from his very eyes, his whole sinewy body was also clad in a natural hirsute attire ; the chest, particularly, being shaggy like a dog's coat. In stature rather below the average, prognathous of skull, and very short and thick in the neck, he had broad, powerful shoulders, and could carry great weights."

"About how old was he at that time?" asked the naturalist.

"Probably twenty, or twenty-five. He could not tell, himself, and it must have been no easy matter to judge by ordinary standards. He might have been older—or younger. As for his intelligence, it seemed to be equal only to the telling of his own name, the performance of such simple labor as depended chiefly on his strength of body, and a silent, dog-like affection—first for his young benefactor, and then for the latter's father: my grandfather. It is useless to attempt any explanation of his gratuitous aversion to my father, and his brother, Edwin Belmore's grandfather. He seemed both to hate and fear them from some perverse instinctive jealousy of their consanguine nearness to the two beings of his particular devotion. Out of this aversion appeared to grow a fear to be far out of the presence of my grandfather while Roderick was an exile from his father's temporary anger in Amsterdam. A wrong instinct it certainly was, and not reason, that made this devoted creature regard my father and his brothers as inimical to the hereditary rights of their erratic step-brother. You remember, I suppose, Hedland, what I have several times told you of the flight of Ruadh, with the last-signed Will from the table, and the title-deeds, sovereigns, and half-sheet of Roderick's Amsterdam letter from the broken secretary—on the day, perhaps in the very hour, of my grandfather's sudden death?"

"Yes; those details are clear enough in my recollection," said the Doctor, puffing his segar reflectively. "The Will carried off disinherited the offending Roderick in favor of your father and your nephew's grandfather; the earlier Will left behind by chance, in the secretary, disinherited your father and his brother in favor of Roderick. When the latter died so soon after, in Amsterdam, all would have been right for your side of the house, after all, if an Irish widow and infant of

your late, exemplary half-uncle had not come upon the scene, and, by insisting upon the whole estate, or none, thrown the case into the limbo of chancery. I recall, too, that your devoted wild Irishman, by getting some one to read the abstracted part of Roderick's letter for him, ascertained whither he must go to find his first master again; and, accordingly, fled on to Holland, only to find that Roderick was dead. Instinctively fearful yet, of pursuit, he sailed from Amsterdam to Java as a Dutch officer's servant; and in Batavia this guilty terror, augmented by rumors of the coming of a British fleet to the city, drove him mad and into the military hospital. Very well: you tracked him to that hospital: now tell me what record they have of him there."

The energy of the naturalist's rapid speech and inquisitive manner, and the old associations revived by the subject under discussion, could not fail to have an animating affect upon Colonel Daryl, who now responded like a witness conscious of some personal concern in his testimony.

"In the hospital register of entries and observations Ruadh's name and nativity are given according to his own statement of them; and he is set down rather as a harmless monomaniac, with occasional paroxysms of terror, than as a dangerous lunatic. His dress is described, his age conjectured as 'about thirty,' and mention is made of a flat, oilskin-covered object, or package, held by a stout cord around his neck and concealed under the clothing of his breast. As the patient was a Roman Catholic and so low in the scale of human intelligence, this object was supposed to be some greatly valued talisman, or 'charm'; especially as he became violently excited, and vehemently made signs of the cross over it, when any one offered to touch the object. Consequently they allowed him to be undisturbed in its

possession. When surprised, or startled, or irritated, he had a fashion of reiterating his own name with great emphasis; any mention of England, or the English, in his presence, threw him into convulsions of terror; and at sight of a red article of apparel, a sword, or a musket, he would make frantic efforts to escape by the nearest opening—door, or even window. He had no particularly vicious traits; but if a cane, or any kind of stick, was given to him, the slightest pretext of offence was sufficient for his excitement into a kind of frenzied glee, in which he would flourish his staff wildly around the nearest head, until restrained.”

“By the Great Mogul!” ejaculated Doctor Hedland.  
—“Excuse me . . . go on.”

The Colonel waited a moment for some explanation of this irrelevant interruption; but as his friend merely puffed vigorously and stared persistently out at the road, he proceeded:

“When the coming of our ships to Batavia, in resentment of Holland’s submission to Bonaparte, was imminent, it was impossible to keep the hospital free from the city’s general panic. Keepers and nurses shared the common perturbation, and the Irish patient overheard their gossip about the dreaded red-coats. Discipline was relaxed in the institution and, one day, Ruadh escaped. I don’t know that it is necessary for me to go any further with the story,” concluded the Colonel, with an inquiring look at his companion; “you must remember all about the hiding in the Sambas prahu.”

“Perfectly, Will. The poor creature came up out of the prahu’s hold in Sambas; of that you had report from the prahu rajah himself; and from that time forth you had neither sight nor tidings of him. How long ago was that?”

"Between thirty and forty years."

"Very well. I have already insisted that it is practically impossible for a man wholly to disappear from the knowledge of his kind, whether above or below ground. Now, then, let me tell you what I have very unexpectedly heard about the farther adventure of your Irish Esau, or Orson, from that unlikeliest of mortals, a vagrant Arab priest."

Whereupon, after casting the remnant of his segar into the grass, Hedland related to his amazed auditor the substance of Medlani's narrative; reserving only the portions from which he had drawn inferences affecting a matter of his own private scientific interest.

"The identity is unmistakable!" exclaimed Colonel Daryl, eagerly: "though the general story sounds so much like some of the superstitious fabrications of the Dyaks. I must make immediate preparations to go to Sambas again. When shall you return, Lawrence?"

"I must go to-morrow morning. This escapade to us of Makota's wife may bring trouble to the village, if I am known to be absent."

"I cannot go quite so soon as that, but shall take the first Dutch mail. Is there anything to detain us now from returning to your hotel to dinner? I can't part from you to-night."

"The tale is told, I believe," replied the naturalist, as both arose from the bench to begin their short walk back to "the Straits"; "only, my dear boy, instead of going to Sambas you must come first to my village. I shall explore for the closed opening to that cave, in Mount Tubbang, where the 'Antu Queen' and her offspring are reported to have harbored a few years ago; and from there we will go up to Songi and towards the Simunjon, and then southward and backward, by way of the Simpang-kira, to Sambas."

"I shall resign myself wholly to you in the matter," assented the Colonel, lightly. "Whether I find, or do not find, anything of importance to my material interests, it will at least be worth while to take up this curiously recovered clue, and see how much nearer it can be run to earth."

Upon regaining without notable incident the hostelry of Mr. Dodge, our two friends betook themselves to dinner in a private apartment, at which Dr. Hedland figured chiefly as a half-abstracted spectator of the Colonel's thoroughly English achievements.

"Now that I think of it, Daryl," said the Doctor, when the cheese was on the board, "those Dutchmen at the Batavia hospital must have been puzzled over the orthography of your will-stealer's odd name. Did they come near enough to the right spelling for legal purposes, in case the identity should be disputed in court?"

"That, and the personal description, together, make the identification simply indisputable," returned his epicurean companion, confidently. "As I have told you, it was a peculiarity of the poor creature to chatter his name over and over again, when in the least excited. It would be 'O'Shawnessy ! O'Shawnessy ! O'——"

"How's that ?—O'Shawn—what are saying, Daryl ?" cried the suddenly bewildered philosopher.

"Why, you see, that was his patronymic," laughed the Colonel, who seemed to be growing young again. —"Another glass of wine, Larry.—He was so exclusively Ruadh the Red to all of our family, that I don't think one of us ever called, or mentioned, or thought of him by any other designation. I doubt if my nephew realizes, to this day, that the evil genius of our hereditary fortunes rejoiced in the cognominal polysyllables they managed to get down so recognizably on the hospital register."





"O'Shawnessy!" repeated the Doctor, in a dazed, mechanical way. "*O'Shaws-ness-y*," he reiterated, more slowly, staring blankly across the table.— "O'SHAWNESSY!" he almost shouted, half rising from his chair, falling sharply back into it again, and bringing down a fist with reckless violence upon the board: "I tell you, sir, that settles it! I could swear to the whole thing now! Oh, the idiot that I've been!"

The manner in which he slapped his forehead at this incoherent peroration, and looked as though inclined to tear his hair also, really alarmed the astonished beholder for his friend's wits.

"Why, Hedland, what is all this excitement about?" queried Colonel Daryl, with uplifted eyebrows.

Smiling with much ghastliness; his large face ruddier than ever and his spectacle-glasses shining fantastically in the candlelight; the materialist of Science leaned forward upon the table on his folded arms, and emphasized the following question with a pointed forefinger:

"Will Daryl, have I ever seemed to you like a one-sided, opinionated, obstinate, wrong-headed, dogmatical donkey of a man?"

"You put it so very strongly, my dear friend," began the perplexed Colonel—

"No:—be honest, now—haven't I often struck you as being—"

"You have always had the courage of your convictions," interrupted Daryl, hastily.—"Perhaps you've been a little extreme, at times."

"It amounts to the same thing: of course I have," resumed the self accuser, in a tone of satisfaction. "Now, then, I've got just one thing to add, after which, if you please, we'll talk of other subjects:—When you come to Pa Jenna's village, and we go to-

gether to Tubbang cave, I think that I can give you ample proof that I have been the most egregious scientific failure on the face of the earth !”

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A SIGNET-RING RETURNED.

IN the Imperial palace at Bruni was an apartment known as the Hall of the Sacred Jars, to enter which, or even approach beyond a certain outer boundary, was death for any other person than the Sultan, and the hereditary half-priestly officer of the household having it in charge. It was a long, narrow room, wholly without windows, deep in the interior of the building; floored with heavy Turkish mats and completely walled and ceiled with yellow silks. On a long shelf, or divan, also silk-covered, extending up either side, were ranged a number of rudely fashioned and variously colored Rusa jars; so called from the figure of a rusa, or stag, represented in some contrasting tint upon the side of each. An immemorial superstition, whether of Mahometan or Hindoo origin, attributed supernatural qualities to these jars; such as the power of supplying indefinitely anything once placed within them—rice, or wine, or even treasure. Traditions of the palace asserted that they had more than once exerted these marvelous virtues in remote reigns; when, probably, any ingenious follower of the court having an ambitious end to gain from his credulous sovereign, needed not so very much artful contrivance and connivance to make the magic vessels appear to yield some

imperial favorite tippie, or emollient rupees, inexhaustibly. But for nearly a century the fitfully bountiful Rusas had held secondary place to a larger object, standing, between two perpetually-burning suspended lamps, on a species of pedestal, or altar, hung with gold-embroidered crimson velvet, at the farther end of the tomb-like apartment. This was the great, talking Gusi Jar of Bruni; an ungraceful, bulky specimen of Oriental pottery, (presumably Chinese), olive-green in color, and having stags and dragons painted upon it. Throughout Borneo the Gusi was renowned for having uttered cabalistic speech at divers crises of the State, when reverently consulted by the Iang de per Tuam, or Sultan, and was believed always to wail like a creature in torment when a death was impending at the palace.

Every day, before entering his surow to give public or private audiences, it was the custom of the present ruler of Borneo Proper to enter the Hall of the Sacred Jars: having left his slippers and attendants at the door; and there, kneeling at some distance from the dimly illuminated Gusi, await any supernatural sign that might be forthcoming within a reasonable space of minutes. Absolute silence being the necessarily usual effect of this ceremony, the Sultan commonly emerged from it with a comfortable belief that his serene wisdom would require no magical instruction, or warning, for the ensuing twenty-four hours. Nevertheless, his direfully fear-stricken ears had heard the mystic Jar both wail and speak: once, when a favorite Sultana had been poisoned by one who wished to succeed that hapless female, but had a rival more astute than herself; and once, when the ghostly assurance, "Makota is thy Friend!" left him no choice but to grant some request lately urged by that highly-befriended Pangeran.

On the day after the latter restless prince's reappear-

ance in Bruni from Patusen, vowing vengeance for the irreparable dishonor of Amina's flight to the Sarāwak sirani, the Sultan paid his visit to the Gusi in a state of visible trepidation ; the bold return of the seditious partisan of the wild Shereefs having impressed his ever weak and wavering mind with a dread of new perils for his always precarious hold on the musnud of Borneo. A deer's cry had been heard during the night on the hill where stood the blackened ruins of Usop's house, and this Dyak omen of coming evil was not without its effect upon the superstitious old Malay. When, with bared feet and hesitating step, he entered the vault-like chamber of fate on this occasion; closing the door behind him as obligated; it might have been either his quickened hearing or nervous imagination that intimated to his fears a faint noise from the Gusi Jar. Dropping instantly upon his knees, and then bowing his face to the floor, the terrified Commander of the Faithful listened blindly and breathlessly.

By the feeble rays of the two earthen lamps swinging on either side of it, the wonderful Jar was visible only in the brighter colors of its fantastic decorations, which had the weird appearance of inscrutable symbols poised in darkened space.

"Will the Spirit of the Gusi speak to its slave?" quavered the prostrate Sultan, after some tremulous waiting for a sign.

Breathless stillness returned for a period that seemed long to the fearful suppliant, and then a smothered voice came from the Jar :

"Iang de per Tuam, possess thyself of the Ring. It is thy safety."

The turbaned figure upon the floor grovelled there in an agony of fright at the sound, not daring to look up ; and it was some moments before his lips could form the entreating words :

“What Ring, Spirit of the Gusi?”

But there the supernatural utterance ended. A repetition of the question evoked no further speech from the oracle; and at last, with moisture beaded upon his swarthy temples, and limbs scarcely able to support him, the Sultan staggered to the door, and came out amongst his waiting attendants with face and bearing which revealed to every eye that the Gusi Jar had either wailed or spoken.

Within an hour palace and town knew something more or less indefinite of the miracle; and Makota, who suddenly appeared amongst guards, slaves and chattering idlers in the very heart of the imperial residence, without any one knowing how he had got there, proclaimed in a loud voice, that he must have private audience immediately with Iang de per Tuam.

The presumptuous clamor with which this demand was made found no one bold enough to offer any immediate answer, until a richly-attired Pangeran stepped out from the adjacent curtained portal of the surow, or audience-room, and angrily approached the intruder.

“What means, Makota, such conduct as this, almost in the presence of his Sublime Highness? Do you dare to bring your treason here, again, when Usop no longer lives to save you with his renegade Kadiens?”

“You are a boy, Budrudeen!” retorted Makota, contemptuously. Then, as upon second-thought: “But you have eyes to see; and see you shall, how a wronged man dares to come back to the Sublime Master whose face has been set against him by the lies of the Christian dogs and false Malays, Look!”

He pointed, with a lean brown forefinger, through a window in the ante-chamber commanding a view of the hill-slopes behind the palace; and the young prince and others, involuntarily gazing thither, beheld,

to their astonishment, that the green heights were swarming with wild figures in the full warlike array of Illanaon Dyaks.

"Infamous traitor !" exclaimed Budrudeen, tearing his kris from its scabbard, with an obvious intention to throw himself bodily upon the darkly smiling outlaw. "Why do you prevent me, brothers ?" he protested, struggling with the Pangerans who had grasped his arms. "Do you not see that he has brought his sea-robbers to the very doors of the Sultan, while we have been sleeping ? Will no one dare to strike down the audacious rebel ?"

"You are a boy, Budrudeen !" repeated Makota, coolly indifferent alike to the kris and the denunciation. "You should have kept your loyal Kadiens on the hills, instead of guarding their prahus, if Bruni was to give no welcome to my brave Illanaons, who needed not come here with sumpitans and shields before the sirani harbored in Sarāwak."

"Seize him !" cried Budrudeen to some of the steel-corseletted body-guard, who were now wonderingly and not very boldly at hand.

"Follow me, all of you, to the presence of our lord, the Sultan," was the answering command of the arch-plotter ; who forthwith strode composedly through the shrinking ranks of guards and courtiers into the surow ; even his exasperated, young enemy being constrained to silent acquiescence by the decisive movement.

Already it had become known in the chamber of audience that palace and town were suddenly beset by Illanaons, who had come over the mountains by night, and every one in authority was nerveless to suggest any effective measure of defence. When the lawless leader of this summary invasion bowed himself, with aspect of loyal humility, before the musnud, all was in

confusion about the Sultan, and that hapless potentate could only stare around him in pitiable alarm.

"Let not our Lord who Rules be troubled because of what he sees and hears," said Makota, with a specious air of deferential reassurance. "While his Pangerans talked foolishness with their women, or hunted turtles' eggs in their pleasure-prahus; trusting to the war-ships of the Sarāwak sirani to defend the musnud; Makota has gathered true warriors to the standard of the Prophet, and brings them here to guard more securely their sublime Sultan, whose slaves they are."

While yet the impotent representative of Borneon sovereignty was hesitating for an answer to this enigmatical address, there moved forward from the cowed group of princes and officers around the imperial divan a short, gravely visaged middle-aged man, whose turban and jacket bore the golden ornaments of high rank.

"Do the loyal subjects of His Sublime Highness enter Bruni like thieves in the night?" asked this personage, sternly regarding the rebellious Pangeran. "The Sultan wants no protection from such as you; and I, as his Bandhara, command you to dismiss these sea-robbers at once, or stand accused as an enemy."

"Had I come as an enemy, Muda Hassim, would not Bruni now be mine?" was the taunting reply. "Where are your loyal Kadiens, who were lately so brave against Usop, when the sirani's ships were here? In the forts? As well might they be on Pulo Labuan. In their prahus? Illanaon warriors know the paths of the hills as well as the tides of the river."

"Then let them know that there is a ship of the sirani now at Pulo Combong," exclaimed Budrudeen, impetuously, "and one of my sampans can summon it hither in an hour!"

"That would be too late, Pangeran," said Makota, with ominous confidence. In fact, the apparently fearless calmness of the traitor in a scene where nearly all the other participants were supposably his deadly foes, must have been surprising to those who were not aware that he was in secret collusion with no less a familiar of the palace than Mohammed, the Keeper of the Sacred Jars, and had partisans covertly distributed around the musnud itself.

"*Lang de per Tuam*, it is with your sublime Highness, and not with the friends of the Sarāwak sirani, that I have business," continued Makota, inclining his head again at the speechless Sultan's feet. "I come to you, as a misjudged and wronged Malay prince, for your sublime permission that I may pursue the Dyak dogs who have wiled away a woman of my harem and covered me with dishonor. With my warriors I might have gone to Pa Jenna's village without coming first to Bruni; but I am a Prince of Borneo; your sublime Highness's loyal subject, whatever the usurping sirani and his minions may say; and I come to you humbly, with an army as my offering, and ask, only, that, with a few prahus, I may go to seek what is my own."

"He speaks well," muttered the Sultan, finding power of speech at last and glancing at Muda Hassim.

"He speaks falsely, your sublime Highness—it is but a traitor's pretence!" broke in Budrudeen once more. "His Illanaons hold the hills, and we are in his power, if a sampan is not instantly sent to call Tuan Besar's ship from Pulo Combong."

"Tuan Besar!" echoed Makota, with a wicked glitter in his snake eyes. "You are brave, Pangeran, because you wear upon your hand the charmed ring of the sirani's Rajah."

"Ring!" ejaculated the Sultan, excitedly remember-



ing the words of the Gusi geni. "What ring is that, Budrudeen?"

"It was given to me by Tuan Brooke, your sublime Highness, on the day of Usop's battle with the ships."

"Give it to me!" exclaimed the Sultan, his voice trembling with eagerness and a hand childishly outstretched.

"I can not—I dare not, Iang de per Tuam," returned the young Pangeran, shrinking in surprised dismay at the unexpected command; "I have sworn by Allah that it shall not leave my hand in life."

"It is a talisman of the sirani, and keeps its possessor in safety," sneered the cunning rebel-chief, well knowing what the Gusi Jar had spoken.

"It is mine!" screamed the superstitious imbecile of the musnud, now half-distracted at the idea of being refused what his ignorant fancy recognized as the talisman of his own safety. "Seize him, guards, and tear it from his hand!"

In a moment the whole audience-chamber was in commotion. White-turbaned body-guards, with their spears, made a tardy movement towards the astounded wearer of the ring; while Muda Hassim, waving them off and appealing passionately to the Sultan for a farther hearing of the matter, interposed between his brother and themselves.

"Seize the traitor!" Makota shouted, repeating the order of which he had so lately been himself the subject, and springing forward with drawn kris.

As though his words had been a signal previously agreed upon, a number of hitherto quiet figures in the surow displayed their weapons at the sound, and crowded upon Muda Hassim and Budrudeen with menacing gestures. Through either fear or treachery the guards of the Sultan seemed paralyzed, and there would have been bloodshed on the spot had not a group

of Pangerans who were in sympathy with the Bandhara and his gallant brother, gathered about the two devoted men, and hurried them backward from the surow into the anteroom, where their nakodahs were in waiting.

Makota's characteristic conspiracy to bring destruction upon the English party in the Borneon capital was now in full tide of accomplishment. By the wiliest, and, at the same time, boldest of machinations, the weak-minded Ruler of Bruni had been brought to a violent open rupture with the favorite brother of his chief minister and rightful successor; and the arch-conspirator had also prepared his means to take instant and merciless advantage of this breach. It was his policy to pretend loyalty to the musnud throughout his whole career of outlawry; always asserting that his apparent seditions were really in behalf of a sovereign temporarily deceived and betrayed by the English and their corrupted Malay allies. On this occasion, while practically master of the city, the pretext was that Muda Hassim and his party were purposely leaving Bruni unguarded to any foreign ship that might arrive—perhaps even to *H. M. S. Hazard*, now at anchor off the island of Combong, down the river—and that only a native force, brought thither as he had brought one, could avert the final extinction of Mussulman rule in Borneo Proper.

Budrudeen, the Bandhara, and their friends and followers, bewildered at first by the fatuous imperial wrath and overpowering hostile demonstration so suddenly precipitated upon them, no sooner reached the outside of the palace than they realized that they must fight for their lives. Not only was the building surrounded by the Illanaons, but in the watery streets of the town below, and on the river, war-prahus from the

Sarebas and Sakarran could be discerned, crowded with the semi-nude freebooters of Shereef Sahib. Rajah Brooke was far away in Sarāwak, unconscious of the peril of his friends. The victims were taken in a trap.

With one accord, Muda Hassim, Budrudeen, and their little band of brother-Pangerans and nakodahs, drew their krisses and, without heeding the swarm of murderous enemies following them from the disordered palace, charged headlong upon the Illanaons obstructing their way down the slope to the Sultan's wharf. Their desperate hope was, to reach boats by which they might essay an escape down the river, with a chance for some of them, at least, to gain the protection of the English vessel. Makota, leading on a swiftly increasing horde of pursuers, detected this purpose at a glance, and, when his destined prey were fairly at the water's edge, surrounded them anew with his own immediate followers. The Bandhara had even set foot in a sampan, when half a score of the assassins overtook him, and plunged their krisses into his heaving breast.

Budrudeen, fighting like a lion, and wounded in many places, heard the death-cry of Muda Hassim without power to save. Several faithful Pangerans and nakodahs had fallen around him; rescue could come from no quarter: longer to accept the heroic sacrifice of this handful of gallant friends would but insure their slaughter in a hopeless cause. For a moment the impetuous assaults of his frenzied defenders had opened a way through the foes clustered above them on the acclivity, and, without a word to explain his purpose, he suddenly bounded singly into this gap and went climbing backward in his own track, as though to regain the palace. So quick and unexpected was the movement, that friend and enemy, alike, stood transfixed in hesitation,

until, by a sharp turn across the face of the ascent, the fugitive betrayed his intention.

"He flies to his house!" shouted Makota, furious at the momentary diversion: "After him, my friends!"

The savage rabble, without discipline or organization, but leaping and howling like so many wolves towards any given point where the scent of the doomed lay freshest, took up the pursuit with increased ferocity at this incitement, and swarmed up the hillside to intercept the fleet runner.

But in the surprise momentarily arresting their attack, Budrudeen had gained a start enabling him to reach the hill upon which stood his mansion, before kris, spear, or sumpitan of the nearest pursuer was within wounding distance. Another moment saw him within the armed stockade of his last refuge; and, with the cries of the Illanaons ringing in his ears, a bleeding, reeling martyr at bay in his own house.

Never bold to attack even the simplest fortifications in daylight, or by land, the hordes of the sea-robbers halted at some little distance from the stockade, through which the muzzles of a number of small brass guns protruded. The hunted Pangeran knew that they must soon become aware of what he had himself detected in his first, despairing glance, that the fated house was deserted by all who should have remained for their master's defence. Martial retainers, and slaves and women—all alike had fled at the earliest, quickly-spreading rumor of the strange, wild scene in the imperial surow;—all save one woman, and a Malay boy who would not leave her.

"Inda!—Japper!" exclaimed Budrudeen, recognizing these two, as they fell at his feet with protestations of devotion; "why have you waited here?"

"To fight for you; to die with you!" was the quick

reply of the kneeling Dyak girl, grasping one of his hands and pressing it to her forehead.

"This must not be, star of my life," returned the wounded prince, speaking hurriedly through his labored breathing. "Japper, as you love me, I charge you to take her the way the others have gone—into the hills—before these dogs outside have grown brave enough to surround us. The way behind the house is yet open," he continued, moving painfully towards a window looking upon the mountains.

"Come with us, Pangeran," entreated the boy.

"I will not go," said Inda, quietly.

"It is my command, beloved of my soul!" insisted Budrudeen, with a passionate wave of his arms; tumultuous cries from without proclaiming that his savage hunters were discovering that his stockade was unmanned. "A moment—help me here, Japper," he added, in a shrill voice, grasping at one of several casks ranged near a wall, and rolling it to the center of the room. "Quick!—bring another hither!"

The youth mechanically obeyed; Inda looking on unmoved; and with the celerity of desperation their master beat in the head of the first cask, with a heavy sword he had grasped from a table, and poured the gunpowder from it around the second. This act accomplished, Budrudeen tore from a finger of his right hand the signet-ring that had been used so treacherously for his downfall, and thrust it into Japper's passive grasp.

"When it is night, take a canoe and go to the English ship at Pulo Combong—you and Inda," he said, vehemently. "Tell the Tuans of the ship what has happened to-day, and beg them to carry you with the tidings to Kuchin. Give this ring to the Rajah of Sarāwak, and say to him that Budrudeen, like Muda Hassim, has died, his friend, and the friend of his Queen."

Weakened as he was by exhaustion, excitement and wounds, the speaker had scarcely panted the last word, before, with a swift rush, he half-encircled both the boy and the woman in either arm, and was forcing them irresistibly through a doorway leading to the veranda behind the house. Japper he hurled bodily over the railing of the latter into the jungle beyond, and was gently, but resolutely, releasing himself from the frantic hold of the imploring Inda, when an outburst of triumphant yells from the front made him throw off the clinging hands as though they had been a child's, and bound back into the building with a last, defiant cry. In an instant his fire-kindling *besi-api* was sparkling over the powder; and even as an agonized shriek sounded at his elbow, and a host of fierce, yellow-faced barbarians at last poured in through the door and casements in front, the funeral pyre of Budrudeen and Inda was lighted in earthquake and thunder.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### UNWONTED GUESTS IN THE VILLAGE.

WHEN Doctor Hedland, pausing in Kuchin, on his way to Singapore, urgently invited the Effingham family to visit his Dyak village before their departure from the East Indies, he was simply yielding therein to the sway of a rapidly augmenting impulse of propitiatory kindness for the whole human race. It would have puzzled himself to analyze the process of the change in his disposition as a social being since the last interview with Makota, when that tortuous barba-

rian's confession of his deception as to the mias, and final relinquishment of all farther friendly pretension, had impelled him to accept the first opportunity for a reconciliation with Rajah Brooke, and even find a certain contradictory comfort in being ostentatiously apologetic to representatives of a nationality for which he had previously entertained the most intolerant dislike. This first extravagant reaction of a naturally domineering spirit, was now being supplemented, after Medlani's revelation, by a kind of indiscriminate and deprecating good-will for all mankind. Profound intellectual humiliation was unquestionably the basis of the change. His elaborate and startling theory of the origin of the human species, deduced from a supposedly convincing ethnological discovery, and maintained to the last extreme of supercilious arrogance, had collapsed pitifully and utterly under the punctures of a few local facts which any ordinary mind might have traced, or suspected, long ago. This was enough to account for the really ingenuous naturalist's first rather dazing paroxysm of intellectual self-contempt, and consequent impatience of any farther pretence of pride with his previously somewhat contemned fellow-creatures; but now, in his latest condition of positively generous urbanity, he realized, without stopping to reason why, that if he was immeasurably a meeker man than before, there had come, also, with the humility, a curious, an indescribable, a subtle feeling of mental and spiritual disenthralment, so luxuriously pleasant in the experience as to surcharge his general nature with the utmost complacency for everybody.

It was in this state of amiable exaltation that the Doctor said to Mr. and Mrs. Effingham: "You and your family must surely be my guests, for one night

at least, in Pa Jenna's village, before you leave Borneo. Having been courageous enough to come as a household to a savage spot of the world so little known, the ladies are in duty bound not to miss seeing how the Borneon aborigines live in mid-air. The distance from here is insignificant ; our villagers have attained sufficient civilization in manners and dress to be not impracticable neighbors for a short time ; and my own semi-detached house is so exceptionally arranged, with easy ladders from story to story, that ladies may ascend to the village without difficulty. I can appropriate two cottages, in the vicinity of my own, to your exclusive use ; putting a bamboo railing across the public veranda on either side of them to assure your greater privacy. It may be well for you to bring your cook, and two or three other servants, as my Dyaks are but barbarous table-livers yet. That you can easily do, and, with such attendance, you need undergo no particular hardships."

Mr. Effingham, having already been a visitor to the lofty human nest thus commended, and remembering the decorous orderliness of its every aspect, saw no strong reason why he should not accept, for his so soon emigrating family-party, this hospitable invitation to the most interesting of parting calls. Dr. Hedland's wholly unexpected and peculiar courtesy in the matter was characteristic of the oddest of mortals ; but as it was obviously proffered in perfect good faith, and afforded the ladies a chance to enjoy a rarely picturesque spectacle, never before looked upon by civilized members of their sex, the indulgent husband and father promptly decided to avail himself of it.

"The temptation is too great to be resisted, Doctor," he replied, after but brief deliberation, "and we shall be most happy to try the adventure suggested by your kindness as our final experience of Borneo. Perhaps,



as I am informed that you think of leaving the island very soon yourself, we might induce you to accept passage with us in our brig to Singapore?"

"Kindly thought of, Mr. Effingham: it would be vastly agreeable for me to accede to that idea at once; but the exploration of a mountain cave in my neighborhood, that I have been lately induced to undertake, may make the time of my departure quite uncertain. I thank you, however, for your very polite intention, and also for your acceptance of my own invitation. Mrs. Effingham, I shall really deem it an enviable honor to be the first European welcoming ladies to a genuine Dyak village of Borneo."

Thus, while the unique adventure was decided upon, the exact date for its accomplishment went undesignated; and this was eminently characteristic of an exotic manner of life in which both parties to the friendly engagement had unconsciously lost all methodical habit of taking account of time.

Several weeks elapsed before Mr. Effingham's affairs in Kuchin were so conclusively ordered that he felt justified in having the brig *Wettevreden* made ready for Singapore. Then, as the vessel was too large to go all the way to the village, and, if employed, would necessitate a supplementary transportation of the visitors in small boats, he determined to engage for the latter trip, instead, a fine trading-prahu from Celebes, at that time awaiting a cargo in the river.

Embarked for the excursion on this rude, but thoroughly stanch and indolently comfortable craft, the family were accompanied by Berner, Ambrose, the Chinese cook and a lower servant of the same nationality. In due observance of the warning as to Dyak barbarism of fare, various suitable appointments and provisions for kitchen and table were likewise carried, and Mr.

Effingham bore with him a fowling-piece for the benefit of such game as might prove incidental to the trip. At the bow of the prahu a brass swivel gun was mounted, and two small iron carronades stood on either side of the deck ; but these were only the common armament of any Archipelago coaster. Not a dream could there be of peril for peaceful voyagers in the Sarāwak valley of these days ; so absolutely established was the authority of the great Rajah, and so thoroughly had it overawed all exterior marauders from venturing into a river once haunted by their piratical fleets.

Under the broad, peaked awning of plaited rattan, upon ship-chairs from the *Wettevreden*, sat husband and wife, daughter and Cousin Sadie ; the ladies in brown linen dresses and hats of straw, suitable to the climate and occasion ; the gentleman in the same half-soldierly, half miner-like costume he had worn on his Simunjon expedition. At the bow, Berner, Ambrose and their subordinates watched the hoisting of the large, triangular sail of the prahu ; Master Cherubino standing near them, with arms akimbo, staring at the bronzed Bugis captain with an intensity calculated to make even that rude mariner miserably conscious of any aspect of his person or dress that might conceivably challenge unfavorable criticism.

"There is a ship of war coming in," remarked the American merchant, indicating a point of view down the river, some distance beyond the Rajah's wharf, where a full-rigged vessel could be discerned approaching. "I heard at 'The Grove' that a frigate and gun-boat might be here from Singapore to-night ; but this is probably an unexpected arrival."

"It is hard to realize that we, ourselves, shall be so soon starting down this river for our old, outer world again," said his wife, looking with more interest at their

own brig, anchored not far away. "The months we have passed here seem longer when looked back upon than they did in being lived. Shall we remain long at Singapore, Richard?"

"Probably not over two days, my dear. After I have finished my business with Mr. Dodge we may go at once on board the *Comanche*. Our life here has been quite an ideal one; but is such an existence living, after all? We are out of the human life of the civilized world, and do not enter into that of the native barbarism here. It is a comparatively passive transitional condition for us, and will appear to all like a dream when it shall be over."

But, as the desultory conversation of the short journey now beginning was not essential to the elucidation of our story, and the general character of Sarāwak river-scenery has been sufficiently exhibited in earlier chapters, they need not be repeated nor dwelt upon here.

The half-day's voyage was a tranquil, languorous gliding on through that historical valley, the shadows of whose flanking chains of forest-clad hills met under the prahu and gave an almost black relief to the snowy ripple of the prow. No other hues met the sight, on either side, than the varying emeralds of an eternity of Tropical foliage; from the opaque low growths with unknown mountain depths behind them, to the transparent and delicately dwarfed leafage of the high, retiring crests against the untinted sky. Flowers bloomed not visibly on bank nor in palm-openings; no flutter of bird's wing lightened the afternoon dusk of the jungled shore's unbroken embowerment; and yet, between the dun and yellow tinges of the noiseless prahu itself, the soft, bluish darkness of the stream, the graded verdures of the hills, and the dull red of a sun bound rayless in a firmament of pearly vapor, there was a Senti-

ment, as it were, of sensuous color, to which an artistic ideal of any inner Sunland would have added neither glow of rose nor gleam of water-lily.

At Leda Tanah both sail and mast were lowered, and long oars plashed in the tide, as the prahu turned into the left branch of the river there, and entered the narrowing archway of Nypas leading to the village. In the cool, green dimness of the pillared shade now so closely about them, the voyagers began to see strange birds among the boughs, and an occasional gaunt Dyak dog, and even wild hogs, in the waterside jungle; the delight of the small-boy of the party at view of the half-starved canine mongrels being expressed in such salutatory irrepressible whistles, as are the eternal delusion and despair of creatures of their credulous species, in lands where masculine immaturity is refined to the last ingenuity of embittering their natural trustfulness into ultimate hydrophobic frenzy at the very sight of a lad's toothsome leg.

When the boat, in its now slow progress, had arrived within a short distance of the point where it should emerge below the village, Doctor Hedland and another European figure were seen, apparently in waiting, upon a place on the bank where the latter sloped gradually to the tide and presented an opening between the trees.

"Welcome, at last, to you all!" shouted the naturalist, heartily; at the same time making a motion for the prahu to stop there. His companion, lifting his hat and bowing, was discovered to be Colonel Daryl.

The mooring occupied so little time, that some of the visitors had scarcely recovered from their first surprise at recognizing the Doctor's companion when the latter and their host climbed on board and offered their congratulations.

"We selected this for your landing-place, ladies," explained Hedland, whose whole manner was fairly bouyant; "because the one with which Mr. Effingham is familiar, has—as he probably remembers—a bluff to be scaled by ladders before you are even at the foot of our tall village. You must be resigned to a little hard uphill walking, as it will save you all ladder-climbing except what I trust you will find not very difficult."

"It must appear to you, Mrs. Effingham, that you are never to see the last of me," remarked the Colonel to that lady, in a half laughing, half apologetic way.

"The pleasure of meeting you here, sir, was certainly unexpected by us," she replied, not seeming to notice, or, at any rate, not imitating, the cold reserve with which her daughter had received his greeting.

"I am here upon peremptory personal summons of our friend, Hedland," continued the Colonel, "who thinks that he has actually discovered, in the most curious manner, a clue to the fate of that unfortunate being in whose profitless pursuit I have passed so much time in Borneo."

"And he is yet a skeptic on that point, madame," struck in the Doctor, overhearing the conversation. "Wait until to-morrow evening, after we have made a little excursion together, and then hear what he may have to say!"

Only so much explanation of Daryl's presence was practicable before the business of landing the party monopolized all attention. It was found that the movable prahu ladders leading from the deck to the hold, would reach easily, and at a convenient angle, from the deck to the shore; consequently no very awkward incident attended the disembarkation. With assistance from the gentlemen, rather formal than actually necessary, the ladies descended in the undemonstrative style

of experienced travelers. Then their host, with Mrs. Effingham under his special care ; the Colonel, calmly stepping into the position of escort to the obviously reluctant Abretta ; Mr. Effingham lending an arm to Miss Ankeröo, and Cherubino following with the servants ; formed a little procession to accomplish the short remaining journey.

The course of the latter was nearly parallel with the water, though in gradual ascent of the hillside across which it ran. A path, cut through the jungle for the purpose, led between the green walls of a slightly undulatory Tropical hedge, as it could be called, from the moorage of the prahu to a level with the piled foundation of the village, and the fairer members of the party had no more difficulty in treading it than if their walk had been a leisurely ramble between bushes and under trees on the sloping riverside grounds of a Christian estate. That there should be no annoyance from popular curiosity, the considerate naturalist had requested Pa Jenna to keep all his Dyaks strictly out of sight during the brief overland passage ; and, as a consequence, even the somewhat disappointed Cherub beheld no savage human reminder of the absence of civilization.

Nevertheless, strangeness enough there was in the experience to repress feminine personality of conversation, until, after a naturally wondering view of the iron-wood colonnade uprearing the community of their destination, the adventurous guests duly scaled the interval of laddered storeys in Doctor Hedland's house, and emerged, rather tired, through the trap in the topmost floor.

"Once more, welcome, my friends," said the Doctor, when, at last, they all stood safely in the room memorable for the lecture on Oshonsee. Mr. Effingham glanced about him in search of the famous ape ; and Cherubino,

bold with the engaging unreserve of his tender years, made prompt inquiry :

"If you please, sir, where's the monkey that you say is like Father and me and other men?"

Before the parental impulse to rebuke this infantile presumption could find words to express itself, Hedland made answer with noticeable alacrity—as though rather gratified at the opportunity :

"To be sure, my young friend—where is he? Such curiosity is very natural. Just now the object of your inquiry is rusticating in a new retreat of mine amongst the hills, a little further up the river; but Colonel Daryl and I may bring him back with us from our excursion to-morrow."

Although ostensibly addressed to the inquisitive youth, this explanation of a notable absence was plainly intended for the timely information of all who might feel an interest in the matter.

"And now, if you please," continued the smiling Doctor, making the invitation general, "we will see how you ladies can walk a Dyak bridge. You must see what kind of houses I have obtained for you."

As before described, the "batang," or bridge, connecting this house with the great common gallery, or open veranda, of the village, was shaped liked an inverted triangle, a single bamboo pole giving the footing, whence rattan lashings slanted up on either side to a handrail of the same gigantic reed. Over this swaying structure, as it was not long, the ladies followed their masculine conductors without serious disturbance of nerve; and were introduced upon the veranda to Pa Jenna, who, with a select company of the elders of the village, male and female, had there waited to offer homage and hospital professions to their beloved Tuan's marvelous friends.

Thus was inducted to a Dyak eyrie the first Christian family ever penetrating into the Dyak country southward of Bruni.\* It is unnecessary to dilate again upon the remarkable spectacle of the village-street in mid-air; with tree-tops to be touched from the bamboo railings in front, and the hill summit, jungled and palmed, rising protectively behind. In prospect of such unwonted visitors the whole half-civilized community had been disciplined into an at least temporary system of manners and dress with which the most sensitive strangers from Christendom could not reasonably have found fault. In making a round of the village with their host, his friend, the Orang-Kaya, and the native elders before mentioned, our Americans were able to study the simple domestic genius of the place, as well as its public curiosities (excepting, of course, the interior of the "head-house") without being either dogged or stared at by the usual popular following of visiting Christians in barbarous settlements.

Returning finally to the two houses assigned for their occupancy; both of them at Dr. Hedland's corner of the mighty veranda and made as commodious as was practicable by generous appropriation of nearly all the Doctor's own furniture in addition to that brought by the prahu; the party found the promised social privacy in temporary partitions of bamboo rails and mats across the public way on either side of their quarters. An inspiration more than masculine seemed to have guided their benignantly transformed host in his preparations for the utmost domiciliary comfort to be evoked in such an unaccustomed place for the gentler natures of earth; and even Miss Ankeroo

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\* The families of an American and an English missionary had previously lived for a short time in the suburbs of Bruni.



forgot, momentarily, his biological audacities, in contemplating the many obvious signs of his hospitable forethought.

While the Chinese cook, with the inimitable adaptiveness of his ingenious race, was doing wonders towards the composition of a dinner at one of the open-air fireplaces ; and Berner and Ambrose systematized the distribution of things indoors for the night ; Mrs. Effingham and her daughter and cousin, seated on ship's chairs near the veranda railing, enjoyed the novel prospect below and around them, and gradually lapsed from discussion of Dyak architecture and character into the nearer interests and personalities of ordinary talk.

"—And the most surprising thing to me in this surprising place," said Mrs. Effingham to the Doctor, "is to hear what Colonel Daryl has told me of the occasion for his sudden presence here with you. Are you really confident, Doctor Hedland, of being able to trace the history of the long-missing man after his escape from Batavia to this island ?"

"I have traced so much, madame—so very much," returned he, with emphatic earnestness, "that my own astonishment at it grows, I may say, with every hour !"

With a look inviting the adjacent Miss Ankeroo and Mr. Effingham to draw their chairs nearer and heed, also, what he should say, the naturalist bent nearer toward all three, from his own chair, and lowered his voice :—

"Daryl himself does not know all yet ; for I have made my greatest confirmative discovery ; and that at no considerable distance from this very spot ; since returning from Singapore. It is to reveal this to him, with the assistance of peculiar local proof, that I have engaged him to go with me, unquestioningly, to-morrow,

on the excursion I mentioned to you, Madame, this afternoon. The engagement was made, Mr. Effingham, before the coming of your note by canoe this morning, saying that you would be here to-day."

"Our presence must not for a moment deter you from keeping such an appointment to the hour," said that gentleman, with courteous promptness; "otherwise I shall not excuse myself for deferring until so late to warn you of our advent. It was my hope to prevent any too liberal pains on your part for our accommodation—we being all old travelers, and ready to take new places as they are;—but I see that you have fairly revolutionized the village for us, after all."

"Don't mention it, my good sir. There is no limit to my inclination of good-will toward yourself and the ladies," responded Doctor Hedland, with surprising fervor of tone and manner.—"And I must avail myself of your own and your family's considerate indulgence for a few hours to-morrow, indeed. You will, and ought to, think me a rude host for so doing; and Daryl himself is not likely to accede altogether graciously to what I can see that he is half disposed to regard as pursuant of another visionary delusion on my part. But wait until we have come back to you in a few hours, my friends, and then we shall find out whether you yet judge my discourtesy to have been gratuitous, and he holds me yet to be a harebrained hunter of wild geese!"

The suppressed exultation of the speaker had a contagious effect upon his auditors, in stimulating them with an expectation no less lively because widely indefinite. Making every allowance for the philosopher's supposed tendency to be very positive in his deductions of mountainous theory from molehill fact, it was yet the intuition of his present observers that he was now under the inspiration of a conviction practically sub-

stantiated. Evidently he had made a discovery relative to the Daryl family mystery of sufficient importance to revivify the Colonel's exhausted interest in that previously hopeless problem; but the question remained: what had he yet of that discovery in reserve, even from the Colonel himself, to yield any more material fruition than the mere delight of his own mind, in being able to trace the erratic steps of a fugitive madman some distance further than any one else could do?

"We are not to be persuaded into a question of your courtesy, whatever may be the temporary philosophical skepticism of your friend," Mr. Effingham said, smilingly; "and whatsoever gratifying revelation you and the Colonel may have for our sympathetic curiosity to-morrow evening, need be burdened with no apologetic property so far as your guests are concerned. Shall I seem too inquisitive if I ask, whether the discovery you have made is likely to be of practical benefit to Colonel Daryl?"

"The man can't be alive yet, of course," interrupted Miss Ankeroo, half questioningly,

"No, he has been dead for years," the Doctor replied, to the lady first.

"You ask no more, sir, than I should be happy to tell you freely, and at once," he continued, addressing the merchant, "were I certain on that point myself. Daryl, only, can decide that, when he shall have seen what I hope to show him to-morrow; and it is because of the bare possibility of my latest discovery not turning out to be quite all that I am at least morally sanguine it must be, that I do not at once inform him and you of its apparent nature. Were I as positive about any earthly thing now, as I was about everything in the whole universe a few months ago, you would not

find me figuring thus in what I know must appear like a bit of mawkish theatrical mystification."

"Don't discredit yourself in that shockingly prosaic way, Doctor Hedland," remarked Mrs. Effingham, lightly. "A little romantic mystery was the one thing needed to make our adventure in this most picturesque of villages poetically perfect. Keep the charm unbroken for us while you can."

The mother might feel herself thus luxuriously satisfied with the immediate situation of affairs, but it was not so with the daughter. If Abretta's wholesome, elastic young nature could never again be as completely subjective to parental dictation of sentiment and feeling as before, it had bravely thrown off the depression consequent upon its first experience of independent action; and the offended surprise with which the girl beheld the so early reappearance of Colonel Daryl in her particular world, had no morbid quality of romantic injury about it. She was indignant that this uncongenial, overbearing Englishman, who had repaid all their spontaneous and generous courtesy to his nephew and himself with a coldly calculating invidiousness of interpretation almost insulting, should presume, in this abrupt way, to renew the association with her family, even though unforeseen chance compelled them temporarily to be neighbors. His unruffled manner of greeting them all, this afternoon, as though his peculiar farewell to her invincibly amiable mother had never taken place, appeared to Abretta the last extreme of arrogant British assumption, and his special condescension to herself made her every nerve tingle with silent resentment.

The Colonel easily read this feeling in the sparkling and dilated black eyes, the lofty carriage, and constrained taciturnity of his beautiful usurped charge, and was provokingly tranquil in a pretence of deferring

indulgently to what might be construed as merely a passing mood of youthful caprice. His own deep-set greyish-blue eyes twinkled slightly with occasional covert amusement at her studiously monosyllabic replies to his casual remarks and explanations while the walk to and through the village was in progress ; yet, after all, the reigning expression of his countenance was kind, and even singularly gentle. Like his old friend, he seemed to be exceptionally subdued and brightly genialized by some gracious local spell.

"Doctor Hedland shows no sign yet of inviting you and me to share the confidences of his select little party," the Colonel remarked, with a glance towards the group, some twenty feet distant, a portion of whose conversation has been quoted.

Without seeming purpose he had commended his captive to a chair rather out of speaking reach of her kindred and his friend, though in line with them near the verge of the veranda ; and stood beside it, leaning backward against the bamboo railing, in an attitude of easy colloquial accommodation. She had acknowledged his last observation by a momentary wistful look in the direction indicated and the slightest perceptible nod of resigned assent—and he went on :

"You have understood, I presume, Miss Effingham, that I am here upon the sudden call of my oldest living friend, who, without a dream of seeking it, has recovered—or so believes, at least,—our lost clue to the fate of the man who so long ago robbed my nephew and myself of our birthright ?"

His eyes were upon her intently when he mentioned his nephew ; and her own met them at the name with a calm clearness of expression that would have been the perfection of indifference but for the accompanying effortful defiance of delicately pulsing nostrils and constrained lips.

"Yes, Colonel Daryl," were her words of reply to his implied question ; although but the vaguest idea of the Doctor's reason for having such company to meet her parents and herself had hitherto found apprehension in her fluttered thoughts.

"I came in great haste from Singapore ; only two days later than the Doctor himself ; and, being pressed for time, did not go ashore at Kuchin. Otherwise you would have had warning of my presence here ;" and he smiled as he said it. "All the nicer formalities of etiquette, however, must often be foregone in this rude part of the world, or I might feel it obligatory upon myself to apologize for circumstances imposing so much of my society upon a young lady whose favorable regard I seem, unfortunately, to have forfeited."

This would have been cruel, from a man of his years to such a childlike creature, but for the tone of almost fatherly remonstrance in which it was spoken.

"Please do not be critical with my want of tact," said poor Abretta, nearly breaking down at the unexpected challenge to defend her attitude of patriotic—was *that* it ?—hostility. "Mamma astonishes me by the way in which she seems to take it for granted that you wish to talk with nobody but myself ! Please do not allow me to detain you another moment. With such a wonderful scene as this to look upon, I require no attention whatever, sir, I assure you."

Between embarrassment at what she felt to be a kind of persecution inexplicably condoned by her own mother, and a sense of humiliation in being compelled thus to deprecate criticism of her ungraciousness to a gentleman of the Colonel's age and dignity, the innocent girl realized that she had not the worldly experience, yet, to play a haughty part with success.

"My dear Miss Effingham," the Colonel retorted,

gravely earnest, though without apparent cognizance of her temporary agitation, "if I lacked the good taste to appreciate you for your own sake, the fact that you are daughter to a lady whom I respect and admire beyond expression, would make it an honor and a pleasure for me to render you any attention in my power."

"Mamma is good to everybody."—A safe filial truism, and nothing more.

"And would never be otherwise. Her unmeasured kindness to my orphan boy; he coming to her as a passing stranger; the peculiarly delicate consideration shown for his youthful freedom and inexperience by every one in your Borneon home, Miss Effingham has made me, no less than my nephew, a grateful debtor for life. Edwin should be in Kuchin this very night. His ship had reached Singapore, from Chinese waters, before I came away, and was to cruise as far as Sarāwak immediately. I could almost regret that he is not here with us."

Edwin's Uncle was skating on very thin ice in this kind of talk; and to what end he did not, perhaps, realize, himself.

"Will Doctor Hedland's discovery be of any value to Mr. Belmore?" asked Abretta, boldly meeting the unwary turn of the subject, and giving it a generally practical direction.

"So far as the Doctor has chosen to impart the extent of that discovery to me, I infer that it will only carry our desultory search for footprints of the Sam-bas fugitive one stage further on. It is not Doctor Hedland's natural manner to practice mystification in anything; and from his seeming resort to it with myself, in refusing to be more explicit as to what he thinks he has found out, until I shall have made to-morrow's excursion with him, I suspect that he is far from con-

fidant of its ultimate tendency to any practical result. He has certainly ascertained that poor, mad Ruadh went from Sambas up the Simpang-Kira river, skirting around the southeastern boundary of this province of Sarāwak, to the Sadong and Simunjon country north-east from here. The circumstantial evidence on this point, though curiously obtained, appears to be sufficient. But I fancy that my friend now has a theory of Ruadh's presence in Sarāwak itself at some period of his wretched wanderings—possibly in the very mountain cave whither we are to go to-morrow—and hopes that I may be able to recognize some justification of it in what imagined signs of past human habitation he may persuade me to join with him in detecting among the hills."

"Nothing more?" the girl asked; obviously disappointed, and, therefore, as obviously, taking a lively interest in the subject.

"What more could there be, my dear young lady? Nearly two-fifths of a century have passed away since the maniac from the Batavia hospital was traced to savage Sambas, and there totally disappeared. It is now discovered that he penetrated onward into the wilderness of the orang-outan and the wildest of the Dyaks. As he was seen to have an oilskin-wrapped object of some description, when he reached Sambas, openly dangling from his neck by a cord, it is not to be credited that he could carry that object—presumably my grandfather's missing papers—even so far as his unknown grave. Somewhere in the trackless wilderness of Borneo these papers and the hapless wretch who stole them must be buried eternally out of all human sight. Doctor Hedland's recovery of the trail beyond Sambas, even though he may have traced it to this very village, enlists my interest at this time merely



because it is my duty to Edwin Belmore, as well as to myself and my family name, to miss no accessible proof of Ruadh's certain refuge and death in this island. If we can prove the death itself, with any kind of legal identification, our case in chancery may be brought to a conclusion—for, or against, us. Such is the poor sum, Miss Effingham, of my nephew's hereditary prospects, and mine."

The Colonel's unreserved admittance of her to his confidence, in this way, made Abretta forget that she had been so lately principled to keep him at a very chilling distance. When, therefore, Berner presently summoned the whole party from their twilight lingering on the veranda, to dinner by candle-light in the larger of the two cottages, she was as deep in conversation with her recent ideal of presumptuous English arrogance, as were her parents and Cousin Sadie with the regenerated naturalist; and, it having been agreed that one table should serve for all during the short visit, the ensuing quaintly appointed and varied meal ushered in the evening most enjoyably for everybody.

Night's curtain descended upon the village in the air while this gustatory diversion was in progress. From a domestic interior of primitive, barnlike simplicity; fantastically incongruous with the desperately extemporized banquetting-board and its company; the thin, pale light of tapers brought from Kuchin defined, spectrally, on the darkened outer atmosphere, the sagging doorway and the opened flap of the palm-leaved roof. On either side of the partitions across the veranda gathered swarms of villagers for a while; to peer and wonder as sharply as they dared, and hold themselves in readiness to disperse, instantly, should their at present invisible Orang-Kaya appear, to rebuke such covert

transgression of their pledge of abstinence from that vicinity.

Pa Jenna did, indeed, mysteriously disappear from his place and function of immediate magistracy very soon after dusk, and in such seeming haste that no one was deputed by him to restrict the freaks of popular curiosity in his absence. It was hinted privately amongst certain elders of the community, that a runner, secretly dispatched by him, some days before, to Patusen, had come back ; and that, soon after this arrival, the Orang-Kaya summoned four favorite followers and hurriedly descended the ladders with them, as though bent upon an urgent mission. None, however, believed that he would be long away.

It was past midnight, and a starless gloom enveloped river, hillside, and now wholly darkened and sleeping village, when the phantom of a very light canoe, noiselessly paddled by two ghostly shapes, came stealthily to the village landing, from the direction of Songi. Softly laying aside his paddle, and as cautiously lifting a long, spear-like weapon from the bottom of the boat, the foremost human shade placed two fingers across his lips and produced a peculiar, wailing cry, like that of the bird of omen known as the Kushah. Listening intently thereafter, and hearing no response, he seemed to hesitate for a brief interval, and gaze questioningly into the darkness above. Then the cry was repeated over his head ; whereupon, lifting another object from the bottom of the canoe, and placing it under his arm, he waved a sign with his spear-like sumpitan for his speechless companion to follow ashore ; and, in another moment, the two were swiftly and silently climbing the ladders up the steep bank.

At the summit of this preliminary ascent, where the greenly matted ground was nearly flat, for a short

space, before the densely-wooded acclivity of the village began, four other shadowy beings abruptly fell, without warning word or slightest sound, upon the dim pair, and held them pinioned and helpless in the suddenly kindled yellow light of a large lamp of clay borne by a fifth captor.

"Your life is at the point of my kris, Sejulah," said the light-bearer, in a concentrated though low voice, advancing his lamp nearer to the frightened face of the captive with the sumpitan and the object under an arm.

"Who has betrayed me?" quavered the disgraced Dyak; his eyes glaring with the wild openness of brute fear, and his tremulous limbs making no resistance when Pa Jenna's associates quietly took from him his weapon, and a seeming bamboo case about fourteen inches long.

"It is enough for you to know, wretched youth, that I have heard of your visit to Patusen," said the Orang-Kaya, sternly.—"But who is this with you?" he added, moving the glaring lamp towards the cringing second prisoner.

"Only a boy, who knows nothing of my purpose," responded Sejulah; and he continued, with more firmness of tone:—"Whatever you may do with me, Pa Jenna, remember that I have meant no harm to you. Tuan Hedland has put a disgrace upon me forever, and I meant to tell Makota that Amina had fled to Tuan's house."

"Amina fled to me, fool! and is now with my sister, at Kuchin," rejoined Pa Jenna, glowering angrily upon the traitor.

"Take the boy back to the canoe, and let him return whence he came," was his order, after a brief pause. Two of the Dyaks promptly disappeared down the side

of the bluff with the lesser captive; and the Orang-Kaya, handing his lamp to one of the remaining twain, took in exchange the bamboo case before mentioned. From the interior of the latter, with a readiness of movement showing that the use of such an object was not unfamiliar to him, he drew forth a polished spear-head, and held it, fitfully glittering, near the twitching face of Sejulah.

"I had expected this, too!" he muttered, with suppressed fury, "and it shall go to him who will know best how to pay for it."

Expecting instant death, Sejulah bowed his head in despairing nervelessness.

"Stand away from him!" commanded the fierce barbarian chief.

His two followers released the baffled captive, with the same noiseless obedience as before.

"You are the son of my father's brother, Sejulah," said Pa Jenna, slowly; "and as your crime is known to me before it has gone beyond yourself, I give you your miserable life. Go, unworthy Ilanaon! but dare not return to the village. Escape into the mountains while night yet hides your form, and beware that you are further than Gunong Tubbang before Tuan Hedland goes there to-morrow, for I shall tell him of what you would have done. Never show your face again in the village, or upon the river, if you would not have your head hanging in the head-house.

"Give him his sumpitan," he concluded, with a gesture towards the custodian of that weapon.

The recreant Dyak prostrated himself at his kinsman's feet, in token of tribal submission to the sentence pronounced; then hurriedly grasped the mercifully conceded means of self-defence, and darted out of the flickering circle of lamp-light into the outer, trackless

darkness. His flying footsteps gave back no sound ; but the remaining figures stood motionless until sufficient time had elapsed for his withdrawal beyond possible sight or hearing.

Pa Jenna turned his eyes from the spear-head, at last, to the watchful face of the bearer of the lamp, and that shadowy mute extinguished the light.

"Follow me."

At the water's edge the three silhouetted mystics of the disembodied gloom were rejoined by their two fellows ; and the five human outlines of the all-indistinct picture of starless night in the wilderness were presently dim half-figures on a dimmer canoe, in swift and silent flitting towards the lower point of the stream, where lay moored the prahu from Kuchin.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE CAVE GIVES UP ITS SECRET.

IN the morning, after a breakfast of fried fish, sea-biscuit, coffee and fruit : to which the ladies came with an air of not yet being the more at home in their novel place of sojourn from having spent the night amid surroundings as unluxurious as those of strolling players in a rural granary ; Dr. Hedland and the Colonel conducted the others, across a bridge, from the veranda behind the village to the receding hill-top beyond. A brief experience of such clambering amongst tenacious rank vegetation as the gentlest explorers of foreign heights must occasionally essay, brought the party to a sunny little expanse of table-land, where the

object of attraction was a great vine, running in the most graceful undulations over and between shrubs and tree-stumps, for a distance of several yards, and bearing at short intervals exquisitely proportioned natural vases, of vivid green daintily mottled with red.

"'Bretta, my dear, a pitcher-plant!" exclaimed Miss Ankeroo, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of botanical delight.

A chorus of wondering admiration followed, as the family gave minuter attention to this marvel of the Equatorial vegetable kingdom, never seen by them before. Its pitchers, nearly a foot deep, were largest at the base, and then symmetrically narrowed before flaring at the top into two leafy wings, or ears; between which an elastic, green lid came down upon a delicately annulated brim. In each there was a quantity of water, not looking exactly potable.

"This is very different from our pitcher-plants in Virginia and Florida," observed Mr. Effingham.

"And handsomer than the specimens I have seen growing in Ceylon; although there is a red variety, there, of uncommon beauty," said Colonel Daryl.

"Your American pitcher-plants," returned the naturalist, to the merchant, "are of the genus *Sarracenia*, and, excepting, perhaps, a variety lately found in California, will not compare in extent and splendor with our East Indian *nepenthes* family. The Australian water-plant's pitchers, curiously elaborate in details, are not more than a quarter the size of these before us. Botanists will tell you that plants of this species can thrive only in bogs and swamps; yet here you see one flourishing on a hilltop, and I have found the *nepenthes* on every mountain known to me in Borneo, from the thirteen thousand feet altitude of Mount Keeni Baloo, above Bruni, to Santobong and the heights around us here."

"There appear to be dead insects in the water of some of these pitchers," said Mrs. Effingham.

"Drowned there, madame, as they might have been in a tumbler of the same fluid," explained the Doctor.

"And there you see a basis of many of the pleasing fables of science about insectivorous, or carnivorous, plants, which are supposed to set traps for unwary flying and creeping mites, and then assimilate them."

"But are those fables, sir?" inquired Miss Ankeroo, in a surprised tone.

"My own investigations have never brought me one positive proof of their truth," was the answer, in quite the old, dogmatic style of the speaker. "In the pitcher-shaped, or trumpet-shaped, *ascidia* of the *Sarraceniaceæ*, or the *nepenthes*, dead insects are discovered, as you see them here; near the brims of some *Sarracenia* a secretion like honey is found; and whether attracted by the water, or the honey; be the pitcher lidded, as in the *nepenthes Rafflesiana* at our feet, or open, like the Venezuelan *Heliamphora*; it is assumed that the deluded insects are artfully tempted in, or fatuously press their way in, and so furnish fleshy sustenance to the treacherous plant. Practically, the whole scientific deduction is from no stronger proof-positive than you now behold in the drowned flies of these pitchers here."

"Hedland, you talk very curiously, of late, about Science, for a scientist," remarked the Colonel, with a short laugh.

"I've suffered something, myself, I believe, for taking her to be infallible," responded the naturalist, with a queer glance at his friend. "Were I a controversial theologian, my first point against Scientific Materialism would be, that while it cants so glibly about the puerile folly of taking any account in reasoning of

the 'Unknowable' and 'Unthinkable,' it assumes just as much of the arbitrarily inferential, and insists quite as much upon a blind faith in existences and processes never yet found practically demonstrable to unprejudiced thought, as the system of spiritual intuition that it chiefly combats. I know this much from my own experience, although never realizing it until within the last month."

To all but Colonel Daryl this speech sounded like one of the frequent irritable perversities of a man born a chronic Oppositionist; and even to the Colonel it had a sound of capricious extravagance beyond reasonable warrant of what he privately knew of the speaker's later scientific disconcertion.

For the purpose of breaking the awkward silence ensuing, as the party turned to retrace their steps to the village, Mr. Effingham observed that the flattened summit they were leaving would afford an admirable retreat for the villagers, in case of a sudden warlike attack upon their homes below. The remark led to an interesting dissertation upon the customs of Dyak warfare by Hedland, who quickly regained his former unprofessional affability; and the little botanical excursion presently ended in a return to the cottages.

It was an hour past noon before the uneasy consciences of the two men destined for the apparently very selfish adventure of the Cave would allow them to desert their American friends. When the time of departure could no longer be judiciously delayed, not only Daryl and the Effinghams, but also a throng of observing villagers, were surprised to see Hedland lead the way, riverward, down the toilsome vertical ladders from the veranda, after his two appointed Dyak boatmen, instead of making the usual commodious descent through his own house.



"Is this special athletic exercise intended for the entertainment of the ladies?" queried the Colonel, as they touched ground at the foot of the colonnade of piles.

"The ladders are removed from my house until our return—which we must make as early as possible," the Doctor said, hurrying down the short flight to the water, where a light canoe with an awning awaited them. He evinced no disposition to be more explicit until the paddle-wielder at either elevated end of the boat had taken his signal to push off from the shore. Then—

"I have been rather troubled ever since we came back from botanizing, Daryl, by the discovery of two disappearances for which I can not at all account. In the first place, Pa Jenna, whom I had charged to keep the village upon its best behavior during the visit of our fair friends, and whose presence there in our absence was to be my chief reassurance in leaving the place this afternoon, has not been seen here since last night, when a runner that he had sent out to track a missing kinsman, is said to have brought him a message. In the second place—and this circumstance is far the stranger—Mr. Effingham's Bugis prahu is gone, without a sign, from her mooring down the river."

"That is, indeed, extraordinary," commented the veteran soldier, his countenance and inflection betraying surprise and some anxiety. "Does Mr. Effingham know it?"

"Not from me. I said nothing to him on the subject, because the Bugis rayah may merely have gone to an anchorage at Leda Tanah, from fear of the prahu's grounding at ebb tide. There was no time for me to ascertain whether that is so, or not."

"It must be so," said the Colonel, with an air of

relief. "There is not much doubt that the boat will reappear at the right place tomorrow morning, when the family are ready for their return. Your thrifty Bugis is not likely to run away from a liberal paymaster."

"Probably you are right," assented the Doctor, nodding thoughtfully; "but I can't understand Pa Jenna's conduct. This is the first time in more than a year that he has absented himself from the village overnight without some notice to me. However, there can be no uninvited access to the place through *my* house, now, and we may be back there, ourselves, before dark."

"Uninvited access?" echoed Colonel Daryl, astounded. "Who on earth should attempt that sort of business here, in these days, Lawrence? I have supposed your village to be as free from every imaginable outside danger as any hamlet in the heart of England; now that the whole province seems so devotedly loyal to Brooke. From your tone of misgiving one might fancy that we are guilty of something much more serious than a breach of politeness, in leaving strangers alone on that monstrous perch, even for a few hours only."

"If Amina, the runaway Dyak wife of Makota, had remained in the village, I should have misgivings, indeed," responded the naturalist, his brow clearing; "the girl's flight, under a man's protection, was such a stinging dishonor for the savage Malay prince, that he might have been expected to adopt any treacherous or desperate means for her recapture, if she had finally harbored anywhere else than under the invincible Rajah's own wing at Kuchin. Possibly Pa Jenna's runner brought him word of some scheme on foot for the girl's abduction, even from Kuchin itself, and he may have felt compelled to go there on the instant."

"I am sorry that we did not delay this private expe-

dition of ours until after the Americans were gone," muttered Daryl, shaking his head doubtfully.

"That is a reflection upon my chivalry, for which I shall expect an apology before the day is over," rejoined Hedland, with a jaunty air of fully recovered confidence. "You persist in regarding this same expedition, as you call it, Will, in the light of an undertaking to be shifted about from day to day, like a Thames punting frolic. Am I the kind of man to drag you summarily from your Singapore dress-parades into these lonely mountains, and leave my own invited guests so uncereemoniously on the only afternoon of their visit, for the sake of a matter of no immediate moment?"

"I don't know," said his companion, stubbornly; "you have been such a paradoxical being to everybody since the time of Edwin's sickness at 'The Grove,' that I should not be surprised at any freak of yours now. We are old friends, and I may as well speak plainly."

"Well, I've only convinced your own sagacity of my farther solution of a mystery of possibly great importance to you, though you, yourself, had given it up as thoroughly hopeless; and now I am conducting you to make a personal test that, whether it justifies your pains, or not, must exhibit myself to you, conclusively, as something scarcely more dignified than an arrant charlatan of 'Science.'"

"And you reiterate this to me in the tone of a good joke!" Daryl exclaimed, staring as though doubtful of his own apprehension. "Have you established the Ape in this cave of yours as a fortune-teller; and do you experience rational misgivings as to my likelihood of being satisfactorily impressed with his occult power of assisting us to divine the fate of Ruadh? Upon my word, Larry, to those who do not know you as well as

the Rajah and I—our American friends, for example—your changes of manner must seem like the vagaries of veritable mental disease !”

“Oshonsee might not be wholly impracticable as a solver of some mysteries,” responded Doctor Hedland, taking his friend’s fretfulness with aggravating composure. “As for the variations of mood upon which you so graciously congratulate me—I should like to know by what standard of rational consistency that fine girl and her high-bred mother judge your latest very friendly assiduity for their entertainment, after such Macchiavellian diplomacy on your part, between the family and young Belmore, of which they appear to have more than an inkling at ‘The Grove’ ?”

“Your retort is both fair and unfair,” said Colonel Daryl, discomfited for the moment by this unexpected *tu quoque*, *Brute*, of the philosopher. “It would be useless for me to deny, that I find it simply impossible to maintain any dignified consciousness of my own rights and wrongs in the society of a woman so subtly subduing as Mrs. Effingham. And I find, too, that her daughter has a certain ingenuous fascination for me. You are fair in charging that I show little consistency to these ladies ; but you are also unfair, inasmuch as my ultimate discouragement of my nephew’s partiality in that quarter, was especially precipitated by your own emphatically expressed opinion of a certain trait in the character of the head of the family.”

“I said he was the proudest of men—as thorough an aristocrat as I ever met,” confessed the naturalist, dragging a hand idly in the placid water. “Whatever in the expression was calculated to make you think that your sailor-boy’s romantic nature stood in danger of contumely from any vulgar mercantile pride of purse, may be assigned to my temporary irritation at

having been overwhelmingly talked out of a field of my own rash selection by the American. He maintained his republican dignity sorely at the expense of my British obstinacy. In fact, I have learned to like the man greatly ; as I do the whole family ; and, in my opinion, Daryl, it was much more the morbid assumption of your own pride than any justification in the visible character of your charming sister-in-law, or her husband, or her daughter, that prompted you to act as though a lacerating indignity was obviously imminent for another of the Daryls."

"That is plain speaking, in legitimate return for my own recent exercise of the same friendly privilege, and I shall not be hypercritical as to its justice," the Colonel said, smiling faintly. "I may congratulate you, at any rate, upon being no longer either so scientifically lofty above all ordinary mankind as when the American gentleman and I were first in your village, or so combatively humble as when your spasm of self-depreciation at 'The Grove' set all our teeth on edge."

"I deserve your irony, old fellow—not a doubt of it," rejoined Hedland, though with no very penitential change of aspect. "You have already heard me confess my sins of intellectual presumption. But my 'spasm of self-depreciation,' as you style it, was based upon a supreme wretchedness of feeling that might have excited the compassion of Miss Ankerloo herself! In taking his final vicious leave of me, my solitary Malay partisan in Borneo had practically knocked to pieces my whole elaborate theory of the origin of my immortalizing ape-Man ; yet there was the incarnated enigma to mock me with the inexorable certainty of his dreadful human approximation, and subject me to the torture of perpetually recognizing a seeming accursed truth in Nature, that I had

no longer a choice but to reveal in ignorant helplessness.

"I cannot adequately describe to you, Will Daryl, how pitifully humiliated I was, at being suddenly convinced that I must renounce my whole inductive theory of the foreign origin of Oshonsee—as explaining his structural difference from the Borneon mias ;—nor what a reaction of miserable self-contempt and aversion to the unhallowed Man-Goblin seethed in my tormented moral nature, at the thought that I had merely blundered unintelligently upon a horrible hybrid ; one that I could only introduce to the world as a living confutation of every sublime spiritual pretension of Man—of his Divine special Fatherhood—without having more knowledge of the creature's true ethnologic relation than the vulgarest showman ! Losing the mental intoxication of sanguine philosophical theory, I was yet forced to realize that the world held a frightful living Blasphemy, against the possibility of whose existence my natural mind, now freed from the self-delusions of intellectual arrogance, protested with every instinct of its own mysterious being. Can you wonder that I even made one attempt to murder the object of my spiritual abhorrence ?

"And such was my mood, Daryl, when I went to Kuchin at your call. Before I left 'The Grove,' our noble friend, the Rajah, invited my confidence, and controverted my despairing obstinacy of self-defensive argument with every Christian principle. He believed that I exaggerated the human similitudes of a perhaps exceptional anthropoid ape, and persistently pressed upon me that I should doubt the evidence of my own limited senses, rather than proclaim what Man must lose his Father's God, his Redeemer, and his immortality of Soul, in believing. This construction I repelled

by all the desperate resources of specious sophistry in which the despiritualized mind is made adroit by eternal hidden conflict with human nature's ineradicable moral instinct of innate self-respect. But it was all sophistry, only. I felt that, while I was hottest in it. Father Urban's famous thesis ran: *Quid sit Jesuita, nemo scit, nisi qui fuit ipse Jesuita*—no one knows what a Jesuit is, but he that has been a Jesuit. The disingenuities of scientific positivism are appreciated only by those who are familiar with the proportion of speculative deduction to absolute demonstration in advanced physical science."

The tenor of this frank confession was not more surprising to Daryl, than the air of calm, philosophical complacency with which it was delivered. He knew not what to expect next, and said, rather weakly :

"I never much believed, Hedland, that any supposed new discovery relative to the origin of our species was likely to make you permanently a spiritual heathen : though you might seem such for a while to those who assume that progressive Science and stationary Religion must necessarily be hostile to each other."

"As they always must !—That is, some of the most positive assumptions of what I may call modern scientific Materialism, are radically irreconcilable with every essential inculcation of Christian faith. Prove by indisputable physical demonstration that the Biblical history of man's special creation is but a fiction devised by man's egotism, and that will be the end of the whole Mosaic and Christian religion. Could I have sustained my theory of an ape-grown Man, the God that you and I have known would be lost to us forever. All definite conception of personal Deity must then, perforce, have fallen back to human nature's mere innate spiritual consciousness of a something remotely Supernatural,

to account for the creation of Nature in bulk ; and from this retrogression to primitive superstitious vagueness of instinctive recognition, a wholly new religious—and perhaps moral—system must have been evolved, for the re-civilization of thinking mankind.”

“And during the interval, I suppose, the world would have fallen into spiritual and moral chaos,” said the Colonel.

“Inevitably. It would have been a period of brutalized anarchy, between the loss of one God and the finding of Another,” returned the Doctor, with earnestness. “There is no real honesty in a pretension that the theories of Science, or the speculations of Philosophy, tending to this consummation, are reconcilable with anything either historical, or spiritual—and I might add, or even moral—in the Scriptural constitution of revealed Religion. A strictly honest reasoner in the battle must be either a Fichte, or a Schleiermacher ; either in effect an atheist, or an uncompromising champion of thorough orthodoxy. To be a Hegel, mystifying between the two, however speciously, is to act as the pendulum of a clock that is without hands.”

“And am I to infer from all this, Lawrence, that you finally accept your phenomenal ape as the mere exceptional freak of nature your friends have, all along, believed him to be ?” asked the Colonel, wondering more and more.

The Doctor smiled significantly : “That is a question you may answer for yourself—before we leave the cave.”

“I *don't* understand you,” rejoined his friend, with emphasis and some impatience. “If the animal had become simply a humiliating horror to you when you came to us so apologetically in Kuchin, what more amiable transformation have you found in him to make



you such a later model of self-depreciatory good-humor?"

"I have a new theory."

"And that is—?"

"—What you are now about to see practically illustrated; for here we are at the foot of Gunong Tubang."

Their canoe had, indeed, touched the bank, near a point where a small tributary stream, called the Stabad, enters into the left branch of the Sarāwak. Through an opening that had been lately cut in a dense thicket of growths of the banana family, coming almost to the water's edge, the naturalist conducted his friend to the base of a small mountain, about two hundred feet high, and conical in shape; so seemingly steep in its ascent that the trees and jungle upon it appeared to bristle towards the sharp peak in a kind of nervously timid rigidity. By pursuing a winding path, however, the two men scaled a good half of the sharp acclivity without excessive labor, and then found themselves at the mouth of a circular hole in the ground, down which led a bamboo ladder. The Dyak, Kalong, was in waiting for them there, with one of Hedland's fowling-pieces on his shoulder, and silently took the lead in the descent.

"The entrance, you see, only needs a trap-door, and the spell of 'Open, Sesame!' quite to realize Ali Baba's cavern in the Arabian Nights," remarked the Doctor, as they followed down the well-like aperture.—"Don't forget, now, Daryl, that our talk must be in French."

Thus reminded that the most philologically sensitive of orang-outans was to be encountered in the subterranean retreat, Colonel Daryl had a final sense of merely humoring some culminating visionary caprice in this whole stealthy adventure. Nevertheless, by

coming, at all, without explicit understanding of the full wherefore, he had morally committed himself to a patient acceptance of whatever fantastical conceit might ensue, and would remain philosophically passive to any event. So thinking, and, in somewhat dreary expectation of scrambling from the foot of the ladder into an underground room relieved only by artificial illumination, he was agreeably surprised to find the short descent ending in a bracing atmosphere as clear as the average woodland twilight. Instinctively looking first for an explanation of this optical phenomenon, he saw that the whole farther end of the cave was open to the outer air; and, hurrying curiously thither, along a flooring of fine, light sand, and at last between snowy, supporting stalactites, gazed down, as from a noble Gothic doorway, upon a descent so precipitous that only one sturdy *Areca* palm had been able to lift a top as high as the level on which he stood. Observing that the trunk of this tree, so far as visible, sustained one of those dizzy, elastic ladders of consecutive bamboos, rattanned to rising pegs driven into the bark, whereby the Dyak bee-hunter mounts to his honeyed harvest; that, below, at the foot of the declivity, a marshy wood stretched to the next hillside; and that the sky-sweep of the upper view was grandly extended,—he next turned his attention definitely inward.

The cave of Tubbang was about fifty, or sixty, feet long, and rather more than half as wide. Its lofty, arching roof, groined like that of a Gothic hall, sent down a colonnade of stalactites, as already noticed, where the rainy percolations of ages through the limestone above, had thus invertedly pillared a space reaching some distance back from the great outlet on the precipice. Midway to the entrance a large mound of

caked earth and rocky fragments, rife with sunless vegetation, marked a heavy fall from the top of the cave that had occurred in times long past; and upon this massive heap, sloping from high up on a side, stood several mute Dyaks with clumsy wooden spades, apparently waiting for orders to resume a task of digging that was yet but little advanced.

While Daryl was inspecting these greater features of the place, his friend and Kalong approached, with the exiled ape following like an unrelated human shadow at their heels. The step of Oshonsee shuffled and dragged, as though inexpressibly wearied; his head drooped, his long arms swung listlessly; and his whole air was so spiritless that the Colonel's first remark referred to it.

"Yes," answered the naturalist, "the poor fellow has not been himself since I sent him here. The place depresses him. Kalong must take him back to the village to-morrow. But, look at him now, Daryl! Is he, indeed, nothing more than a brute?"

In the subdued light of the scene, with his head bowed, his attitude erect, and his costume of Chinese blouse and trousers, the creature looked mournfully manlike indeed:—so much so, that the the Colonel experienced an unpleasant, if not shrinking, sensation in looking at him.

"The illusion is uncomfortably strong, I must say, Hedland; but perhaps it would be less so in broader daylight. Why do you have him here, where every condition is so contrary to the arboreal habits of his species? He must feel like a bird in a vacuum."

"I had him brought here because he belongs to our story."

"Ah, I thought so!"

The Doctor smiled at his friend's disconsolate tone,

and, after bidding Kalong to remain where he was, took the Colonel's arm and moved briskly towards the earth-heap.

"Must we climb this rubbish?" queried Daryl, desperately.

"Yes."

"Forward, then!—The mias seems to be following us."

"His instinct is finer than your reason."

"Thank you, Larry ;—but I don't understand."

"You shall, presently."

A series of vigorous strides carried them to the summit of the triangular mound, where it appeared that much more lowering and levelling spade-work had been performed than was apparent from the Colonel's earlier point of observation. Addressing them in their own tongue, the naturalist dismissed the Dyak spademen down to Kalong, for the time, and then pointed his companion to an object showing against the stretch of the cave's side, whence a large quantity of the fallen earth had recently been cleared away.

"Can you make out what that is? I discovered it in our first day's digging."

It was a heavy, oblong slab of greyish stone ; much chipped and discolored at the edges ; set into the dark surface like a mural tablet, and bearing on its face a rudely sculptured half-relief of some animal. Two or three feet lower down, portions of three roughly-hewn steps of the same kind of stone had been partly unearthed ; indicating the existence of a whole flight beneath the remaining mound. Upon the topmost of these the mias crouched himself.

"Why, here is a prize for an archæologist!" exclaimed the amazed Colonel, tracing the outlines of the sculptured figure with an eager hand. "How, in

the name of all the Seven Wonders, came such a thing here? A tomb, I suppose."

"No; an altar," said the Doctor; "and as old as the days of the Hindoos in Borneo. The figure is intended to represent the sacred Bull, symbol of the god Siva; called Nandikésvara: the animal ridden by Siva, and sent into the world as his avatar when he was informed that men's worship of him was declining. I infer that this altar belongs to the close of the Hindoo period in this island, when the Mahometan conquerors were beginning to persecute the religion it represents. Perhaps this cave was a secret temple."

"You are confident, then, that the Hindoos once held sway here?"

"No thoughtful scholar who is familiar with the traditions yet preserved among the older Dyaks could be otherwise. This stone, alone, is enough to prove the assumption incontestably. Before the ascendancy of the mongrel Malay, this poor Borneo had splendid princely courts at Bruni, Sambas and Pontianak."

"And this tablet and these steps were a secret altar to Siva, you think," resumed the Colonel, musingly; the subject interesting him the more because he had anticipated nothing so tangibly practical. "Have you any idea how long this fallen earth has covered the spot?"

"Not more than twenty years, perhaps," answered the naturalist. "But now," he added, drawing nearer to Daryl, and passing a hand kindly over the brow of the mias, "you ask a question leading straightway to your own concern in the mysteries of this cave. Is the vagrant priest's story, as I repeated it to you in Singapore, yet fresh in your mind?"

"In every detail," answered Colonel Daryl, turning to him, quickly.

"Then follow closely what I have now to say. Ruadh

O'Shawnessy and his Panam wife were seen in the Simunjon forests, after their Dyak marriage, and cruel chaining-together, and transportation, as evil 'Antus,' to the mountains west of Simpang-Kira river. When last observed in the mias country, they were accompanied by a younger creature of their own species, and the maniac had yet the 'charm' suspended from his neck. The legend runs, that the Simunjon miasas worshiped the chained pair as 'Antus'; from which I conclude that the unfortunate creatures made amicable company with the orang-outans. It can only be conjectured how long the Simunjon period lasted; but I should put it at somewhere about ten years, and for this reason:—Aided by the tribal authority of Pa Jenna, I have persuaded an old Dyak of my village, who was formerly at Leda Tanah, to confide to me what he has known and heard of the—to him—supernatural history of the Cave we are in. Applying common sense to the crude mystical delusions of his story, I infer not only that Simunjon miasas were seen in the Sarāwak valley a quarter of a century ago, but also that your wretched Ruadh, and his hapless, brutalized family, had by that time discovered and taken shelter in this cave."

Colonel Daryl stared around the shadowy scene as though expecting to behold some startling proof of the theory.

"This is about the substance of the legend," pursued Doctor Hedland, quietly, "and you may see that it goes back a number of years farther than Medlani's narrative of the 'Antus' here: More than twenty years ago an 'Antu' Queen and her infant daughter were in this cave; and miasas appeared in the woods round about for the purpose of doing homage. A reckless young fellow of the since-destroyed village of Leda Tanah drank enough 'tuak' at a festival, one day, to volun-

teer an exploration of the fairy miases' mountain home. Enter the cave he did, indeed ; and came back, abjectly terrified, with a story that he had not only seen the Antu Queen and her daughter, but also two fearful familiar spirits, lying on a bed of stone with stone pillows—undoubtedly these steps before us, with their curbings which are yet to be excavated—and having a chain between their waists.”\*

The Colonel started, and again stared expectantly about him.

“ Nothing was seen or heard again of these attendant familiars of the chain, nor of the queen herself, after the fall of this mass of earth on which we are standing—supposed to have been produced by Jovata's wrath. As, however, the miases yet remained in the neighborhood, it was supposed that the little ‘Antu’ princess yet lived in the cave.”

“ But the two chained wretches — ? ” exclaimed Daryl, showing much excitement.

“ I believe that they lie buried at this moment beneath our feet.”

Colonel Daryl stepped involuntarily back a pace, like one who had trodden unwittingly upon a serpent.

“ You mean,” he said, catching his breath, “ that we are standing upon the grave of Ruadh ! This is magic, Hedland ; yet can it be so ? What absolute certainty is there, after all, that the Sambas story of the chain is not a superstitious invention ? Remember Makota's fabrications to you about this infernal ape here, because he fancied that you expected an unusual tale ! Are we not both being fooled by a characteristic Oriental trick of politic lying ? ”

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\* In 1842, three years earlier than the period of our narrative, *Rajah Brooke* saw this cave, exactly as it is here described, and was told the legend of the fairy queen

"After a moment I shall submit a decisive test to your own trial. Let us suppose, at any rate, that Ruadh did find and inhabit this cave. There are plenty of well-attested instances to prove that a madman can survive enough hardship and exposure to kill half a dozen robustious sane men. And there is this, also, about the insane—they sometimes appear to regain their reason, or its semblance, at the approach of death. Now assume that Ruadh, by a never wholly extinguished instinct of human nature, dragged himself and his wife and child to this final shelter, because here are walls, and roof, and some human associations of permanent safety. He may even have fled hither to escape the miasmas, though they appear to have pursued. One might fancy a certain dawning of reason in this very movement. One might also fancy, that, when near his end, the poor outcast victim of savage superstition may have been impelled, by a final reasoning impulse, to take some desperate measure for the future safe concealment of the treasure he had so long kept hanging upon his breast."

"Hedland! Hedland! you are the boldest of theorizers!" muttered Daryl, in a bewildering conflict of credulity and doubt.

Without more ado the naturalist grasped one of the heavy Dyak spades left sticking in the truncated mound, and advanced so sharply to the edge of the begrimed stone step on which huddled the ape, that the latter cowered away from him with a pitiful, low cry. Up to this moment Doctor Hedland had remained perfectly calm and deliberate. Now, however, his manner became nervously excited, and he drove the blade of his rude implement into a gritty crevice of the wall, at one end of the sculptured tablet, with a hasty force indicating a passionate sense of some crisis with which there



should be not another moment's temporization. Before his equally stirred companion could form any idea of his purpose he had thrown his broad chest against the improvised lever, and so effectively pried the carved stone from its support that it fell heavily upon the sodden earth at his feet, revealing a square aperture of stone that it had concealed.

"There!" he ejaculated, pantingly. "This time I have brought it down altogether. I moved it only half-way when I was at it before. Originally it must have swung on bronze pivots. A device for some kind of priestly concealment, I take it. \* \* \* Something is inside, Will Daryl. I have felt it with my hand; suspected—*know*—what it must be; but I would not bring it out until you could be here. \* \* \* Well, why don't *you* bring it out, man? \* \* If I *should* be mistaken—!"

Moving like a somnambulist, the iron-nerved soldier mechanically thrust an arm into the opening in the wall, and, with an inarticulate exclamation, drew forth an object of cylindrical shape; perhaps a foot long and not quite half as wide: black as charcoal, apparently, and dangling at either end a bit of coarse, tarred string.

"Quick! Tear it—cut it—open!" fumed the Doctor, hovering around his now thoroughly dazed friend like a wizard chafing over a dilatory incantation.

Every eager effort to rip away the matted envelope of the strange prize proving futile for his strong, though not quite steady, fingers, the sorely fluttering Colonel finally applied a knife to the task; and, by several reckless slashes at hazard through thickness upon thickness of redintegrated oilskin, brought to view, in the dusky light, a roll of papers. One glimpse, at the start of their unrolling, was enough—

"Well, you snail! is it?" cried the naturalist, half-mad in his impatience.

"It is, indeed, the Fortune of the Daryls!" shouted the other; his voice breaking shrilly with excitement.

In the overwhelming emotion of the instant the electrified speaker had forgotten his French obligation and lapsed into English. At the sound, a hoarse, rasping scream, "O-shon-see! O-shon-see! O-shon-see!" seemed to break from the dim air immediately behind the two friends; and, simultaneously, the Dyaks at the foot of the mound uttered outcries at sight of the frenzied Ape flying down to and between them, in the direction of the opening on the precipice.

"Kalong!—stop him!" roared Hedland, plunging from the mound with a youth's agility, and bounding as swiftly in pursuit of the fugitive as the swiftest of the Dyaks.

On the very verge of the great doorway in the air they overtook the frantic creature, and a brief, desperate struggle ensued, before the Doctor could drag him from his probably intended leap to the tree-top beyond the edge.

"Tuan! See! Sejulah!" cried Kalong, pointing down the jungled steep.

A Dyak with a long weapon clasped in his left hand could be seen, for a moment, darting from the foot of the laddered palm, and then sliding swiftly down the declivity, as only Dyaks know how to do.

"Sejulah, eh?—and with a sumpitan!" muttered the Doctor.

Daryl had now joined the group, grasping his yet but half-credited prize and looking wan with the tempest of sensations he was still undergoing.

"So, your freakish Caliban," he began, with an

attempt at rallying, "continues to be of more importance to you than—But, look! What ails him now?"

The question was scarcely uttered before a visible shudder passed over the frame of the Ape, and, with an awfully human, gasping cry, the creature dropped like a log upon the sanded floor. His startling face, and then his whole body, were convulsed, as the quickly kneeling Doctor lifted the poor head from the dust; and only Kalong seemed to have inspiration for the mystery's immediate solution. The Dyak summarily tore away the blouse from the animal's hairy chest, and, after a swift, comprehensive glance, pointed to a spot near the heart.

"A jowing, Tuan Hedland, from Sejugah's sumpitan," he said.

Hedland, his ruddy face turned a bluish white, reached a hand to the spot indicated, and, after slight manipulation, drew forth a small, pointed piece of bone.

"See!" added Kalong, holding up what looked like the shaft of a toy arrow, that he had found on the floor.

"A sumpitan arrow\*," groaned the Doctor; "and the wretch intended it for me!"

"For you?" murmured his friend.

"Yes. I have been warned of Sejugah's enmity. He lurked in yonder tree-top, to kill me when I should appear at this opening of the cave, and the poisoned dart designed for my breast has slain this poor fellow."

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\* The Dyak sumpitan is a weapon of hard wood, like a spear in appearance and having a lance-head fastened on it like a bayonet. It is bored for a small dart, generally made of the thorn of the Sago palm and poisoned at the point, or jowing, with the deadly sap of the Upas. A puff of the lips will send this dart forty yards, and the point breaks in the wound.

The Ape gasped once more, as in confirmation of his master's despairing judgment; a fearful convulsion racked every muscle and nerve; and then the upas-dipped, brittle bone of the sting-ray had done its speedy work, and Oshonsee was dead.

With colorless lips twitching uncontrollably, the naturalist knelt speechlessly at first, as though incredulous of the tragic event. Retaining yet the splinter of bone drawn from the shallow wound, he finally held it near to his glasses, and said, slowly, and in a forced voice:

"A barbed bone of the sting-ray. It was with the envenomed spine of such a fish: genus *Raia*, order *chondropterygia*; that Telegonus, the son of Ulysses by Circe, is said to have slain his father on the coast of Ithaca. Makota's devilish hand shows in this again: who else would have taught the dolt, Sejugah, to use such a jowing for his dart-tip? The upas-juice is white yet, and has been drawn lately from the trees near Bruni; it does not darken even now. A scratch by a pin dipped in such dew of hell would kill the strongest man before—"

Not finishing the sentence, save by such a sigh as interrupts the rambling soliloquy of fever, he softly lowered the head of Oshonsee from his knee to the ground, and spread his handkerchief over the face:

"He is gone! Faithful, cruelly ill-fated being, he is gone!" Then rising to his feet, but gazing downward yet—"It only remains for me to give him the grave from which he has saved his unworthy master. Yet better so for him—oh, infinitely better so!"

Colonel Daryl's own state of mind remained too much discomposed by the marvels going before, to be immediately capable of appreciating all the meaning of the present anomalous scene; but something like dis-

may entered into the feeling of surprise with which he observed actual tears on his friend's working face.

"I am truly sorry, Lawrence," he said, "that your wonderful solution of my fortunes could not have been accomplished without the sacrifice of an animal so extraordinarily endeared to you."

They were a strange group in a strange place, with the mellow haze streaming in upon them from a declining sun, through the Gothic doorway in the air:—Heart-stricken philosopher and spell-bound soldier standing at the head and the feet of the prostrate figure; yellow-faced Dyaks, fantastically apparelled, in an irregular circle around them; and the glittering stalactites colonnading all as in some cabalistic temple.

"William Daryl, are you yet blind to what this creature—was?" asked the Doctor, speaking as solemnly as a priest over the dead. "Have you felt no suspicions of the truth, in being bidden here by me to find me proved a vainglorious scientific charlatan; and hearing me confess to a new theory in place of the one I had so much vaunted as impregnable?"

"I pretend to no scientific knowledge, Lawrence. What *could* the poor satyrus have been, but what he seemed?"

"Satyrus?—Yes! and more! Recall what you have heard of this cave's occupants. Twenty years ago the falling earth from the roof entombed all but the young 'Antu' princess of the miasas. Ten years later the rebellion of Siniawin drove the miasas from the Sarāwak valley, and they have never been seen here since. But they did not take their princess 'Antu' with them; for, at a later period, Sejugah killed her, for her head, near the cave's entrance, and Makota's followers subsequently captured this unhappy one at our feet, in the same place."

The Colonel's attentive face revealed but indefinite apprehension, yet, of what might be coming.

"More than once my theory of Ape evolving by consecutiveness of species into Man has been met by the suggestion that it could be made to prove as well the converse of the proposition—Man's degeneracy into Simia. I dismissed that idea as Unthinkable! My friend, it is the converse of my proposition that has been, indeed, demonstrated to us at last!"

"What horrible conceit is this, again?" exclaimed Daryl, drawing instinctively back from the feet of the dead.

"Think, man! Think!—The strong mental impressions of one generation become the physical instincts of another. Your Ruadh's last intimations of reason were ungovernable terror of everything, in sight or sound, associative with England; a desperate clinging to the precious subject hung from his neck; an inextinguishable devotion to his master. Do you recall how Oshonsee went into paroxysms of fright at your sword, at a red-coat, and—alas for to-day!—at your English speech? Have I told you how I found him hiding scraps of written paper in his bed, and how, after my discovery, he would rest only at my feet at night? His facility in learning to drink arrack, and to smoke—his attack upon Dodge—do you not recognize the nationality of these traits? And then poor Ruadh's habit of reiterating his own name when greatly agitated—as though to imply, possibly, a fidelity identified with it hereditarily;—what else than an articulate survival of this was 'O-shon-see! O-shon-see! O-shon-see'?"

"By all that is unnatural, Hedland!" cried his friend, aghast, "do you actually mean to assert that—"

"—There was Once a Man in the genealogy of Oshonsee!" broke in the scientist, vehemently;—"There was

once a man ; and as surely as that you and I stand here, William Daryl, the creature now dead at our feet is a descendant, in the third generation, from him whose dying hand last held the fateful papers you have this day regained !”

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### NIGHT'S BRINGING FORTH.

THERE was no lack of entertainment during the afternoon for the visitors left in the village. Pa Jenna's unforeseen absence devolved the duties of master of ceremonies upon an old Sibnowan Dyak, who had been selected to act as his assistant in guarding the strangers from undesirable intrusions, and affording them special opportunity to observe all that was most curious and interesting in the customs of the place. Deeming it a high honor to be thus elevated in the sight of the all-powerful "sirani," this simple-minded patriarch of the unsophisticated air-dwellers was indefatigable in exhibiting one native industry after another, upon the veranda, before the two partitioned houses, for the amusement of the family. Successive pairs, or trios, of women appeared upon this stage, with the appurtenances of their respective avocations ; and the processes of pounding rice out of the husk, with poles, in a wooden trough ; beating cotton to a film with sticks, and then deftly spinning it to thread ; plaiting mats and hats of rattan split and dyed, and fashioning baskets of the *Nypa* leaf, were studied at leisure by an audience in itself serving as a source of far greater wonder to the performers.

But when the shades of evening began to deepen

without bringing sign of the return of the absent Doctor and his companion, and Berner and Ambrose at last served dinner in tacit rebellion against farther delay on that account, Mr. Effingham, at least, experienced a certain uneasiness of mind. Situated as he was, in this queer outpost of an unknown, savage land, with three women and a child dependent upon him for protection, the merchant felt vaguely perturbed at the unpunctuality of him whose autocratic command of the place had been the single condition powerful enough to induce his coming thither in household state. Everything here was abnormal to civilized intelligence, save by association with the immediate presence of the adaptive naturalist; so that even a casual lateness of the latter in ending, by his reappearance, a lapse of responsibility impossible to be made good by any other than himself, troubled the husband and father much more than he cared to have perceived. Perhaps the knowledge that had accidentally come to him of a covert perturbation amongst the villagers at their Orang-Kaya's invisibility, and of the mysterious withdrawal of the ladders from the Doctor's house, had much to do with his disquieted feeling. What particular significance there might be in these circumstances he could not, of course, know; but he was satisfied that they were unusual, and that was enough to make them vaguely discomforting to him. Had he been aware of the disappearance of his prahu he would have felt yet more disturbed.

Expressions of surprise by the ladies at the tardiness of the mystifying cave excursionists, and surmises as to the real occasion of their unsocial adventure, evoked only terse commonplaces from the gentleman, until his wife, who had already given him two or three inquiring looks, put her own sudden distrust into words :



"Richard, you have eaten scarcely anything. You are not anxious about them are you?"

Abretta and Miss Ankeroo also looked at him upon this remark; and the Cherub over his plate of fruit, and Berner and Ambrose in waiting, gave equal heed to the suggestive idea. All of them—not even excepting Cherubino, who had presumptuously penetrated into the forbidden "Head-House" during the afternoon and been fidgety with Dyak ghosts ever since—were more facile to be startled by any trifling jar in this unprecedented episode of their life in the savage island, than they had hitherto fully realized. After the first excitement of thrilling novelty had somewhat subsided, an unspoken, indefinite doubt of the perfect wisdom of having trusted themselves so readily to such a problematical experience of barbarianism, had made each individual, secretly, more or less thankful that the sojourn was to end on the following morning.

"I can't say that I have any serious apprehensions for the gentlemen, my dear," replied Mr. Effingham, bestowing great pains upon the snuffing of the nearest candle while he spoke. "In a voyage so short, on water so shallow, through a country uninhabited, there should be small possibility of peril for a philosopher of medical accomplishments and a soldier of veteran Indian experience. We must be patient for a while longer, I suppose,—that is all."

"Papa, Doctor Hedland was very positive that he should return before dark," said Abretta, reflecting her mother's questioning expression of face.

"No doubt he fully expected to do so, but has been detained by some unanticipated exigency of science. Possibly the paragon of Orang-Outans has not proved so apt in divining the fate of Colonel Daryl's Pat-o'-the-wisp as his too sanguine discoverer had hoped."

If the merchant intended this for a reassuring pleasantry, he was destined to disappointment.

"We are all nervous, Cousin Richard, and may as well tell the truth about it," said straightforward Miss Ankeroo. "No man with half a grain of real common sense would have asked us to visit a rookery of wild-men, where we are as helpless as so many children, and then have left us so long to take care of ourselves."

"The 'wild-men' you mention happen to be the helpless children, in this case," rejoined Mr. Effingham, laughing. "Backed by Berner and Ambrose, I would undertake so to intimidate the whole Dyak community around us, that we might sack and burn the village without encountering the flash of a single kris. Do me the honor, Cousin Sadie, of believing, that even if our scientific friends should remain away all night, you would not be wholly without masculine protection against any casual outbreaking ferocity of the human sheep upon whose fold we are trespassers."

"That's sarcasm, I presume," answered the lively spinster, quite willing to accept the brunt of the debate for the sake of its mental diversion; "but cannot one feel uneasy in a strange situation without expecting murder to come of it? The way I look at the matter is, that we are like a party of travelers on an unfamiliar road, whose implicitly trusted guide has not returned by nightfall from an undesignated errand of his own, for which he craved but an hour's leave early in the afternoon. We know of no particular danger to attend our halt on the wayside for the night, yet none of us is likely to have much mind for sleep during the experience."

"Comparatively old travelers like ourselves, especially after nearly a year's residence in Borneo, should

not be so nervous even as that.—But are we not making altogether too much ado over the mere lateness of two gentlemen for dinner?" asked the head of the family, his mind relieved of much of its own preceding oppression by the excitement of conversation. He cast an amused look around the primitive tenement of their occupation, with its ceiling of bamboos and palm-leaves; its floor like a wooden grating covered with rattan mats; its extemporized partitions and screens of *Nypa* matting; the table a mat, stretched between bamboos and resting on shapeless canework chairs; the English candles from Kuchin flaring over wine-bottle candlesticks, and the polished silver stars of a Tropical night glinting through the open and mosquito-barred flap in the roof. "We ought to be reminded by every object around us," he added, addressing his hearers generally, "that the civilized clock can be no consistent criterion of good faith in an engagement for the table where—"

The sentence was broken by the hurried approach of Ambrose from the net-curtained doorway, to say that a Dyak outside asked to see "Tuan" instantly.

Had the arrival of a commercial dispatch been announced, it would not have seemed much more foreign to the local possibility of things than this peculiar personal call, and even the well-trained Ambrose had been flurried out of his usual deliberateness of professional service by its suggestion of an extreme exigence. Mr. Effingham responded to it, however, as promptly as though it had come by his own appointment; so immediately, indeed, as to leave time for neither word nor look to his startled family; nor even for the seizure of his hat. For a moment he was heard talking in a low tone to some one, on the veranda, with the pauses and inflections of a speaker in a language awkwardly diffi-

cult to him, and then he appeared to walk away with the quick step of an urgent occasion. Perhaps five minutes had elapsed when he reappeared to those who had silently awaited the event, and their first view of his altered face justified every apprehension that had kept them dumb in his absence.

Mr. Effingham's countenance exhibited a pallor that not even sickness had ever before given to it. His forehead was beaded with the cold dews of precipitate mental agitation, and at a sound like a confused, running murmur of human voices, coming abruptly in from the hitherto noiseless night-air, a flush passed over the whiteness of his rigid features, to leave them even paler than before.

"You are women ; but not weaker nor more timid, I believe, than I could wish wife, and daughter and cousin of mine to be," he began, looking from one to another of the paling upturned faces, and articulating as with shortened breath. "I feel that I may depend upon each of you to behave with courage and good sense, under a suddenly arising danger that seems to menace us all—to some degree. The Dyak who called me out just now is the old man of our afternoon's acquaintance, and he thinks that there are enemies abroad on the river below, who may design an attack on the village. There are certainly movements and sounds of a suspicious character on the water, though the night is too dark for me to discern distant shapes. A lad, induced to go some distance down the hillside to see more, reports that a number of canoes, full of strangers, coming from the direction in which our friends went this afternoon, are practicing the usual native manoeuvres to induce a demonstration by the village canoes. The old Dyak thinks—as nearly as my small knowledge of his language allows me to understand him—that the

strangers are Gilolo Illanaons, in the service of a Bruni Pangeran whose wife deserted him lately to take refuge with her father, the Orang-Kaya of this place. They are supposed to have come for her recapture, though neither she nor her father is here."

"Tell us all our danger, Richard," entreated the wife, who, with her daughter, son and cousin, had mechanically drawn nearer to the self-constraining man, and now laid a hand on his arm. "Keep back nothing from us that you fear. Trust our intelligence as well as our courage. Why are not Doctor Hedland and Colonel Daryl here?"

"If they have not been surprised in their cave, the river must be blockaded against their return. If they carried any firearms with them they may be safe yet.

"I will talk as unreservedly to you on the subject, my dears, as I would to as many brave men," continued Mr. Effingham, speaking more firmly and rapidly, though evidently with every nerve yet on edge for the least new sound from without.—"Come closer, Berner and Ambrose; you have both heard what I have been saying, and must listen attentively to what remains to be said. The ladies are true grit, you see, and if we three men find it necessary to give the enemy a wholesome warning or two with Dr. Hedland's fowling-pieces and my own, there will be no crying nor fainting at the noise."

The Swiss major-domo's ordinarily rubicund countenance was colorless and solemn, and around the negro's mouth, nostrils and lower eyelids purplish-white tints appeared; but neither man exhibited any tremulousness.

"I'll do my duty, sir," said Berner, and Ambrose made a gesture of concurrence.

"Papa, you will not go down to the river?" whispered his daughter, breathlessly.

"Are there no pistols we could have?" asked Miss Ankeroo.

"I shall resort to what arms may be found in the Doctor's house, across here, if there is any need for them," remarked the sorely discomposed gentleman, with difficulty suppressing a start at an outcry and a rushing sound on the veranda, which had their momentary effect upon the sharpened faces of all. "Now, my dears, you are doing so bravely that I can leave you for a few moments again. Berner and I will go and take observations from the Doctor's house. Ambrose, you will take my fowling-piece from the corner, yonder, and stand sentry at this door until my return. Understand, all of you, my dears, that there is no immediate danger up here in the village. Every means of drawing our natives into a fight by canoes will be exhausted before any attempt is made to scale our refuge. The old Dyak assures me that such is the invariable custom of the villains, unless a village is caught sleeping. I am confident that we three men, with our guns, can hold the veranda until daylight, as they have no firearms and entertain a deadly fear of them.—Ambrose, let no one pass the door, on any account.—Come, Berner!"

Mrs. Effingham, pale and speechless, clasped her arms about her husband's neck, kissed him, and turned away. Daughter and Cousin succeeded her in the same silent pledge of loyalty and courage unmeasured.

Emerging upon the veranda, Mr. Effingham and his attendant found the whole extent of that aerial gallery alive with the alarmed population, who, in the undistinguishing starlight, seemed, alternately, to swarm together in a dense, buzzing mass at one point or another, and then raggedly scatter, like a community of ants flurried by the movement of some crippled larger insect amongst them. From the deeper blackness of

the watery pass below arose a confusion of sounds, that might have been compared with the subdued chattering of woodland creatures scarcely confident enough yet to give full cry, rather than with any familiar clamor of human voices. All of the lights in the village were obscured by a closing of doorways and roof-flaps, excepting those in the two partitioned cottages.

In a moment the old Dyak had come over the temporary barrier across which the master and servant were peering, and reported that certain of the younger fighting men rebelliously scouted his delegated authority, and were trying to persuade their fellows to essay a battle in their canoes. The tactics of a night-attack were always the same: a comparatively few boats of warriors appeared before the menaced place, to tempt a sally by the besieged, while the main fleet lay concealed in the mangroves and reeds behind, to overwhelm the duped defenders when they should have started to pursue their apparently retreating foes. The young men who were advising a resort to the canoes must have some traitorous understanding with the pirates; for they knew very well that such a movement would almost inevitably end in defeat, and then leave the depleted village at the mercy of the Illanaons. Would not Tuan Hedland's mighty friend command them to remain where they were? Of him they were afraid, and they would obey.

Partly by his own acquisition of Malayan, and partly through the translations of Berner, who had become quite a master of the dialects of Sarāwak, the merchant was able to understand this statement, and foreboded a new vexation for his critical position from such a sign of domestic disaffection. It was, however, with the most resolute decision of manner that he assumed immediate absolute commandship-in-chief, and au-

thorized the Dyak elder to announce, in his name, that any man attempting to descend a ladder, unless so ordered, should be shot instantly.

"Now, Berner, my man," he said, in a low voice, when the Orang-Kaya's deputy had left them, "we must make free with Dr. Hedland's firearms. I have decided upon a system of action, for the present at any rate."

Already the native herd on the far-stretching veranda gave sign of being affected by the order conveyed through the old Dyak ; for the dusky thronging seemed now all to be along the inner veranda, or overhang of the eaves of the houses. Thus no figures were left visible from below, nor could any one attempt a descent of the ladders without timely detection.

Over the little bridge and into the detached cottage of the naturalist hastened Mr. Effingham and the taciturn major-domo. Both were familiar with every detail of the interior appointments ; for neither door nor window was ever closed, and the Doctor's domiciliary policy of *Hic Argus esto, non Briareus*, for everybody, kept perpetually obvious to common sight, however prohibited from touch, the full array of his domestic possessions. No light was requisite to enable the intruders to find a rifle and a fowling-piece, together with appurtenances of ammunition ; and, thus armed, the two men were presently standing upon the veranda again, listening intently for any indication of farther development in the sinister drama of the night. All was as silent once more as though peace and sleep possessed the whole dimly outlined scene of their observation ; the timorous village host being mute, for the time, and lost to casual sight in the dark shadow against the range of houses, and the enemy on the deep-sunken river apparently as cowering and inactive.



"This cannot last long," muttered the merchant. "We must be prepared for some savage trick at any moment."

"Perhaps it is all a false alarm," suggested Berner, though not very confidently.

"It will not do to count upon that. Probably neither side knows what to do. I suspect that the rascals, below there, have looked for some sort of treacherous co-operation from the village itself, and are waiting for it yet."

"If the Doctor and the Colonel were only at home with us now, sir, I think we'd be equal to any number of them."

"Until they do get back, or are heard from," said Mr. Effingham, his secret misgivings about the missing Englishmen growing heavier as he spoke, "we must keep a particular watch upon the Doctor's house. It is the weakest point in the place, from having those storeys so far down the piles. By some lucky and very strange chance the ladders have all been taken out of it since morning. Stand here with your rifle—by this railing—Berner, while I return to see what should be done about the ladies. Keep your eyes steadily upon the foundation of the Doctor's house while I am away, and let nothing distract your attention from it. If you hear or see anything moving down there, call the Doctor's name, loudly, once; and if you are not properly answered, fire without hesitation. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

After casting one more anxious look around the ominously quiet scene of darkness, the gentleman shouldered the weapon with which he had supplied himself, and, under a kind of desperately protesting sense of the unreality of the situation, went moodily back to his gentle ones.

They were rising from the attitude that imperilled Christian womanhood ever bows itself to by primary spiritual instinct, and if tears were in the eyes of mother and daughter, they were drops from a tempest that could bend, but not break, them.

"Well, Richard?" queried the wife, scanning his countenance searchingly.

"Nothing is to be seen yet, and your own ears can tell you that all sounds have ceased."

"What do you think of it?"

"My impression is, that an attack is certainly intended. I have taken all the precautions my judgment and limited knowledge of the probabilities can suggest. The whole affair is incomprehensible to me; for I have supposed every part of the Sarāwak valley to be as secure from hostile intrusion as London, or New York. Here we are, however, in a Dyak village about to suffer a piratical night-assault, and must be ready to meet any emergency with such coolness and common sense as we can command. Get on your hats and wrappers, all of you, so that if—"

A shout from Berner, a brief interval of absolute silence, and then the report of the rifle, caused Mr. Effingham to dash through the doorway again; and, by a common impulse, requiring no verbal explanation, the whole family hastened after him.

As though the shot had been a preconcerted signal to dissolve the spell of silence and of night, its ringing reverberations among the hills had not ended before an appalling uproar of inhuman yells, crash of gongs and clatter of wooden drums arose from the gulf; and, simultaneously, the latter became redly radiant with fires of bark soaked in cocoanut oil, alight at several points on the little bluff near the water, and scores of rude torches flaming on as many canoes upon the

stream itself. With answering clamors the people of the village rushed to the railed verge of the lofty veranda, flourishing krisses, parangs, sumpitans, and other barbarous weapons. Through the interstices of the great palm-leaves down the jungled slope occasional glimpses could be caught of wild figures in fantastical costume, moving stealthily from the obscurity of one tree-trunk to that of another; and, between the vast Nypas and over the mangroves along the bank, the illuminated river was a maze of fiery flecks, alive with perpetually moving and bellowing monkey-heads in savagely furred and feathered caps, and tossing, brass-ringed arms, flourishing a cloud of shields flashed with bared kris and sumpitan spear-head.

The eldrich vision, the fiendish din, made the women and child recoil involuntarily towards the shelter they had left: their incongruous presences suggesting an unwonted apparition of beings from a nobler world, pausing in half-flight upon a bridge of awful shadows spanning Hades and thronged with the lost.

"What did you fire at, Berner?" Mr. Effingham asked, mechanically; scarcely realizing, in the distraction of such an ominous spectacle, that the others had followed him.

"Something moved amongst the piles down below, sir. I called out, as you told me, and then drew trigger," returned the brave Switzer, raising his voice to be heard above the stentorian clamor.

At this moment a noise upon the veranda itself, magnified by overwrought nerves into a frightful crash, caused every eye in the thrilled group to stare fearfully in that direction. Two dim shapes had summarily forced a way through the barrier on the side opposite to that which demarcated the main body of the village, and came on with such headlong celerity as to run upon

the very muzzles of the guns precipitately levelled at them.

"Thank God, we are here in time!"

"In the devil's name, what can it all mean?"

Thus, simultaneously and characteristically, sounded the two voices in the world which their amazed hearers could have wished most eagerly to be greeted by,—the voices of the naturalist and his friend, the Colonel.

"Thank God, indeed, that we see you alive, once more, gentlemen!" ejaculated the chief of the defenders, with devout emphasis. "I have apprehended a worse disaster for you than has thus far fallen upon ourselves. How did you escape those wretches on the river?"

"They stole our boat while we were in the cave. We had to return by the mountains, and have been hours about it," puffed the Doctor, fatigue and excitement contending in his wheezy tones.

"The ladies must be got away from here immediately," panted the Colonel, in hurried accents. "This is no time for talk, gentlemen; we must take them to the hill-top, where they were this morning."

"I shall not leave my father's side," said a girl's voice, high and resolute.

But farther conversation was prevented by a sudden shrill shout of "Api!"—Fire!—by the Dyaks, who, like their Fabian besiegers, had abruptly discontinued their outcries and gesticulations for the last two or three minutes.

Leaning far over the bamboo rail at the edge of the veranda, Hedland and the other men gazed anxiously down through the palm fronds for explanation of the alarm.

"By all the powers of Satan! they are building a fire under my house," exclaimed the Doctor. "Here!"

where are the guns ? Quick, now !—give me that piece, Berner !”

He snatched the weapon from the major-domo as he spoke, and fired, without bringing to shoulder, into a certain glow now showing itself between the roots of the piles on which his too-many-storyed cottage was uplifted. The American fired also, and again the air resounded with discordant, furious cries.

“They keep at it yet, Lawrence,” called Daryl, peering down at the point of danger from the other side of the little connecting bridge, with a cocked pistol in his hand.—“Ah, I see now !—they have brought up a canoe from the water, and are holding it, bottom upward, over their heads.”

“That is an old trick with the villains, to keep off missiles from above while they work,” cried the Doctor, handing back his gun to Berner for reloading. “Unless we can get a bullet through the canoe they will not believe that they can be reached. This may turn out seriously, Mr. Effingham,” he added, somewhat flurriedly. “If the house is fired the village must go ! We should lose no time, now, in hurrying the ladies to a safer place, as a precaution ; for—Halloo !”

Scurrying out of the house, across the bamboo bridge, and to the verge of the veranda, in a reckless haste as though the threatened fire was already at their heels, came Cherubino and the negro, Ambrose ; the latter swinging out gingerly before him, by his finger-tips, a small keg, thrust half-way into a forced opening in one end of which the lad was holding a twisted sheet of flaming paper.

The Doctor’s exclamation, the rush of small-boy and African with this curious burden, the hasty launching of the latter, with its projecting flame, over the veranda rail, and a combined mad dash of Doctor, Colonel, Mer-

chant and Major-domo, with insanely outspread arms, against the trio of ladies—were coincident movements of the same second of time ; the next second being signaled by the striking of the descending lighted keg on a projecting timber of the lowest floor of the detached house, and an ensuing "burst of thunder-sound" that sent a racking tremor through the whole village.

"That'll astonish them!" carolled the thoughtful boy, in an ecstasy with a noise beyond his fondest hopes, and capering delightedly in a momentary upwelling of pungently sulphurous smoke.

"I do think it's blown every soul of them out of sight—boat and all!" announced Berner, who, rather abashed at his precipitancy in the late electrical act of chivalry, was the first back at the railing to observe the effect of the gunpowder's explosion.

"You little—child! it is a wonder we are not all in Eternity!" sputtered the naturalist, irascibly embarrassed at having behaved with so little dignity in a crisis.

When the ladies had been fairly whirled into their cottage again by the abrupt and instinctively protective onset of their momentarily crazed defenders, Mr. Effingham and Colonel Daryl remained long enough with them to explain what had happened, and express themselves quite bitterly upon the maddening capabilities of boyhood.

Nevertheless, the boy's act was a fortunate inspiration. The explosion of the keg—about half full of powder—summarily ended the fire-kindling attempt, that must otherwise, almost inevitably, have set the whole, tinder-like village in flames. Apparently, too, the terrific detonation paralyzed the occupants of the clustering canoes on the river: for their demoniac uproar was completely hushed by the crash.

"The scoundrels will make a charge for us now—it is their last resource," growled Dr. Hedland, when his two friends rejoined him. "That must be the meaning of the commotion amongst them down there."

He advanced quickly to the barrier on the veranda over which the old Dyak had climbed, and, by a vigorous exertion of his powerful arms and shoulders, pushed a part of it down. Since the explosion, the villagers, no less startled than their enemies, had fallen back once more, in panic-stricken confusion, to the entrances of their houses, and the murky light from below shone only on the bamboo railing at the outer verge.—

"Have your guns ready for the first head that appears above a ladder!"

But, instead of the expected final desperate rush from the canoes, that would have been attempted far earlier if internal treachery had aided the attack, or the village had been caught asleep, it was seen that the torches, on the boats were being hurriedly extinguished, and paddles began flashing where lights yet flared.

As the armed men bent anxiously over the railing to watch this inexplicable flurry, a strange, voluminous shout from a place obscured from them down the stream startled them more than any sound they had yet heard, and there followed instantly a sharp train of cracking reports, under which every lingering torch went out and a confusion of unearthly yells arose.

"Musketry, by Heaven!" exclaimed Daryl, hurrying past the broken barrier to a point where the downward view was less obstructed by trees.

"The savages cannot have muskets," suggested the American, who, with Hedland and the two stanch serving-men, had followed.

"The savages?—No! but Englishmen!" cried the naturalist, in a frenzy of excitement. "Hear that,

again!" at another crackling outburst, attended with lightning-like flashes in the nether gloom, fainter yells, and—*unmistakable English cheers!*—"What miracle is this?"

Between bewilderment at the astounding change in the scene, and an inexpressible sense of relief, at recognizing in it, by instinct rather than from immediate visual evidence, an end of the barbarous perils which had menaced them, the several members of the little party became temporarily light-headed. Never afterwards were they able to recall exactly the order of the events following the last volley on the so swiftly redeemed river. There was a new vision of illumination on boats and forms joyfully familiar to civilized eyes, beyond the low-distant Nypas and mangroves; a noisy outpouring of the villagers again to the veranda's edge—with a number of flaming lamps, this time; a hurrying forth of the three ladies, in hats and wrappers, to be ready for the previously suggested retreat to the hill-top of the pitcher-plants, should the new tumult mean fresh danger; and a shrill hurrah from the omnipresent small-boy in answer to the reverberating cheers of a body of sailors scrambling up the slope amongst palms and bushes,

The first figures to reach the foot of the village ladders were those of Dyaks, and Doctor Hedland dropped his gun with an angry exclamation when their ascent had revealed that they were the Orang-Kaya and his four henchmen.

"Pa Jenna! Is this your friendship for me?"

"See, Tuan!" returned the chieftain, drawing from beneath his jacket a spear-head, and pointing at it with an emphasizing forefinger. "This is what Makota sent to the village by the traitor Sejugah. My runner from Patusen told me of its coming, and I surprised the



wretched son of my father's brother bringing it secretly here in his canoe last night. Tuan knows its meaning."\*

"It means that a rebellious uprising was expected here," said the naturalist, in accents of surprise. "Have we, then, rebels, yet, in Sarāwak?"

"Sejugah has friends—and I know them!" answered the Orang-Kaya, throwing a scowling glance in the direction of the listening swarm of villagers. "I knew, Tuan Hedland, that the Pangeran's canoes would follow fast after the spear-head, and that, with traitors among us, we must have help from Tuan Besar,"

"From Kuchin?" ejaculated the Doctor, in added amazement; taking but mechanical note of many new figures rising upon the veranda by all of its ladders.

"From Kuchin—yes, Tuan. I knew that the canoes would be here to-night, and that here was not an hour to spare. I went with my men to the Bugis prahu of Tuan's sirani friends, and forced the Bugis rayah to sail at once for Kuchin. There I saw Tuan Besar, and told him all, and showed him the spear-head. He could not come himself, for there has been a horrible murder of his friends in Bruni by Makota, and he must sail thither; but he asked Tuan Officer and men from the ships to come back with me."

"In other words," sounded a second voice, in English, as the speaker stepped out from a shadowy knot of last-appearing blue-jackets; his epaulet gleaming in the lamplight as he did so; "—in other words, the pin-nace and cutters of Her Majesty's Ship, *Cressy*."

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\* The timely discovery of this spear-head ended the last attempt of Makota's adherents to excite sedition against Rajah Brooke in Sarawak. Such an article, conveyed stealthily from one village to another and secretly displayed to the local insurrectionary characters, was, like the Flery Cross in Scotland, a signal for revolt in Borneo.

"It is Edwin!" cried Colonel Daryl, starting forward to grasp his nephew's extended hand; while, under a similar enthusiastically welcoming impulse, the naturalist and the Americans moved eagerly after him. "My dear boy, this crowns a wonderful day for you and myself!"

"The beggars did not wait long enough after the first volley for us to distinguish ourselves much," returned the modest Lieutenant; innocently thinking his uncle inclined to overrate his prowess on the occasion, but not hesitating, in the general congratulations, to retain Abretta's trembling hand as protractedly as though she had extended it to him in special token of his having rendered heroic service to her particular self.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### FORBEARANCE IS THE DIGNITY OF MIGHT

THE consummate moral ascendancy of the Rajah of Sarāwak over the heterogeneous subjects of his principality had no more suggestive illustration than was presented daily by his court of Justice. Preceding European dignitaries in Asia, whether of India proper, or the Archipelago, had deemed it necessary to invest their every function of authority with a princely, or at least a military, pomp of circumstance, calculated to impress the Oriental imagination with an exalted sense of both splendor and invincibility in the power it emblazoned. But the frank manliness of James Brooke would have none of this ostentation of regal affluence,

or might, in a dominion to which he had come in a yacht, and over which he had ever disdained to rule by the tyranny of arms. Pride, without vanity, is the soul's honest instinct of justice to itself, and he had a firm pride in abstaining as much from the sign as from the reality of militant assumption, in a position glorious to his ambition only as he had word and might hold it as a fearless missionary of practical and beneficent Christian civilization. Thus, his court was simply a tribunal of democratic justice, wherein, while all due forms of true magisterial dignity were strictly observed, and even some of the native traditions of courtly ceremony heeded, no imposing display of royal retinue, or trappings, met the eye.

At the farther end of the long, central saloon, or hall, traversing the Government House; upon English arm-chairs of the plainest practical pattern; sat the Rajah and two of his principal European subordinates—Mr. Ruppel, a tall, slender Englishman and chief of staff, on the right hand, and Mr. Williamson, secretary and interpreter, on the left. Ranged on either side of these, in the orders of their respective ranks, upon a divan against the wall, were the Bandhara, or traditional Malayan vizier, the Tumangong, or Admiral of the Port, and a Patinghi of the Dyaks. Before the Rajah and his aides stood a table formerly belonging to the saloon of the yacht *Royalist*. Half-way down either side of the room extended a divan for the accommodation of privileged visitors; and the remainder of the apartment, furnished only with a flooring of mats, lay open to suitors and general spectators. Two members of the sparse body-guard, in loose blue dresses and hats of plaited rattan, stood guard at the door, while a few others were scattered at intervals within to serve as police. Tall windows, used also as doors and hung

with silken *portieres* of the national yellow hue, admitted light from as many short passage-ways, which ran between flanking offices to the open veranda.

Such was the usual aspect of a practically imperial court that, in less than five years, had redeemed a whole province of twelve thousand souls and twenty different tribes from the most brutalizing injustice that ever degraded its helpless victims into mere soulless beasts of burden. To European eyes it looked, at first glimpse—with the three Englishmen at the table, the native magistrates on their divans, and the throng of Malays, Dyaks and Chinamen, in their several native costumes, in the body of the room—like one of the frequent pictures of representatives from one civilized power, or another, discussing treaties with semi-barbarians in the rude council-chamber of some primitive Asian state.

And such, too, was its appearance on the day after the departure of the Bugis prahu and its American passengers for the Dyak village; save, only, that the surgeon of the household, Doctor Treacher, sat in place of Williamson.\*

The Rajah, who had returned but that morning from a visit to his opium plantation, nine miles away, knew little yet of the news brought by ships arriving in his absence, and was, therefore, unprepared for an episode that interrupted the ordinary routine of his tribunal. An aged Chinaman, with a too just grievance against a Malayan creditor, had bowed to the floor in gratitude for the judgment in his behalf, and another humble suitor was coming reverentially forward in his turn, when there pushed hastily through the motley crowd of

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\* This unfortunate gentlemen had lost his life shortly before by the accidental overturning of his canoe.

witnesses and lookers-on a woman, whose face was covered, in the Mahometan fashion, and who led by the hand a Malay lad in the fez and embroidered dress of a Pangeran's follower.

Hurrying in advance of the Chinaman's slow successor, the two importunate ones prostrated themselves abjectly, like true Orientals, with a passionate cry from the woman—

"Justice, great Rajah ! Justice !"

The Chief of Staff and the Surgeon exchanged swift glances, and then furtively watched their chief, as though anxious to note his manner.

At a signal from the Bandhara, two of the guards stepped silently forward and were about to remove the headlong intruders, at least until their hearing should follow in due order ; but, at the touch of a hand on her shoulder, the woman sprang to her feet again, dragging the passive boy with her.

"Justice !" she cried again, extending her clasped hands towards the table. "Justice, Tuan Besar, for my murdered sister !"

Something familiar in the young Malay's face made the Rajah gaze at him earnestly for a moment before addressing the suppliant :

"Who are you, woman ?"

"I am Amina, the daughter of Pa Jenna. My sister, Inda, has been murdered at Bruni by Pangeran Makota !"

"At Bruni ?—Makota, did you say ?" asked the Rajah, quickly, with another glance at the boy. "What do you mean ? Is this youth from Bruni ?"

"Speak, Japper !" commanded the veiled figure, almost fiercely, turning upon her hitherto passive companion. "You have that for Tuan Besar which will prove what I say !"

Advancing timidly to the table, without raising his eyes to the faces of those sitting there, the Malay boy placed before the Rajah the signet-ring entrusted to him, for such return to its original owner, by the devoted Budrudeen.

"Justice, Tuan Besar!" resounded the impassioned appeal once more—"Justice against Makota, the Serpent, who has killed Budrudeen and Muda Hassim!"

An outcry rang through the court-room from the native throng thus first hearing the murderous news brought the night before by the ship *Hazard*; and even the foreign listeners, who had caught something of it earlier, could not refrain from smothered exclamation.

With such a whitening of face and twitching of lip as his officers had never known him to show before, under any agitation, Rajah Brooke slowly raised the ring that told him, silently, all the story of Makota's revenge upon his friends, and placed it deliberately upon the finger it had encircled before the fight at Bruni.

"What ships are here from Singapore, Mr. Ruppel?" he asked, in English, of his right-hand companion.

"The *Cressy* and the *Phlegethon* came in last night, your Excellency, not three hours behind the *Hazard*."

He nodded, slightly, apparently in satisfaction at the information, and when his face turned again to the daughter of Pa Jenna, an iron sternness, as unwonted as its previous pallor, had settled upon it.

"Why is it, Amina, that Japper has sought you, first?" he inquired.

"Tuan Besar was not here when he came from the ship, and, he heard that Inda's sister was in Kuchin," replied the woman, like a speaking statue.

The Rajah fixed his flashing eyes upon the boy, in final readiness for the ghastly story he already grasped in its generalities.

"Japper, tell me all that you have to tell."

What that was—the miserable tale of the Sultan's imbecile superstition, Makota's audacious usurpation, and the catastrophe ensuing—need not be repeated here in detail. At its conclusion the great English friend of the Bruni martyrs arose summarily from his chair, without a word, and, motioning for Mr. Ruppel and the surgeon to follow, led the way to a private apartment; the native magistrates and spectators bowing low at the sight, and the woman and the boy mutely disappearing through the quickly dispersing crowd.

Never before in its history had the court been allowed to experience any visible disturbing effect from convulsions of the Borneo state. The present exception informed the simplest cognizant mind, that its special tragic occasion affected the Rajah more powerfully than had the most trying previous outrage of piratical Shereef, or dastard Pangeran. Soon the whole town was aware of the cruel drama that had been enacted in the Sultan's disordered capital, and all the able-bodied population took to sampan and canoe, for curious observation of anticipated energetic goings and comings between the Grove and the waiting English vessels of war.

The tidings brought by the Malay boy had, indeed, struck to the deepest heart of the ruler of Sarāwak, exciting in him a mingled grief and indignation that put all his power of self-control to the severest test. The two only friends whom he had found stanchly true among the native princes, were dead at the treacherous hands of his most implacable enemy—dying because of their inflexible fidelity to him and to his Queen. Noble Budrudeen, especially, had been to him as princely Jonathan to the son of Jesse; and the traitorous foe hounding him to a terrible, if heroic,

death, was the man whose own venomous life the friend of Budrudeen had spared for this! The puerile Sultan, whose ignorant folly and witless timidity had suffered the audacious miscreant to begin the great crime in his very presence, had thereby broken faith, treaty-pledged, with Great Britain, no less than with himself; and there, on the waters of the Sarāwak, were the British armed ships wherewith Sarāwak's Rajah and England's Agent to Borneo could, within three days, lay blood-stained Bruni in ruins and erect an English kingdom to the memory of Muda Hassim and Budrudeen!

"I shall start for Bruni to-night," said the Rajah, when he and his two followers had arrived in a side apartment usually devoted to the transaction of personal business. "You will issue orders to that effect, Ruppel, and represent me here in my absence."

"Can your Excellency be ready for such an expedition so soon?" asked the chief of staff, with uplifted eyebrows.

"It is but a question of the time that it will take the *Phlegethon* to get into sailing order again. She must have refitted at Singapore, and cannot require many hours to be in trim for going on," replied the Rajah, pausing, with folded arms, before a window through which the vessel he had named was visible. "I hope she has no sickness on board, to cause delay.—That is what I desired to ask *you* about, Doctor."

"All well on board, I believe, your Excellency," reported Doctor Treacher; "and on the *Cressy* and the *Hazard*, also."

"But surely you will not go with the *Phlegethon*, alone? She is a mere gunboat," urged Ruppel, forgetting official etiquette in contemplation of what seemed to him the last exaggeration of temerity.



"I would take no other ship than my own schooner, were it not obligatory upon me to go no less as a representative of the British government than of myself," was the resolute answer. "I tell you, gentlemen," continued the Rajah, turning quickly to face them both, and extending his clenched right hand in sympathetic gesticulation, "I could wish to walk singly and alone from the Sultan's wharf to the palace, and there take by the yellow throat, before his doltish sovereign and all the pangerans of Bruni, the base wretch whose thrice-forfeited life I once spared, when he was my prisoner on this very *Phlegethon*, scarcely more than a year ago.\* But Makota will not await me—no hope of that! I shall have to deal only with the driveling dotard of the imperial musnud, and should be less noble than my cause to need a squadron's guns for the humbling of such craven impotence as his. Mr. Ruppel, you will see that the proper arrangements are made for my departure. I perceive that the officers are coming from the ships again to visit us; we will return to the hall."

Words were never multiplied by his subordinates when he spoke in this decisive tone. Chief of staff and Surgeon followed him silently back to the court, now serving as a reception-chamber—as it would be used yet later in the day for a dining-room—and there took their parts in welcoming the captains and lieutenants of the three latest men-of-war in the stream.

It was during this reception that the impatient Pa Jenna finally gained the interview for which he had been waiting several precious hours, and secured the eagerly volunteered help from the *Cressy* that has been de-

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\* During the Expedition with Captain Keppel against the Sakarran pirates, in August, 1844.

scribed as proving of such timely value to the besieged village. The exhibition of the intercepted, ominous spear-head, and the Orang-Kaya's explanation of the danger threatening the supposed hiding-place of Amina, would have induced the Rajah's own leadership of a rescue at any other hour than that in which the blood of his slaughtered champions had just called to him for signal remembrance. As it was, the prompt offer of men and boats for the occasion by the commander of the frigate, and Lieutenant Belmore's unhesitating entreaty and acceptance to be the chief of the expedition, relieved all minds of any serious dread for the issue of an affair, that the firearms known already to be in good hands at Leda Tanah should be almost sufficient to end at its beginning.

The *Cressy's* young officer and his sturdy blue-jackets were well on their way up the river with the returning Bugis prahu, when the historic little *Phlegethon*, long familiar in these and the Chinese waters, unfurled her so lately reefed canvas to the cool evening breezes of the Sarāwak, and started for the sea. The two other ships of war at the anchorage joined in the parting salute of cannon at the Rajah's wharf; the bosom of the stream was alive with native boats, whose occupants—English, Malay, Chinese and Dyak—waved fluttering, many-hued emblems of loyal speeding; and from the veranda of "The Grove," and the deck of frigate and prahu, burst a roar of cheers for Tuan Besar—the Great Man—who was never greater than in forbearing to be the greatest.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

OUT of the shadowy coolness and fitful perturbation of a year's sojourn amongst the mountains of Borneo, into the sunny glare and commonplace activities of Singapore, was an emergence for the American family like that from one's curtained bedchamber, on a cloudless summer morning, after a night's incalculable span of all the dear delusions and mocking frights of dream-land, into the broad light and familiar realities of renewed social existence. As in visionary sleep the most closely assimilated characters of earlier waking hours have their clearly distinctive individualizations, even though the brooding of some common physical peril may, ultimately, influence all to the one culminating impression of dread ; so each member of the adventurous household had undergone a certain separate mental effect from the dream-like Borneon experience, before the final unison of sensibility to an impending actual horror made all of one mind in the delight of awaking in Singapore again.

Mrs. Effingham looked back upon her first meeting with the husband of Caroline Dornton, and the ensuing tacit conflict between a generously humble spirit of reparation and an invincibly wounded Pride, in an ever resuming reverie of self-questioning as to whether their actuation of herself would, or would not, have been to wiser effect if she had at once dared more ? Abretta did not so much recall in detail her own so tardily recognized growth into a feeling instinctively reserved

from confession even to her tender mother, as secretly and half-misgivingly wonder at herself that its vague aggregate left her a heart-revealing child no longer. Cousin Sadie thought of her year in the marginal wilderness as an ideal experiment, happily remote from censorious worldly criticism, to prove whether woman can, or cannot, be more than man's complement in the elevation of their common race; and was privately convinced by the result that Borneo, at any rate, required missionaries of the male sex—who, by the way, might have wives. Mr. Effingham retained an impression of vast commercial practical possibilities for the great Island, in the immediate future development of which he hoped to interest his fellow-countrymen and have some share himself; but he doubted that even the English Rajah's noble work of redemption had yet made even the beautiful Sarāwak valley a place to be unreservedly commended for the residence of Christian families. Master Cherubino's memories were as of an anticipated unexampled Menagerie, wherein, upon innocently sanguine visitation, every leading wonder of natural history was found to be phenomenally scarce; and Berner and Ambrose agreed with their youthful superior, that the concluding gratuitous display of fireworks and heroic naval demonstration were the most successful features of the show.

But all these varying personal impressions merged in a single conclusion from the episode of the Dyak village—that it was good to be back safely on the highway to a civilized world once more; and a compensation for every misadventure, that Colonel Daryl and his nephew had so marvellously regained their long-lost warrants of a just inheritance.

For it had been told to the astonished and heartily gratified family, before the departure from Sarāwak,

that Doctor Hedland's acumen had really tracked the expatriating purloiner of the precious papers to the cave on Mount Tubbang whither he had finally betaken himself in his weary wanderings from Sambas, and there discovered the last Will and missing title-deeds of the Colonel's grandfather in the recess of an ancient Hindoo altar. From the somewhat disordered condition of things immediately following the attempt of Makota's emissaries on the village—Sejugah's body being found beneath the Doctor's shattered house with a rifle-ball in the brain, and other ghastly indications occurring elsewhere up the stream—it had not been deemed judicious to take the visitors to the fateful cave itself; but Hedland minutely recited to them Medlani's revelation; modified only by making it trace the poor madman, alone, from Sambas to Tubbang; and was sufficiently modest under the encomiums lavished upon the ingenuity he had shown in attaining such an amazing practical result from a clue so ambiguous.

The warped, embittered nature of the older of the two men benefited by this surprise of fortune, has been lately shown in an already curiously softened aspect. Colonel Daryl could scarcely have explained to himself exactly why, upon being thrown again unexpectedly into the company of people whose every associative suggestion had previously irritated him to a climax of supposedly farewell defiance, he experienced a sudden inclination to deprecatory peace-making. Truth to confess, he was unconsciously influenced thereto by nothing more difficult of definition than the hope, howsoever faint, that had been stirred in his breast by the last discovery of the naturalist. He would not have acknowledged to his own practical judgment that he felt the slightest degree of actual faith in his old friend's theory of the importance of the Arab priest's story to

his pecuniary fortunes ; yet to his instinctive, even if unwitting, sympathy with that very theory, was due, unquestionably, his sudden disposition to resent less acutely than before the asperities which fate had imposed upon him. Then, when he and his nephew were in Singapore once more, with the Effinghams, after all doubts of the final beneficence of Fortune for him were dissipated, what more equably mild-tempered English gentleman, to every one, than he !

Of all the fallacies of sound that ever strove, by sheer, insensate pertinacity, to overwhelm the honest verities of sense, is there one more often asserted and less really believed than that the acquisition of riches is an evil ? To every rational craving of human nature this consummation is so much the highest human good—as giving the greatest effectiveness to every good—that the uncontrollable sensibility of the loftiest spirits to some phase of its temptation is perpetually inducing inconsistencies between professed principle and involuntary practice, by which the saintliest types of character are made to appear as practically sordid as the worst. Is the spire of a Church the less a growth from eager money-getting than the dome of a Stock Exchange ? Are the benevolent ambitions of the martial patriot and the light-giving sage altogether regardless of that ultimate incidental attainment of the universal potentialities of wealth which the narrow-sighted creature of avarice makes the avowed sole first and last purpose of his life ? What meaning has Philanthropy in pauper form ? Associate the noble terms, Benevolence, Generosity, Charity exclusively with empty purses—and what beneficent signification would they have for the improvident, the impoverished, the starving ? And—be it reverently said—how unspeakably different would it have been for fallen mankind, if,

in place of the Crown of Thorns, the incarnate brow Divine had received from a believing and a loyal world a Crown of Gold ?

Omnipotent wisdom allows earthly riches to be the chief of rewards for earthly endeavor ; all other compensations being but impotent inutilities if wholly lacking them ; and the native nobilities which their possession makes potent for a benign munificence in noble natures, work immeasurably more good for the race than can ever be malignly counterbalanced by the meannesses, imbecilities and vices it intensifies in ignoble minds.

Thus, a man whose youth had been profoundly embittered by a humiliating injustice ; a stern soldier whose mature inner life had been perverted to seek welcome distraction even in a seemingly hopeless quest : found his harshest memories suddenly turning gentle, and his sardonic cynicisms transmuting as quickly into the mel-lowest of social susceptibilities, upon coming at last, almost as by miracle, into the long-denied, affluent inheritance of his fathers. There was a generous blessing in the change that his whole nature tacitly acknowledged and was gratefully sweetened by. His nephew, who had known only the casual abnegations which are a day's despair and a month's disremembrance to the young, was scarcely less surprised than charmed at the genial transformation ; not apprehending what it was for unsuccessful manhood, consciously past its prime, first to see a future as apparently irredeemable as the past had been fatally a mistake, and then to have revealed to it, in a moment, that the kindly old world held some good for it yet. His friends paused not in their gratification at the change to analyze its philosophy ; but certainly no one thought of attributing it to a sordid soul's mere, vulgar delight in selfish gain.

This much is said in explanation of Colonel Daryl's altered manner, not only to the Effinghams, but to all the world, during the last days at Singapore ; because, with all his worldly experience and haughtiness of usual bearing, he had really yet a certain soldierly simplicity of character that made his successive moods as obvious as a boy's, and as devoid of any tact against others' misjudgment. If conciliatory and even, finally, chivalrously assiduous to the mother and daughter during their common unexpected sojourn at the Dyak village, he was unreservedly cordial with the whole family when all came together once more in the City of the Straits ; and even gladly accepted, for himself and Belmore, the American merchant's invitation to a voyage on the *Comanche* as far as Calcutta, whither it was his professional duty to repair before carrying his recovered treasures back to England, and where the family desired to tarry for a few days on their own homeward way.

"I like to think of it all as a fairy-tale, and give full scope to the fancy that you and I are the fortunate Princess and Prince in it," whispered Edwin to Abretta, as the youthful pair, significantly thus neglected together, walked slowly back and forth, side by side, on the upper balcony of "The Straits." It was after dinner, in the soft, amethystine twilight, and the pretext to the elders, conversing within, had been, to look for Biela's double comet.

"Only, in a fairy-tale there should be some malevolent giant, or spirit, or monster, to triumph in the distressful part, and be signally overthrown at last," murmured Abretta.

"That is an awkward deficiency," confessed the light-hearted young sailor, "unless we can make something of Makota, and that blundering attack on the village."



"But that was not intended for us, at all, you know. Doctor Hedland told Papa that the Illanaons would never have dared to come into the Sarāwak if they had not believed that even he was absent at the time."

"Yes, I suppose it must have been so ; those yellow fellows are surprising cowards when bullet or shot rattles amongst them. But the horrible affair at Bruni had emboldened them, and they might have managed at least to fire your village on masts," suggested Edwin Belmore, disconcerted to find the value of his own exploit dwindling more and more.

"You came in time to prevent that," said the girl, her tone more eloquent than her words.

"If we could only have caught them trying to scale the piles !" ejaculated her companion, implying his keen regret that she had not a more heroic service to recall in that fervent voice. "Well, at any rate, none of you came to harm, thank God !—We must not forget our fairy-tale, though. We must have the regulation Evil Genius for it. Poor old Ruadh might serve, in a way, I suppose.—But, no ! he was a martyr to a crazed idea of fidelity to his master's interest ; and that makes him a kind of a hero : doesn't it ? Suppose we take Doctor Hedland's Ape for our implacable Monster."

"That seems to be a rather desperate resource," laughed Abretta. "Besides," she added, more gravely, "your Uncle shows almost as much sense of bereavement as Doctor Hedland, at the loss of the poor animal."

"Do you know, I'm half ready to believe that Uncle Will is infected with the Doctor's heathen theory of the humanity of orang-outans ?" said Edwin, reflectively. "He shows such extraordinary feeling in making any reference to the curious death of the Ape in our patrimonial cave. The Doctor and he are both

very sparing of words as to that bit of zoological tragedy ; they barely tell how it happened, and then plainly want to drop the subject. "

"I'm afraid your fairy-tale must go without a Monster, then."

They were pausing, face to face, at the end of the balcony remotest from the combination of mat-hung door and window, opening from the room in which were their kindred. Faint stars sprinkled the dusky altitudes of the balmy evening hour ; the row of palms before the house lifted dark fronds above the railing, but not so high that the lights kindling on the shipping of the Roads could not be seen far beyond them.

"Perhaps we are not thinking at all, dear Abretta, of the really most remarkable part of our story," remarked the Lieutenant, availing himself of the deepening shadows to gaze unreservedly at the charming profile her face presented in its look at the lights. "Felonious abstractions of Wills have been common enough ; such a half-witted creature as Ruadh was far more likely to have an unreasoning instinct for first following his master to Holland with the stolen papers, and then taking wild flight farther away from the English overtaking he feared, than to have pursued any other course, in the circumstances. To the Dutch dependency of Java, whither mail-steamers and troops were then frequently going, was his most obvious direction of escape from Amsterdam ; and, quitting Batavia under terror of British invasion, he would as naturally reach the Dutch settlements of Sambas, in Borneo, as any other immediately attainable refuge. I have not yet heard from Uncle Will all the details of the unfortunate fellow's sufferings in the wilderness and discovery of the cave ; but can imagine easily enough the natural logic of that and the sequel. Then Doctor Hedland's chance-

hearing of the Arab priest's tale of the Sambas 'Antu,' and all that, was only a lucky accident in our favor, and his shrewd idea of having a part of the fallen roof dug away was characteristic of his scientific habits of investigation."

"But what could have become of the poor maniac himself?" asked Abretta, in youthful unwillingness to have no mystery left in the romance.

"He must have died, of course, dear. Uncle Will and the Doctor don't say anything about that; they take it for granted, I suppose. As I was going to say, though, all this business about the lost papers is less amazing to my mind, than that Uncle Will should have been your Aunt's husband and had such an awful time of it. Can any one imagine such a man as concerned in a tragedy of sentiment like that?"

"Now I see where you are going to find the Evil Genius of your fairy-tale," returned Abretta, quickly.

"No, dearest girl," said the young man, as quickly, "I'll not be less just than my Uncle himself, who says that his own thoughtless imprudence justly subjected him to all that he suffered."

Meanwhile the Uncle in question was saying to his American friends, as they sat talking amicably together in the rooms of the hotel:—

"I shall not relinquish my profession. My whole life is molded to it and I am too old for a change. Edwin, however, is more adaptable to altered circumstances, and will readily resign his commission to assume the less precarious and more important duties of a man of property. Our faithful friend the Governor, here, has kindly tendered his good offices, in addition to those of the Captain of the *Cressy*, with the Admiral; so that my nephew may venture to accompany me at once to Calcutta. When in England, I hope to negotiate an

exchange for myself from the Indian service into that nearer the ancestral home, where Edwin must represent the family for both of us."

"You anticipate no legal difficulties, Colonel, in the re-establishment of your rights?" queried Mr. Effingham.

"The lawyers here assure me that there can be none. The sworn attestations of all the witnesses to the will are sufficient to authenticate it beyond a doubt, though I shall, of course, secure Hedland's affidavit."

"And your half-uncle's son?"

"Has no claim whatever. But what the law does not give him our sense of moral justice shall concede. Edwin and I are heartily agreed upon that."

Only the two gentlemen and the ever undemonstrative Mrs. Effingham were in the room at the time; Miss Ankeroo having retired immediately after dinner to the private business-office of the hotel, to read some late American and English newspapers by the light early burning there, taking Cherubino with her. As, besides being the American merchant's immediate host, the proprietor of "The Straits" was also his commercial correspondent, the whole hotel was, in a manner, permanently free to the family. Cousin Sadie, at least, with her usual practical philosophy, felt no hesitation in acting upon Mr. Dodge's thoughtfully courteous suggestion, that the customary privacy of the retired little apartment in question might afford her a convenient resort at any time when she desired to write a letter, or read anything, without the distracting adjacency of young people with romances. Accordingly, in the private office she was now bestowed, for a fragmentary half-hour's perusal of the last news from either side of the Atlantic; Cherubino coiling in a chair beside her, and falling immediately asleep from the exhaustions of

a day spent in every known activity of the boyish frame to shorten life between meals.

Presently a deprecatory knock sounded on the door, and, in response to the lady's summons of admittance, there entered Mr. Dodge, bringing another newspaper.

"Excuse the liberty, Miss Ankeroo," pleaded the intruder, with a bow, after a sharp, inquisitive glance at the slumbering boy. "Looking over this copy of the *London Times* just now, I found something that I think may interest you, as an American. An account of the distinguished success of Charlotte Cushman at the Princess Theatre, in the play of 'Fazio.' Miss Cushman comes from our side of the water, you know."

"Very kind in you, sir, I'm sure," the spectacled fair one answered, rather stiffly and without any motion to take the paper. "I know that there is such a person as Miss Cushman, but take no interest in theatrical affairs of any description."

The lively countenance of Mr. Dodge lost some of its native confidence, at this chilling hint that his tact had made an unfortunate mistake in forgetting that an ex-missionary might not indulge an enthusiasm for the drama. It was but a moment, however, before his hazel eyes were vivaciously illuminated by a timely second thought:

"But 'Fazio' is the work of a clergyman, you see—Milman; author of a History of Christianity and other respectable games of that character. It occurred to me that this circumstance might make the occurrence seem less wicked," concluded the host of "the Straits," to whom the apt literary recollection was really the inspiration of the moment.

"I'll look at the paper, thank you," said Miss Ankeroo, with a barely visible relaxation at the corners of her handsome lips. "I do sincerely wish, Mr. Dodge,



that, in leaving this part of the world, we could carry away with us the memory of at least one serious speech by yourself."

"You shall!" returned he, with startling assent, simultaneously lifting into the air, by its arms, the wide wicker chair in which reposed the small-boy, and with as noiseless celerity depositing it again on the mat. Seemingly a casual experiment to prove whether the sleep of the child could sustain, unbroken, a movement so repugnant to nature, the muscular effort was really a device to ascertain whether or not the sleep in question was but a shrewd simulation not always repugnant, by any means, to the nature of a small-boy.

"You shall remember at least one serious speech of mine, Miss Ankeroo," asserted Mr. Dodge, with indubitable earnestness, "and that is, that I am up to my eyes in Love—" the lady started—"in Lover's—Samuel Lover's—'Handy Andy,' you know," he hurried on, with miraculous presence of mind, "to divert my thoughts from the realization of the departure of yourself and party to-morrow. Nothing unbalances the distressed mind like a comic novel. While you were all in Borneo I had the comfort of feeling that something of my country was near me; it was like your being in Boston, with myself in New York."

"I consider Boston the first of American cities," remarked the gentle New Englander, flushing slightly.

"Oh! you forget, Miss Ankeroo—not quite the first, is it? There's Albany, you know. First 'A', and then 'B'. Of course you mean alphabetically?"

"It's of no consequence, sir," was the frigid reply. "We shall all be gratified to know that you regret us."

"Loneliness scarcely expresses what will be my portion, until the arrival of a cage of monkeys that I am

daily expecting from the Archipelago," murmured poor Dodge, in perfect good faith, leaning desolately upon the back of Cherubino's chair. "There'll be nothing to divert my thoughts from melancholy. Can nothing"—desperately—"induce you to remain in the East Indies, Miss Ankeroo?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Couldn't *I* offer any inducement?" (Very timidly and humbly—for him.)

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Dodge."

"I mean, of course, in the way of first-class hotel accommodations," (presence of mind again) "with a fine view of the sea and in close proximity to several orthodox churches.—However, if your mind is made up, I'll not dwell upon the merits of Singapore as a place of residence for the season, and have the honor to bid you a very good evening."

With which extremely ingenious perversion of a real sentimental crisis into an apparently commonplace illustration of a hotel-proprietor's naturally polite urgency for continued patronage, Mr. Dodge retreated in good order.

Early on the morning following these several symptomatic scenes of colloquy in a story now nearing its close, a boat so small that it barely afforded space for two passengers and a Coolie paddler, passed under the last bridge of the city across the narrow, shallow, Singapore River, and entered between the weedy banks of a suburb rolling in a succession of picturesque miniature hills. One of the passengers, in a blue serge suit of European fashion and a Panama hat of wide dimensions, was saying to the other, whose coat and cap were military fatigue—

"Any one who knows the man would have expected just such news. Attended only by the Captain and

Lieutenant of the little *Phlegethon*; without so much as a guard of marines; he landed in that den of hyenas as though it had been our old, hospitable Devonport, and marched straight up to the palace. Of course that snake of a heathen, Makota, had taken to the mountains at first sight of the flag in the river; but who else than Brooke would have ventured in that way into a town of treacherous savages, where a dozen of his friends had just been butchered in an anti-English *coup d'état*?"

"I think he would sooner loose his own life than avenge what he considers a personal wrong, by arms, in Borneo," remarked the other.

"Not a doubt of it. Only against pirates and their immediate abettors will he fight; or to put down 'head-hunting.' He might be assassinated on any day of the year, in Sarāwak, for all the precautions he takes to prevent it."

"And what was the result at Bruni?"

"The Captain of the *Phlegethon* reports, that the Sultan cringed at his rebuke in the most pitifully abject style, and agreed to repair forthwith, attended by his whole court and body-guard, to the graves of Muda Hassim and the others, and render royal honors to the injured shades. The moral effect of the ceremony, so peremptorily compelled, is equal to a victorious battle for the Rajah, they say."

"James Brooke is indeed a great man!" ejaculated the soldier. "Saint and savage may unite in that title for him."

Here the boat stopped, at signal from him of the Panama hat, beside a knoll rising at the stream's edge, and the Englishmen, stepping ashore, looked at each other significantly.

"I brought him here with me, Daryl," said the



Doctor, in a low, deliberate tone, as they paused a moment before ascending ; " because some of the villagers could not have been trusted, in my absence, not to have disturbed the remains for the sake of the head. That barbarism is strong in the best of the Sea-Dyaks yet."

" I understand, Lawrence.—But the others ?"

" They are safe until the Judgment under the bank of fallen earth that gave them merciful sepulchre. Superstition invests the cave now, more than ever, with supernatural terrors, which will protect it permanently from all native profanation."

" Poor Ruadh !" sighed Daryl, as they moved up the knoll. " What a fate !"

The ascent was easy and short ; and on the summit, between overshadowing palms and bordered by luxuriant undergrowth, was a newly defined mound, of that length and breadth which tell ever but one sad tale.

" I wanted you to see where I had placed him, Will, before you went away. Between you and myself rests the dread secret of what he was. Here we will leave him, midway between the Heathen and the Christian worlds ; himself the awful link between Man as God made him and the irretrievably fallen Man."

There was planted at the head a small granite slab, such as the Chinese use in their burial-grounds, and upon it, without date or epitaph, was inscribed :

O'SHAWNESSY.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### SHE TELLS ALL.

BOUND for the Bay of Bengal and the Hoogly, her lofty towers of canvas snowy, or delicately shading each other, in the full-orbed moonlight, and her long, dark hull gliding rhythmically below, like the condensed shadow of all, the stately *Comanche* traversed silvery waters in Malacca Strait, with Penang Island on her starboard and Point Diamond on her larboard side.

Thus far were the voyagers on their way to a port where two of them were to part from the others; and each hour that lessened the distance thither had drawn closer together by instinctive feeling, whether consciously or not, the uncle and nephew destined to homes in the Old World and the family returning to theirs in the New.

Occupying chairs triangularly placed near the copper stanchions guarding the skylight of a cabined saloon below, the merchant, his wife and Colonel Daryl enjoyed the serene light and tranquillizing quietude of the spotless after-deck, where the occasional splash of the cool waves, thrown back in softened consonance by echoing sail, but lulled their thoughts more luxuriously to whatsoever came by casual circumstance to contemplation or remark.

"Why does not Cousin Sadie join us, my dear?" asked Mr. Effingham, when he and the Colonel, by request more than permission of the lady, had ignited their segars.

"Now that 'Bino is disposed of for to-night, she is at her Dictionary of Hindostanee, again, probably, to be ready for India," replied the wife, half-laughingly.

"Our Cousin is always our first interpreter in foreign places," said the merchant to his English friend. "When others study maps, she devotes herself to lexicons."

"A feminine counterpart of Hedland, in that respect," remarked the Colonel; "he is an insatiable linguist."

"Is Doctor Hedland likely to return soon to Europe?" inquired Mrs. Effingham.

"He proposes, I believe, madame, first to visit his brother in Lombok, who is a great dignitary there."

"And his theory in regard to miasmas has gone the way of Lord Monboddos, I presume," said Mr. Effingham. "After the cruel death of his ape I heard him say no more on that subject. It was always curious to me, that a man of his general practical tendencies and views should become an enthusiast over a proposition having no proofs which could not be construed as well to demonstrate the converse of itself. And then, at the first serious discredit to its speculative assumptions, his whole theory apparently fell to pieces. At least, I so judged from the suddenness with which he ceased to talk about it."

"With all his eccentricities and positivisms of the moment, Doctor Hedland is an invincibly honest man," returned the Colonel, guardedly. "Let him perceive that he has assumed too much as assured in any given argument, and he will make no sophistical effort to cover his retreat."

"He certainly prevented *our* retreat from the Dyak village," rejoined Mr. Effingham, who was really not much interested in what he supposed to have been a

mere scientific aberration. "When you and he made your appearance to us at last, that night, Colonel, on the veranda, I had virtually decided that the time was come for a retreat with my women and children across the bridge to the hilltop. You may imagine the strain upon my nerves from the consciousness of my responsibility for the safety of so many helpless ones, whom I had brought to such a barbarously unfitting place, and whose ignorance of the ways of the savages menacing us was scarcely greater than my own."

"In your place, sir, I should have retreated to the hilltop even earlier, perhaps. Hedland and I fully appreciated the critical nature of your situation with the ladies, when we realized, from the disappearance of our boat, and other signs, that hostile strangers had passed towards the village during our stay in the cave. We wasted no time in our overland return, I can assure you, although the whole way was over hills and through pitiless entanglements of jungle."

"While you were so nervous for us, Richard," said the wife, looking affectionately at her husband, "all our own anxiety was on your account."

"Of that I have not the least doubt, my dear. But I hope never again to feel so painfully what it is to be a husband and a father! With myself, only, to protect on such an occasion, I might not have been much dismayed at an obviously foiled attempt to surprise the place, by wretches to whom our lofty position and three good guns were really a fortress impregnable for direct assault; but, as it was, every yell from the river shook my courage, and I did the good villagers the injustice secretly to suspect that they might at any moment fall upon us themselves. It is natural, if not generous, I think, for us to suspect everybody as robbers when particularly prized treasures are in our charge."

This concluding commonplace of husbandly politeness was, of course, intended to be no more than that ; yet the Colonel seized upon it as a salient statement in the ethics of guardianship.

"There you express a truth, Mr. Effingham," said he, speaking more earnestly than before, "that I have had reason to recognize from its evidence in my own later feelings. Both yourself and Mrs. Effingham are aware how dear my boy always has been to me ; but only in this last month, since the goodness of fortune has made him seem even more to me like a son in our close community of material interests, have I come to understand how much one may suffer from that jealous suspicion of all the world's robber-proclivities which seems to be a part of the intensest regard we can feel for individuals. Coincident with my happiness in being able at last to see Edwin restored to our patrimonial rights by my side, and while I was feeling all a veritable father's pride in the consummation, came yet a secret distrust, and sting, with the sudden fear that now the world would want to rob me of him !

"Oh, my good friends," he continued, abruptly lowering his voice, but with increased fervor of manner, "I know now that there was full warrant in piteous human nature for an award to myself that my inexperienced, passionate youth thought inhuman ! I can understand, I can sympathize in and unspeakably compassionate, the fierce agony of a devoted parent, at an untried, almost unknown stranger's intervention of assumed superior claim between herself and the child whose whole life had been her own fashioning, her dearest fruition, her cherished source of every tender hope for the future."

"Do you, then, indeed, forgive my Mother, Colonel Daryl?" exclaimed Mrs. Effingham, in a voice and

with an air which caused both men to regard her surprisedly.

"More than that ;—I justify Mrs. Dornton, madame. In her jealous mother-love she could know me only as a would-be audacious robber of her dearest treasure ; and at her first challenge I fled. My pride it was that made me thus dastard ; and it is pride that has kept me unjust to her memory, until now, when,—myself feeling as she felt,—I can frankly confess that I was the sinner."

The scene at this moment was dramatic. An effulgence almost equal to that of day exhibited the three seated figures in attitudes of varying urgent expectancy towards each other. Daryl sat rigidly erect, his segar lying unheeded at his feet and his strongly-lined face turned waitingly to Mrs. Effingham. She, involuntarily clutching her fan with both hands, leaned slightly towards him, in an obviously rising excitement at his words. The merchant, holding his segar forgotten in mid-air, watched both of his companions, inquisitively, with an uneasy intuition of a crisis he could not divine. From the distant fore-castle came the occasional swell of a chorus ; but for which the three might have seemed, at the time, to be the sole human occupants of the great, pallid snowberg of a ship. Close before them arose an unrustling pinnacle of grandly curving sails, and behind appeared the black opening of the cuddy hatchway, like the mouth of a tenantless cave.

"You can say, sir, from your heart, that you have not yet a lingering harsh thought against her who bade her daughter renounce you, in bitterness of repentance, to your face, and in her presence ?" questioned Mrs. Effingham again, in a hurried, breathless voice.

"I do say it—and feel it," responded Colonel Daryl, firmly. "Wisdom has been given me to see that my inconsiderate folly deserved all its punishment."

Her face turned as pale as on the night of mortal dread in the village, but attitude and tone were unchanged :

"Only upon such assurance, Colonel Daryl, could I tell you what you shall now hear. Not even to you, my Husband, could I before reveal that which in its confession might seem to ask my own vindication at the price of my mother's blame."

"Your own vindication, Julia?" echoed Mr. Effingham, incredulously. "You can never require vindication to me; and whomsoever else may deem it requisite shall find myself sufficiently answerable."

She placed a hand upon the arm of his chair, at once in acknowledgment and deprecation of the feeling he had expressed :

"Bear patiently with me, Richard. After hearing what I may now tell this gentleman, you will understand my meaning better.

"Colonel Daryl," she continued, once more addressing the Englishman, who watched and listened with growing amazement, "you have believed that my sister Caroline, at our mother's command, bade you leave her, forever."

He bowed constrainedly : knowing not what to say.

"You have resentfully blamed—you have generously excused—you have lovingly forgiven—you can now even justify her—for so acting; because it was under compulsion of an authority that you finally acknowledged to have been higher and more righteous than yours—though you were her husband."

Another inclination of the head.

"My sister did not commit that act."

"Great Heaven, madame! what can you mean?" cried the Colonel, in staring astonishment.

"Remember the darkened room; the tearful face that

never turned to you ; the sobbing accents. You were deceived, Colonel Daryl."

"Impossible ! The voice—the dress—the words—"

"Were mine !—or, rather, the dress, alone, was Caroline's. Resembling my poor, distracted sister in voice, in form, in many physical attributes, I impersonated her ; because—she being rebellious, unconquerable, locked, an indomitable prisoner, in her room—our mother implored me—peremptorily commanded me—to do it."

By a simultaneous common impulse the two men looked blankly at each other for a moment. Daryl's face lost its color, and his hands tightened spasmodically upon the arms of his chair.

"Madame ! . . . I am confounded !" But in the next instant his countenance flushed and radiantly lightened—"I thank God that it was not my Wife !"

"Your pride was spared that blow. Caroline was loyal to you in word, as in deed, to the latest hour of her short life. Although you heard my voice—alas !—and I yours, neither of us saw the other's face in that unhappy meeting at Dornton Manor. I saw you first in Borneo, scarcely a year ago ; and from that hour have inwardly prayed—I cannot describe how fervently and humbly—that God would so permanently soften your heart to my mother's memory that, as one of her children, I need not fear, for her sake, to make this confession to you, Colonel Daryl. You said that you forgave her, when I knew that you did not. But tonight I feel assured, at last, as by some influence even other than your own generous words, that the time is fitting for the only expiation in the power of a Dornton to offer."

Mr. Effingham sat silent ; his mind in conflict between an unselfish wish that he had been denied the hearing



of what no prerogative of his should ever have imposed the pain of telling, and a sympathy with both wife and friend that made him glad to be tacitly united with the one in a reparation due to the other.

"Madame," said the Colonel, in a tone of the profoundest feeling, "you have extracted the last drop of bitterness from the cup that I prepared for myself."

"You thought, that, when our mother asked the kneeling girl before you, if she repented her great folly? it was Caroline who replied with the word '*Bitterly!*'" added the lady, as feelingly. "When I, in her likeness to your eyes, employed that meaning term, its application in my own agonizingly reproachful thoughts was to the deed of deception to which I had suffered myself to be compelled, though not yet could I be aware of its full cruelty to Caroline and to you. The recollection has humbled me unspeakably all through my life."

"A daughter's filial obedience, to save an inexperienced sister from what all worldly wisdom would have joined parental judgment in esteeming but little better than the throwing of her whole existence away, may bear a less unsparing verdict, I think, my dear, than the one you inflict upon yourself," said Mr. Effingham, quietly.

"I agree with you, sir, in that sentiment, perfectly," the Colonel remarked, with a quick resumption of his easier, cordial air.—"But look yonder!" he continued, a peculiar smile informing lips and eyes as he nodded in the direction of something just then catching his observation on the side of the deck opposite from where they sat—"there is the best solution of our problem."

Husband and wife turned their heads to follow his glance, and beheld two youthful figures, side by side, in a pause of a walk not previously verging upon the re-

tirement of their seniors. The girl, graceful and picturesque, was pointing animatedly to some object glancing in the lustrous waves—perhaps a silvery albacore—and the young sailor's handsome head almost touched her shoulder in his eager promptness to assure her what it was.

Only these fairer forms of expanding life, and sanguine hope, and future promise, were requisite, to take up the remaining strands of a story first webbed in broken hearts, across the cold Atlantic, a score of years before, and blend them into a romance of fairest augury upon the warm billows of the Indian Ocean.

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## EPILOGUE.

IN one of the prettiest vallies among the southern hills of the State of Vermont, nearly midway between the fine scenery of Bellows Falls and the sunny Massachusetts line, there is a thrifty railway village, with two summer hotels, three churches and a newspaper. In the year 1851, this was an unbustling and cosily embowered hamlet, philosophically satisfied with a solitary quadrangular white wooden house of worship, and an as unpretentious and tidy a "public" to keep in countenance the daily omnibus to the nearest station for trains. But even this latter vehicular enterprise indicated that the place was not wholly without human interest for the outer world; and, indeed, a certain educational "Young Ladies' Institute," whose broad, snowy front, balconied and green-blinded, gleamed attractively through the noble maples of an overlooking hillside, had acquired a celebrity of which the hamlet was not a little vain.

It is with this same academic nursery of the budding mind feminine that we have now to do, as it appeared on a cloudless June afternoon in the year mentioned.

A tall, bright-eyed gentleman, slightly foreign in dress, arriving alone from the station by the omnibus, made some general inquiries about the boarding-school, at the small hotel,—how long did the summer vacation last?—when would the next term begin? and so on—and then: having secured a room for the night, and freshened himself from the dust and frowsiness of travel: proclaimed his purpose of walking to the “Institute” for a call.

By a neatly kept main road, bordered with rows of fruit trees and pleasant fields of pasture, he took his way, as instructed, to a bisecting narrower one, leading up, between hedges, by comfortably undulating ascent, to a wide iron gate, set in a substantial stone wall that ended the thoroughfare. Seeing no bell-pull, nor porter’s lodge, the stranger confidently admitted himself through the unfastened gate to the smoothly graveled carriage-road within, and traversed a gently rising stretch of flanking lawn and brilliant flower-beds, until it led him finally into the grateful shade of the patriarchal maples, through which he had seen the face of the building from below.

Pausing a moment at the foot of the steps leading to the lower balcony and principal entrance, he first surveyed the expanse of deserted piazza and closed blind-shutters before him, and then, turning, was impressed by the solitude of the outspreading garden-walks and arbors of the ample private grounds of the house. A dog in a sunny clover field some distance away was the only animated object visible, for the instant, in the whole gilded landscape; and at that redeeming quadruped the visitor, after a hasty precautionary glance

around, could not refrain from hurling, vigorously, the nearest convenient pebble.

The missile was not really intended to strike any object; its propulsion having resulted merely from the irrepressible buoyant impulse of a human organization of peculiar liveliness; and when the clover-nosing dog apparently failed to realize that anything had been thrown in his direction at all, the covert thrower dusted his hands upon his handkerchief with a subdued laugh, and forthwith addressed himself to the door and bell of the soundless "Institute."

A pair of eyes behind the bowed blinds of an unnoticed window had witnessed the performance with the pebble, and their owner's rather indignant surprise thereat underwent a swift change to another order of astonishment when, next, they remarked the face of the visitor coming up the piazza.—

"As sure as this world—I"

There were voices in the broad hall, as of some one amazingly recognizing some one else, and that some one else cheerfully confessing the identity.—

"And so you 're up here, too, Ambrose, are you? I wasn't aware that they had Darkeyecture on the list of studies for the fair sex."

"Now go 'way, Mr. Dodge; that 's just like you, sir! I'm more accustomed to the country than the city, and when the family moved into the town-house from the Manor, last Fall, they let me come up here, sir, to reg'late a bit of gardening for the lady."

In another moment the smiling negro was presenting a card to his mistress, in the cosey and shady little reception-room of the establishment that she had converted, temporarily, into a collector's office for the cooler "making out" of bills for the parents of her absent scholars.

"Do allow me to come in, with the privilege of an old friend," pleaded the unceremonious visitor, appearing in the doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Dodge! *can* it be you?" exclaimed Miss Ankeroo, advancing from behind the busy-looking desk drawn near the blinded window. "Well, this is truly a surprise!"

"It wasn't in me to make it more gradual—I wanted to see you so much!" apologized the gentleman, shaking hands tempestuously; and, after a few farther amenities, lady and guest took chairs for more original conversation.

"Upon my word, you're quite imposing in your grandeur here, Miss Ankeroo," observed Mr. Dodge; thinking less, however, of the stately spaciousness of the "Institute," than of the freshly blooming retrogression to youth that the accomplished "Lady Principal" seemed to have made since their last interview. "Mr. Effingham, whom I met in New York on the day of my arrival,—yesterday, by the way,—informed me of your professional engagement and address, and I took the liberty of making haste to catch you before you should be taking your own vacation. At the hotel below they told me that term-time was over with you until September, and that I might not find you visible for callers. Of course it would have been the regular thing for me to forward my card first, and wait for an invitation to follow; but you see I didn't do it."

"Nor was it necessary, after the compliment of thinking of me so soon," laughed the school-mistress, thinking, in her turn, that a tuft of auburn hair upon his chin rather improved the traveler's looks. "You certainly would not have found me here one day later, as I shall go to New York tomorrow."

"That is to be the date of my own return. You'll honor me as your escort?"

"Oh, thank you, that will be pleasant.—But do excuse me, Mr. Dodge, if I allow the celebrated curiosity of my sex to have its way at once. Have there been any particular changes at Singapore, or in Sarāwak, since we were all there?"

"You wouldn't know Kuchin, again," he replied, complacently; "it's growing like a clump of bamboos. They've actually got roads and a few horses there, now. That is, there's a quite civilized bridle-path, as you might call it, made by laying down trunks of trees side by side, from the town to the Rajah's opium farm, seven or eight miles along the river. Then there's a church, too, at last, for a Scotch missionary—Mr. McDougal; and quite a body of European society. I've got a little new hotel myself there—sort of provincial branch, you know, of 'The Straits'—and Merton and Von Camp and I are speculating together, modestly, in antimony and nutmegs."

"A missionary there, you say?" sighed the lady.

"—And his wife. Very nice people they are, too, with a large congregation on the week-day evenings, when they give magic lantern exhibitions of scenes in the Holy Land and Paris.—I've not yet told you, though," continued Mr. Dodge, in a lighter tone, "that I went from Singapore to London before coming back home, and had Colonel Daryl for a fellow-passenger with me from Liverpool."

"Indeed! Then the Colonel is now in New York?"

"Yes; for the first time, he tells me, since he and his nephew crossed for Belmore's marriage with Miss Effingham. I wouldn't wish for better company than the fine old fellow is in these days; and it's a complete

course in high-toned gentility to hear him mention 'my Sister-in-law, Mrs. Effingham.' "

"Did you see anything of the Belmores?"

"When I reached London, early last month, they had just come in to their house in the city from their place in Surrey, and as I'd sent my card to them in the country it was a few days before they found me out. Then Belmore called at my hotel, and took me to see the wife and two little ones. I doubt if there's another woman in London as handsome as our former Miss Abretta; and I'm sure that her husband feels no uncertainty on that point at all. As for the Colonel, he plainly regards the pair as the connubial paragons of the age, and only objects to their system of visiting the United States every second year. But, you see, he's here, himself, now."

"And that eccentric Doctor Hedland?" queried Miss Ankeroo, smiling.

"Oh, after visiting a brother of his who is a kind of Mogul amongst the heathen of Lombok, the Doctor left the Archipelago at last for England; where he has a fine estate on the Thames, near a place called Ditton, and wages bitter war on the vivisectionists. His last idea seems to be, that the brutes are all merely so many physical degeneracies of human nature."

"How perfectly ridiculous!"

"I must say that I prefer it, myself, to his earlier theory about monkeys," intimated Mr. Dodge, whose knowledge of what, exactly, that theory had been, was not of the clearest. "The Doctor was giving a great dinner to Rajah Brooke on the day when the Colonel and I left London."

"So the Rajah of Sarāwak is now in England, too," said the fair school-mistress, with renewed interest.

"He and I were fellow-travelers from Singapore by

the Peninsular and Oriental route. I could have cut quite a figure amongst the cockneys on the strength of such illustrious companionship."

"Have his countrymen learned to appreciate him justly, yet, do you think?"

Mr. Dodge fingered the tuft upon his chin reflectively, and assumed an expression of grave cogitation.

"All the boring that a great celebrity, in his most suicidal moments, could expect, is certainly his; he is dined, and speeched over, and stared at, whichever way he turns; but you hear a number of people denouncing him, right and left, in private, for what they call his 'inhumanities' in his last battle with the Sarebas pirates, two years ago; and a member named Hume persecutes him relentlessly in Parliament."

"Was it true, as we have heard, that eight hundred lives were lost in the battle of Kaluka River?" asked Miss Ankeroo.

"The bill of mortality was undoubtedly large enough to cast a gloom over the whole piratical community," confessed the colloquial historian. "Warmed to an uncomfortable excess by the fire of Captain Farquhar's frigate, *Nemesis*, the yellow gentlemen, who were more accustomed to the cooler experience of surprising peaceful merchantmen by night, made the mistake of retreating from their prahus to a tongue of land between two rivers. There the Rajah's Dyak land-force treated them to a native head-hunting festival, they say, and it may be that somebody was hurt."

"Don't speak lightly of such horrors!" admonished his feminine auditor.

"I'd drop a tear for the lamented pirates if I could, Miss Ankeroo; but that particular tap in my nature became suddenly dry before I'd been in the Indies a week. Why, just look at the facts of the case, my



dear friend: When the Rajah came back from his English visit of 1847, a knight of the Bath; Governor of the island of Labuan, just off Bruni, and British Commissioner and Consul General to Borneo; those old villains, the pirate Shereefs of the Sarebas and Sakarran dens, began a renewal of all their former atrocities upon unarmed vessels and sleeping villages; fancying that Tuan Besar's forbearance after the massacre of his friends at Bruni meant that he was cowed at last. Sir James, being then a British Governor no less than a Rajah, had no choice but to use the whole available power of his country to chastise, finally, and for all, such pitiless plunderers and assassins; and he and Farquhar did make thorough work of it."

"I am glad to hear such explanation of a matter known to us in this country only through prejudiced English representations," remarked the spinster, energetically. "I couldn't bear to think of such a man becoming selfishly ambitious at last."

"Selfishly ambitious!" echoed Felix Dodge, raising his eyebrows. "I went up to Labuan from Kuchin, while I was building my new hotel, and there I found your victim of ambition magnificently flaunting a conqueror's princely estate in a cottage of three rooms amongst the camphor trees; the royal reception chamber being about sixteen feet square. In his sumptuous stables was one half-Arab pony, and the gubernatorial army and navy consisted of ten native constables and three canoes. This imposing pomp has so overawed the formerly troublesome Makota, who is now prime minister to a new Sultan of Borneo, that he meekly avows himself to be a stanch friend of Tuan Besar and the English."

"Then who represents the Rajah at 'The Grove' now?"

"His nephew from England, Brooke Johnson Brooke. And a Datu of the Dyaks, Pa Jenna, commands the native troops for Sir James there."\*

The conversation, having thus yielded the foreign news most interesting to Miss Ankeroo, was amiably allowed by the latter to drift into a vein of personal confidence. She explained, that, after the marriage and departure of Abretta Effingham, and the placing of Master Cherubino under masculine tutorship for college, her active spirit would not suffer her to remain a mere social passivity in her cousin's household; and, accordingly, upon hearing that a large building erected as a summer boarding-house amongst the hills of her native State of Vermont was not to be occupied, after all, in that capacity, and might be very favorably rented, she had conceived the idea of her "Young Ladies' Institute." So successful proved the undertaking, that she and her staff now had nearly a hundred pupils. In vacation time she rejoined her friends in New York, and accompanied them to the seaside and the Springs.

Mr. Dodge was also confidential. Fortune had been so propitious to him, that he proposed to remain only one year longer in the East Indies, and then return, for permanence, to the United States. Upon taking leave, to go back to the hotel, with the understanding that it should be his inestimable privilege to escort the lady to the city on the following day, he also confessed that he found it an extremely miserable thing for a man to be alone in the world, and wished that some phenomenally

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\* The remaining career of the last and noblest of the English Crusaders may be summed in a few words. After subduing a Chinese insurrection in Sarawak, in 1857, incidental to England's war with China in that year, Sir James Brooke revisited Devonshire for a few months. Ten years later his shattered health compelled him once more to seek his native land, where he died, June 11, 1868.

unselfish ornament of her sex would take compassion on him.

To which replied the Lady Principal; her color heightening beautifully; that her friend would, undoubtedly, find some good woman, some day, to appreciate adequately his eminent worthiness of her life-companionship, and that he and she would thereupon become blessings to each other.

"But I'm a style of blessing that is rapidly descending into the vale of years, you see," urged he, pathetically; lingering beside her on the woodbine-hung piazza. "It's dangerous to delay that kind of business when people are as far advanced in life as I and—and—other gentlemen of the same age. Blessings frighten as they take their blight, you know."

Miss Ankeroo observed, in a general way, that the train she expected to take on the morrow would start at ten o'clock, and shook hands with no greater apparent sign of sentimental effusion; but when, on his returning way to the village hostelry, Mr. Dodge brilliantly achieved the athletic feat familiarly known as "leap-frog" upon a substantial fragment of rock marking the corner of two roads, an observer aware of his idiosyncracies might reasonably have inferred therefrom, that, for some recent special reason, he was feeling "first-rate."

## AUTHOR'S NOTE.

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SUCH titles of classification as Novel, Romance, Tale and Story have no essential difference of meaning to the popular apprehension, and even seem to commend themselves to some writers of imaginative works as practically convertible terms. It is of no account to the ordinary reader of an entertaining literary narrative whether it is called by one or another of these names. Many a clever man, or woman, of letters makes choice from them for a title-page merely as immediate fancy, or, perhaps, euphonic preference, may indicate the selection.

It is not intended here to argue against the usage as commonly followed; and there need be no pretense of invidious philological criticism in the assertion that, where an author in the implied category feels that a particular form of artistic presentment is imposed upon his work by anything peculiar in the nature of its materials, he finds himself at least instinctively impressed with a vivid sense of very important differences between the methods of composition represented by the above different terms. For instance, without recalling the special literary personalities involved, he realizes that the best average discriminating custom has dictated, distinctively, for the "Novel" a predominance of Character over Incident; for the "Romance," a predominance of Incident over Character; for the "Tale," an absolutely unbroken continuity of narrative, be it Novelistical or Romantic, so as to be practically but one chapter, however subdivided for convenience of read-

ing; and for the "Story," as much assimilation to all three of the foregoing types as may be consistent with a certain steady implication of *Fact*, and a judicious regard for current approved forms of sustained narrative.

A Novel, like a finely-wrought light Comedy, may succeed with but the slightest thread of social plot; a Romance requires ingenuity and depth of plot proportionate to the variety and dramatic boldness of its action; a Tale may either replace definite plot with picturesqueness of scene and episode, or employ it gracefully in the development of poetic sentiment; a Story pleases the imagination according to whatsoever aids it may safely borrow from all the methods of Fiction—whether of plot, or characterization, or incident, or casual idealization—without serious prejudice to its assumption of a motive in Facts.

The present book is classified as a Story for reasons of which the following are the two principal ones:

First—because it deals with real characters and incidents of fact not to be either judiciously or artistically subjected too freely to the liberties of purely fanciful Fiction: and—

Second—because its chief intellectual motive is the demonstration of a philosophical idea requiring the boldest possible appeal to the imaginative faculties for its illustration.

As the most prosaic record of veritable personal experiences is commonly denominated a "Story," so the other extreme of narrative—that which taxes most severely the fancy of child or man—goes by the same name, as Fairy-"Story," or Ghost-"Story." And it may be added, that if the story of fairy, or of ghost, had not for the instinctive credulity of infancy, or of maturity, a certain implied insistence of *truth*, it would

have very little attraction for either childhood or manhood.

Thus, in choosing to call this book a Story, the author understands himself at once to be under pledge of abstinence from every such imaginative idealization of real character and historic incident as he should have deemed his artistic privilege of calling his work either Novel, or Romance, and at full liberty to exercise his own literary discretion outside of that restriction.

The result of this system of composition is to be seen particularly in the pages given to the not yet justly appreciated Sir James Brooke and his remarkable career as a Rajah of Borneo. Without assuming to be a comprehensive historical study, the sketch of this thoroughly great man, and of the characters and scenes incident to his princely sway in its most critical year, is as scrupulously true to the facts of history as the soberest record of its plainest verities could be made. Whatever imperfections there may be in the picture they are not on the side of exaggeration, nor adulterated with a romancer's inventions. Fame has not been half fair to this noble Englishman, whose always outspoken pleasure in the prompt recognition of his high, humane purposes by the United States, makes his familiar introduction in a narrative of American adventure a strain upon none of the proprieties of historic sentiment.

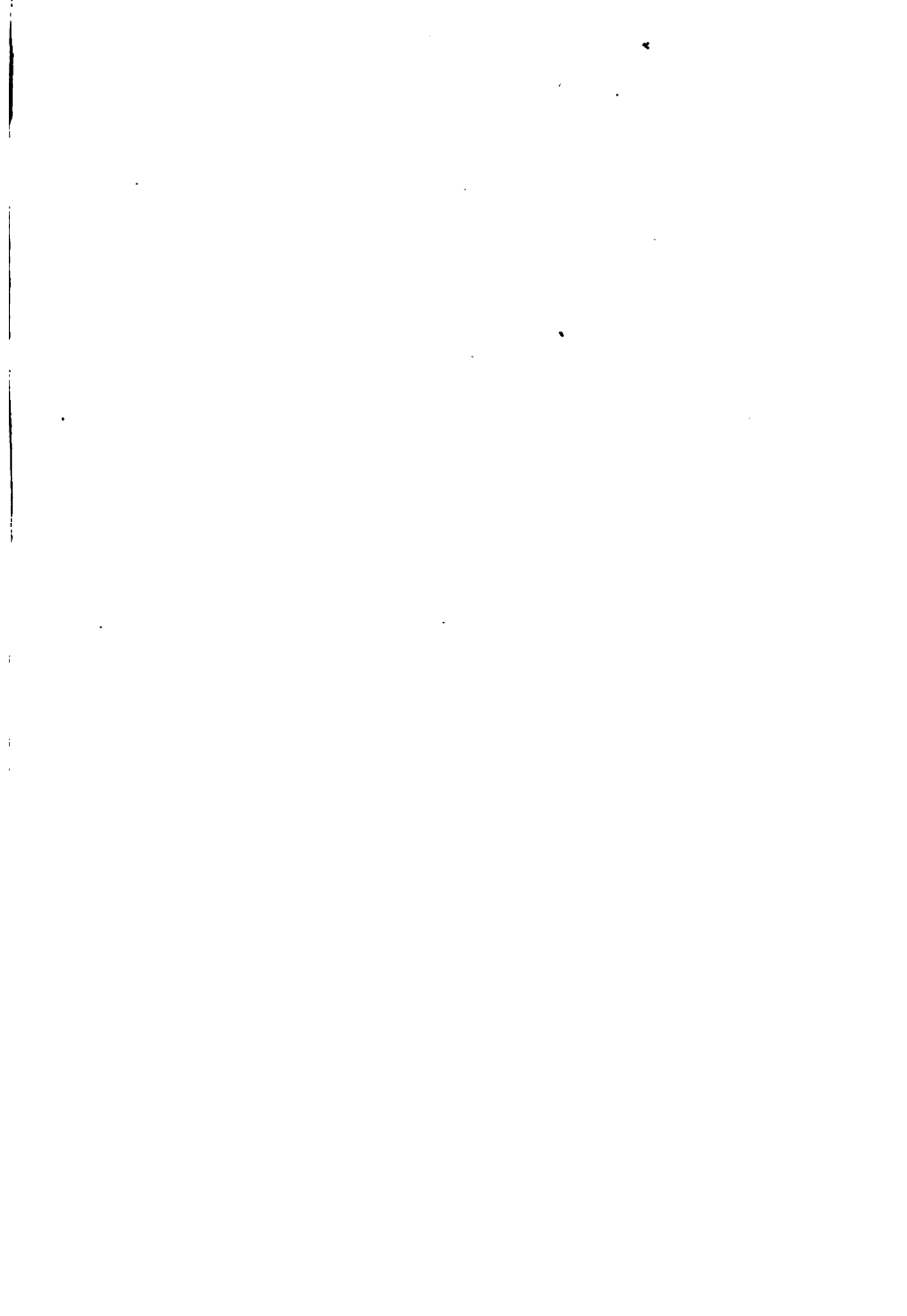
It has been fairly a literary embarrassment that, in the story of social complication and travel, upon the immediate texture of which the Borneon episodes are etched rather than incorporatively woven, actualities of person and experience have necessarily been a bar to such optional accessories of romantic, or dramatic, interest as might have been effectively employed in a work of wholly fictitious construction. For example,

humorous invention and device could be but sparingly indulged in such critical relation, and the light to relieve the shade had to be evolved only from the less sombre realisms of compulsorily realistic factors.

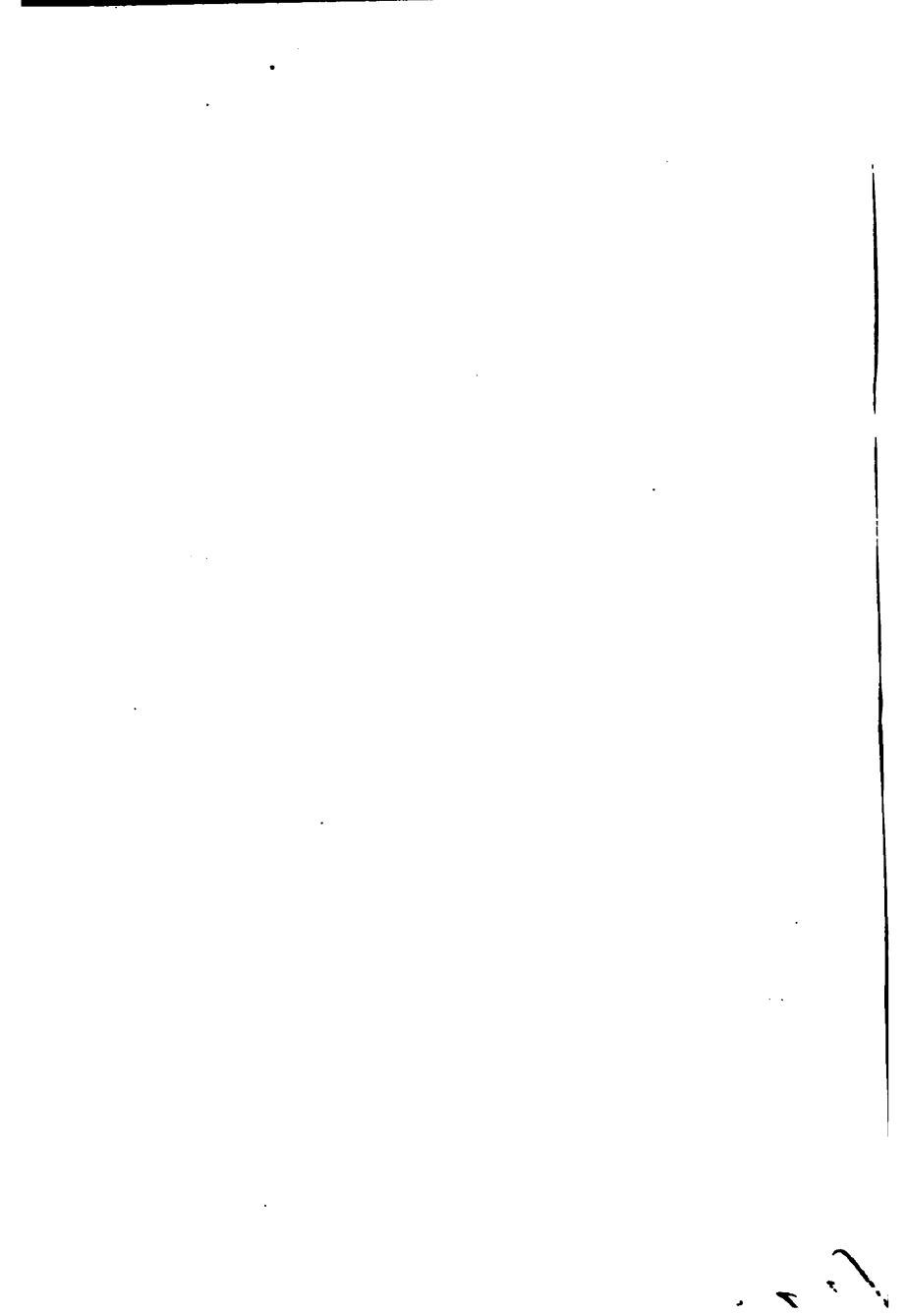
There remains yet, however, an element of the work, that not only permitted but exacted a free draft upon all the legitimate resources of literary art for its successful treatment. While no pains have been counted in the effort to handle dexterously and consistently the difficult problem involved, and to make it at once logically acceptable and imaginatively suggestive, it is left for the reader to decide whether or not the execution has proved equal to the intention. Upon the average intelligent decision of this point both the popular and literary fortunes of the story must chiefly depend, and the author presumes not to anticipate it.

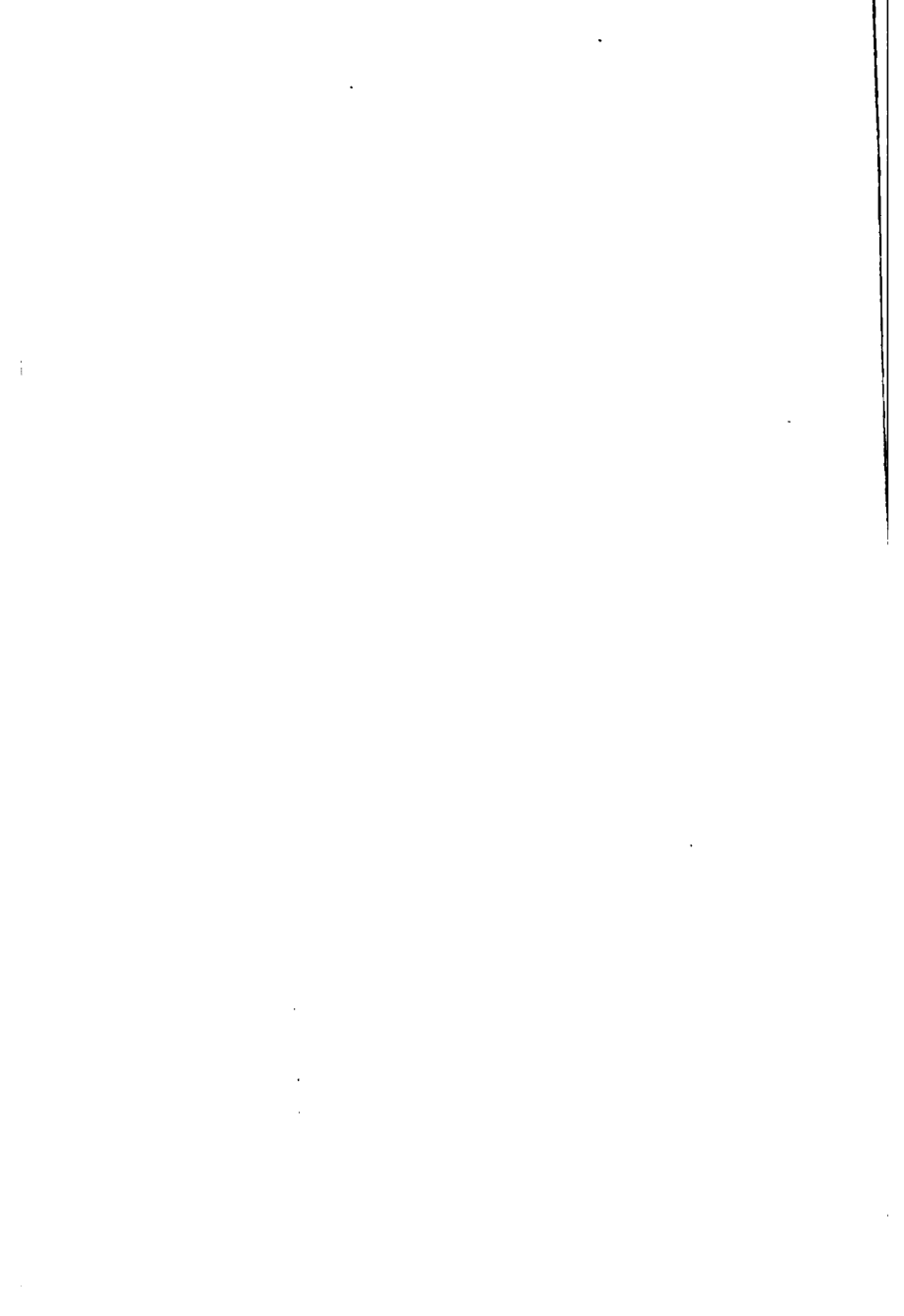
That the Christian hero and the materialistic philosopher, representing, respectively, widely divergent types of mental honesty, are intended as intellectual foils to each other; that the philosopher's idiosyncrasies are designed to exemplify the genius of a strong mind whose spiritual and imaginative properties have been left wholly uncultivated, and whose lack of humorous perception amounts to an obstinate obliquity of mental vision; and that the salient illustration of the social romance is of that chronic irritability between Englishmen and Americans which is but too likely to produce bitter international fruit some day—might be left, perhaps, to the unprompted discovery of the reader. It may not be superfluous, however, to suggest to the hasty critic, that, in forming his judgment of the relative proportions observed in the development of the various characters prominently introduced, he should be just enough to take some pains in discerning which are the real hero and heroine of the story.











Wagner

1893



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